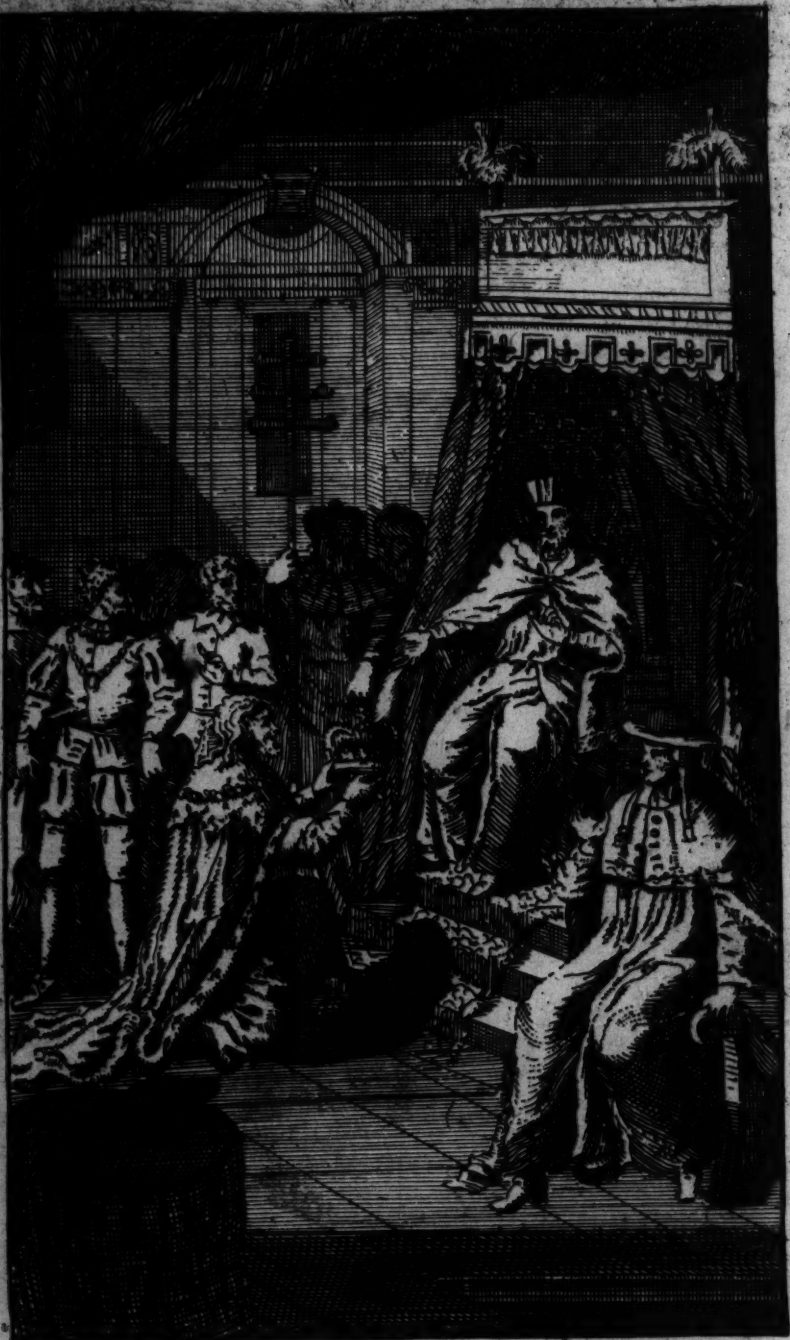
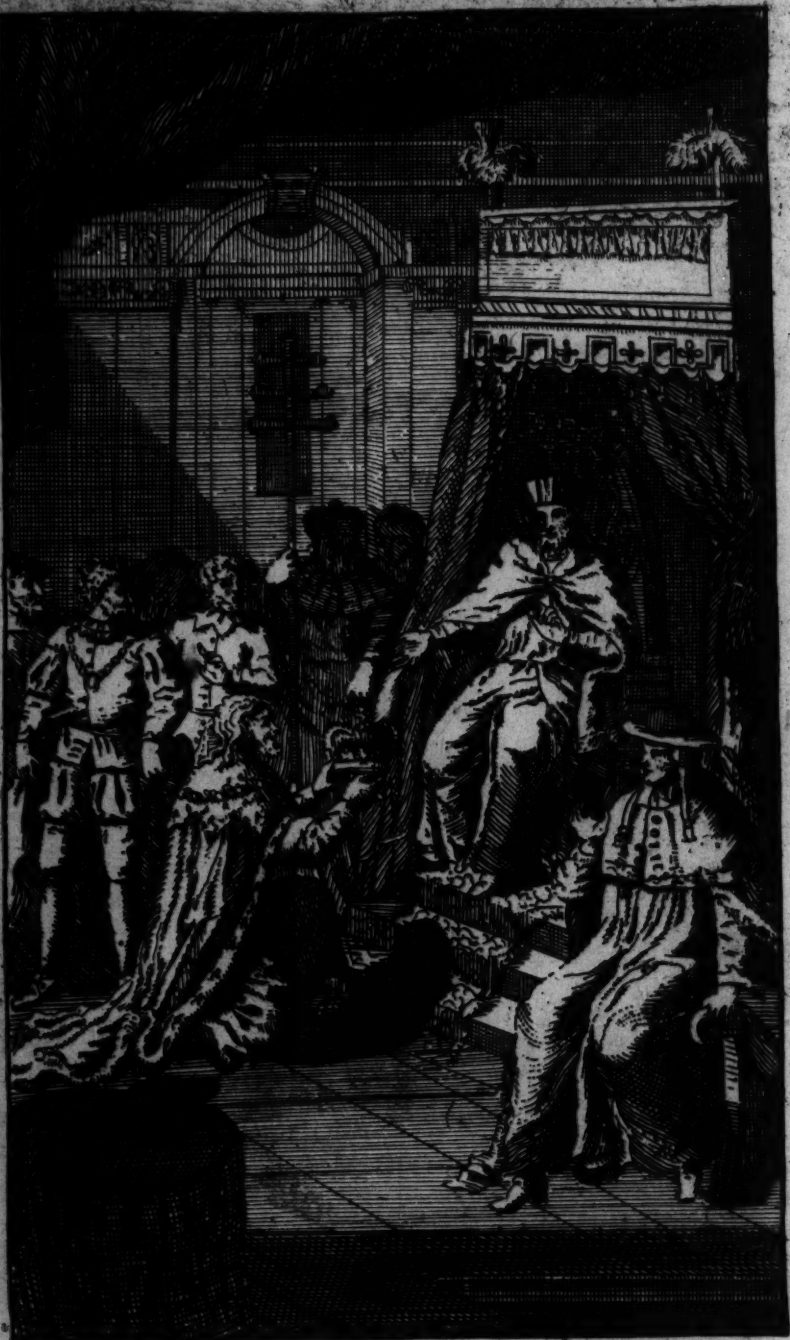






T H E
Dramatick W O R K S
O F
William Shakespear.

V O L U M E VI.

Containing the Six following P L A Y S, *viz.*

- I. The Life and Death of King JOHN.
- II. TROILUS and CRESSIDA, a Tragedy.
- III. The History of King RICHARD II.
- IV. ROMEO and JULIET, a Tragedy.
- V. The Taming of the SHREW, a Comedy.
- VI. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, a Comedy.

L O N D O N :

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Head in *Turn-again-Lane, Snowhill.*

MDCCXXXV.

THE
DRAMATICK WORKS

OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME VI.

Containing the SEVEN following PLAYS, &c.

- I. The Life and Death of King John.
- II. The Taming of the Shrew, a Tragedy.
- III. The History of King Richard III.
- IV. Romeo and Juliet, a Tragedy.
- V. The Taming of the Shrew, a Comedy.
- VI. Love's Labour's Lost, a Comedy.



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MDCCLXXII.

THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
King J O H N.
A
TRAGEDY.

By SHAKESPEARE.



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T H E

M DCC XXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King John.

Prince Henry, Son to the King.

Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.

Pembroke,

Essex,

Salisbury,

Hubert,

Bigot,

} *English Lords.*

Faulconbridge, Bastard Son to Richard I.

Robert Faulconbridge, suppos'd Brother to the Bastard.

James Gurney, Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.

Peter of Pomfret, a Prophet.

Philip, King of France.

Lewis, the Dauphin.

Archduke of Austria.

Pondulpho, the Pope's Legate.

Melun, a French Lord.

Chatilion, Ambassador from France to King John.

W O M E N.

Elinor, Queen-Mother of England.

Constance, Mother to Arthur.

*Blanch, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and
Neice to King John.*

*Lady Faulconbridge, Mother to the Bastard, and Ro-
bert Faulconbridge.*

*Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messengers,
Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE sometimes in England, and
sometimes in France.*

THE



THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
King JOHN.

ACT I.

*Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex,
Salisbury, and Chatilion.*

King John



OW say, *Chatilion*, what would
France with us?

Chat Thus, after greeting, speaks
the king of *France*,
In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty of *England*
here.

Eli. A strange beginning ; borrow'd
majesty !

K. John. Silence, good mother, hear the embassy.

Chat. *Philip* of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother *Geffrey's* son,
Arthur Platagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories :

A

To

4 *The Life and Death*

To *Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:*

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young *Arthur's* hand,
Thy nephew. and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody
T' enforce these rights so forcibly with-held. (war

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood
for blood,

Controulment for controulment; so answer *France.*

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
The farthest limits of my embassy. (mouth,

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou canst report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

So hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of our own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have,

Pembroke look to't; farewell *Chatilion.*

[Exit *Chat.* and *Pem.*

Eli. What now, my son, have I not ever said,
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
Till she has kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful, bloody issue, arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for
us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your
Or else it must go with you and me; (right,
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I, shall hear.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.

Our abbies and our priories shall pay

This expedition's charge-- What men are you?

Enter

of King JOHN.

5

Enter Robert Faulconbridge and the Bastard.

Bast. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman,
Born in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A soldier, by the honour-given hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that said *Faulconbridge*.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then it seems?

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known, and as, I think, one father;
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man, thou dost shame thy
mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it?
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pounds a year;
Heav'n guard my mother's honour and my land.

K. John. A good blunt fellow: why, being young,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance? (ger born,

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land;
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whether I be true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me:)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and his son, like him;
O old sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion's* face, (here?
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,

A 3

And

And finds them perfect *Richard*; sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land.

Bast. Because he hath a half-face like my father,
With half that face would he have all my land,
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year.

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much-----

Bast. Well, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale must be how he imploy'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To *Germany*; there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak,
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death,
That this my mother's son was none of his:
And, if he were, he came in the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time:
Then, my good liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate,
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his,
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In sooth he might; then if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him; this concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast.

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Say, hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of *Cœur-de-lion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
And I had his; sir *Robert's* his, like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuf; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, look where three farthings
goes :

And to his shape were heir to all this land :
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face :
I would not be sir *Nobbe* in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forsake thy for-
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ? (tune,
I am a soldier, and now bound to *France*

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance,
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name ?

Bast. *Philip*, my liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old sir *Robert's* wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise up more great,
Arise sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet* !

Bast. Brother by th' mother's side, give me your
My father gave me honour, yours gave land. (hand;
Now blessed by the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet* !
I am thy grandam: *Richard*, call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth, what
Something about a little from the right, (tho'
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch :

Who dare not stir by day, must walk by night
 And have is have however men do catch;
 Near or far off well won is still well shot,
 And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
 A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire:
 Come madam, and come *Richard*; we must speed
 For *France*, for *France*, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu, good fortune come to thee,
 For thou wast got i'th' way of honesty.

[*Ex. all but Bast.*]

A foot of honour better than I was,
 But many, a many foot of land the worse!

Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.

Good-den, sir *Richard*,--- Godamercy fellow.

And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;

For new-made honour doth forget mens names:

'Tis too respective and unfociable

For your conversing. Now your traveller,

He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise

My piked man of countries,--- My dear sir,

(Thus leaning on my elbow I begin).

I shall beseech you,--- that is question now,

And then comes answer like an A B C book:

O sir, says answer, at your best command,

At your employment, at your service, sir:

No, sir, says question, I, sweet sir, at yours,

And so e'er answer knows what question would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment,

And talking of the *Alpes* and *Appennines*,

The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*)

It draws towards supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,

And fits the mounting spirit like myself:

For he is but a bastard to the time

That doth not smack of observation,

And so am I, whether I smoke or no:

And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet,

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the ages tooth;
Which tho' I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to Blow a horn before her?
O me, it is my mother; now, good lady,
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is
That holds in chase my honour up and down? (he

Bast. My brother *Robert*, old sir *Robert's* son,
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man,
Is it sir *Robert's* son that you seek so?

Lady. Sir *Robert's* son! ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir *Robert's* son, why scorn'st thou at sir *Robert*?
He is sir *Robert's* son! and so art thou.

Bast. *James Gurney*, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip*.

Bast. *Philip*, sparrow *James*.

There's toys abroad, anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit: James.*]

Madam, I was not old sir *Robert's* son.
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir *Robert* could do well; marry confess!
Could he get me? sir *Robert* could not do it;
We know his handy-work, therefore, good mother,
To whom I am beholden for these limbs?
Sir *Robert* never help'd to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspir'd with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine ho-
nour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight---knight, good mother, *Basilisco* like,
Why I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder:
But mother, I am not sir *Robert's* son,
I have disclaim'd sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good, my mother, let me know my father?
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

As

Lady.

The Life and Death

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thyself a *Faulconbridge*?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the son of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now by this light were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love?
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard's* hands.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will shew thee to thy kin,
And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin;
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

*Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the
Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.*

LEWIS.

BEfore *Angiers*, well met brave *Austria*;
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood.
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in *Palestine*,

By

of King JOHN.

11

By this brave duke came early to his grave,
And for amends to his posterity,
At our impatience hither he is come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, *English John*.

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion's* death
The rather, that you give his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war,
I give you welcome with a pow'rless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love :
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee
right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love ;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till *Angiers* and the right thou hast in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other hands her islanders ;
Ev'n till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes ;
Ev'n till that outmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who list their
In such a just and charitable war. (swords)

K. Phil. Well then, to work, our engines shall be
Against the brows of this resisting town ; (bent
Call for our chiefeft men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the marker-place in *Frenchmen's* blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,

The Life and Death

Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. Phil. A wonder, lady! Is, upon thy wish
Our messenger *Chatilion* is arriv'd;
What *England* says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee. *Chatilion* speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this poultry
And stir them up against a mightier task. (siege,
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen;
An *Ate*, stirring him to blood and strife,
With her her niece, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd,
And all the unsettled humours of the Land;
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies faces, and fierce dragons spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthright proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the *English* bottoms have waft o'er,
Did ne'er float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums

[*Drums beat.*

Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,
To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. Phil. How much unlook'd-for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter

of King JOHN.

Enter King of England, Bastard, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

King John. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace
Our just and lineal entrance to our own: (permit
If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heav'n!
Whilst we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that bears his peace to heav'n.

K. Phil. Peace be to *England*, if that war return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace.
England we love, and for that *England's* sake
With burthen of our armour here we sweat;
This toil of ours should be a work of thine.
But thou from loving *England* art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought its lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey's* face,
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; *England* was *Geffrey's* right,
And this is *Geffrey's*; in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-mailest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, *France*,
To draw my answer to thy articles?

K. Phil. From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and strains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

* ----- mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phil. Excuse it, 'tis to beat usurping down.

King

King *John*, this is the very sum of all;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Main,
 In right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee:
 Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon. I do defy thee, *France.*
Arthur of Britain, yield thee to my hand,

Eli. Who is't that thou dost call usurper, *France*?

Const. Let me make answer: thy usurping son.

Eli. Out insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
 That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
 As thine was to thy husband; and this boy,
 Like in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
 Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam,
 My boy a bastard! by my soul, I think
 His father never was so true begot;
 It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy
 father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would
 blot thee.

Aust. Peace.

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
 And a may catch your hide and you alone.
 You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
 Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard,
 I'll smoak your skin-coat, and I catch you right;
 Sirrah, look to't, i'faith I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O well did he become that lyon's robe;
 That did disrobe the lyon of that robe.

Bast. It lies as lightly on the back of him,
 As great *Alcides'* shoes upon an ass;
 But ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,
 Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack—

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our
 ears
 With his abundance of superfluous breath
 And

And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win. †

King *Lewis*, determine what we shall do streight.

Lewis. Women and fools, break off your conference.

K. Phil. King *John*, this, &c.

†----- of *France* can win;
Submit thee boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child.
Give grandam-kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plumb, a cherry and a fig;
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good, my mother, peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you where she does or no.
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's shame
Draws those heav'n moving pearls from his poor
Which heav'n shall take in nature of a fee: (eyes,
With these sad chrystal beads heav'n shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heav'n and earth,

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heav'n and earth.
Call me not slanderer; thou and thine usurp

The domination, royalties and rights,
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child,
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her sin; his injury

K. Phil.

K. Phil. Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of *Angiers*; let us hear them speak.
Whose title they admit, *Arthur's* or *John's*.

[Trumpet sounds.]

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phil. 'Tis *France* for *England*.

K. John. *England* for it self;

You men of *Angiers*, and my loving subjects---

K. Phil. You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur's* sub-
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parley--[jects,

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us
These flags of *France*, that are advanced here (first:

Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparations for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding, by these *French*,

Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And but for our approach, those sleeping stones

That as a waste do girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordinance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havock made

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But on the sight of us your lawful king,

Her injury, the beadle to her sin,

All punish'd in the person of this child,

And all for her? a plague upon her.

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will; a wicked

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will. (will;

K. Phil. Peace, lady, pause, or be more temperate;

It ill beseems this presence to cry, amen,

To these ill tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet, &c.

(Wh)

(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold the *French* amaz'd vouchsafe a parley;
And now instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoak,
To make a faithless error in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to us
Loe in this right hand, whose protection (both.
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Then the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owns it, namely, this young prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up:
Our cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a blessed, and unvext retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruish'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war:
Tho' all these *English*, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,

In

In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession ?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of *England's* subjects,
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not ; but he that proves the
king,

To him will we prove loyal ; till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of *England* prove the
king ?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of *England's* breed----

Bast. (Bastards, and else.)

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well born bloods as
those----

Bast. (Some bastards too.)

K. Phil. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We from the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful tryal of our kingdom's king.

K. Phil. Amen, Amen. Mount chevaliers, to arms.

Bast. St. *George* that swing'd the dragon, and e'er
since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you. [To Austria.

Aust. Peace, no more.

Bast. O tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll set
In best appointment all our regiments. (forth

Bast. Speed them to take the advantage of the (field.

K. Phil. It shall be so ; and the other hill (field.
Command the rest to stand. God and our right !

[*Exeunt.*

Here,

of King JOHN.

19

Here, after excursions, enter the Herald of France with Trumpets to the Gates.

F. Her. You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,

And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in ;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *English* mother,
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground
And many a widow's husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
While Victory with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the *French*.
Who are at hand triumphantly display'd
To enter conquerors : and to proclaim
Arthur of *Bretagne*. *England's* King, and yours.

Enter *English* Heralds with Trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice you men of *Angiers*; ring your bells,

King *John*, your King and *England's*, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens* blood.
There stuck no plume in any *English* crest,
That is removed by a staff of *France*.
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when we first march'd forth,
And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
Our lusty *English*, all with purpled hands,
Stain'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured ;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered
blows ;

Strength match'd with strength, & power confronted
power.

Both are alike, and both alike we like :
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither : yet for both.

Enter

The Life and Death

Enter the two Kings with their Powers at several Doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

I, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd ev'en thy confining shores;
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phil. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood

In this hot tryal, more than we of France;
Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our just-born arms,
We'll put thee down 'gainst whom these arms we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead:
Gracing the scroul that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha! majesty; how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men
In undetermin'd differences of kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, kings, back to the stained field
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood and death.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phil. Speak citizens, for England, who's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our

of King JOHN.

21

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates. †

Bast. By heav'n, these scroyles of *Angiers* flout you
And stand securely on their battlements (kings,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
You royal presences be rul'd by me ;
Do like the mutines of *Jerusalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play incessantly upon these jades ;
Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengt s,
And party our mingled colours once again,
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune shall cull forth,
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?

K. John. Now by the sky that hangs above our
heads,
I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our pow'rs,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground.
Then after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these sawcy walls ;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves for heav'n or hell.

K. Phil. Let it be so ; say, where will you assault ?

†-----in our strong-barr'd gates :
Kings of our fear, until our fears resolv'd
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. Heav'n, &c.

K. John.

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north:

K. Phil. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town. †

Cit. Hear us great Kings; vouchsafe a while to
to stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league.

Win you this city without stroak or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field;

Persevere not, but here me, mighty Kings.

K. John. Speak on; with favour we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in *Blanch*?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Whert should he find it purer than in *Blanch*?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch*?

Such as she is, beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat:]

If not compleat of, say he is not she;

And she again wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be not, that she is not he.

He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such as she;

And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

O two such silver currents, when they join,

Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:

And two such shores to two such streams made one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

To these two Princes, if you marry them.

† ---- bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! from North to South;

Austria and *France* shoot in each other's mouth,

I'll stir them to it; come away, away.

Cit. Hear us great Kings, &c.

And

This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast closed gates : for at this match,
With swifter speed than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance ; but without this match.
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion, no, not death himself,
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions, (seas,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoak and bounce,
He gives the bastinado with his tongue :
Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of *France* ;
Zounds, I was never so bethumpt with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our neice a dowry large enough ;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now-unfur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of *France* :
Mark how they whisper, urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double Majesties,
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Phil. Speak *England* first, that hath been forward
To speak unto this city : what say you ? (first

K. John. If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read *I love* ;
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a Queen.

For

For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poitiers*,
 And all that we upon this side the sea,
 Except this city now by us besieg'd,
 Find liable to our crown and dignity;
 Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
 In tiles, honours, and promotions;
 And she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hands with any princess of the world.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find (face).
 A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle,
 I do protest I never lov'd myself
 Till now infixed I beheld myself,
 Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!

[*Whispering with Blanch.*

Bast. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
 And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
 Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should
 In such a love, so vile a lout as be.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine,
 If he see ought in you that makes him like;
 That any thing he sees that moves your liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will:
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this; that nothing do I see in you,
 (Tho' churlish thoughts themselves should be your
 That I can find should merit any hate. (judge)

K. John. What say these young ones? what say
 you, my neice?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
 What you in wisdom will vouchsafe to say.

t----- miracle,
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,
 Which being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow;
 I do protest-----

K. John

K. John. Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give *Volquessen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
Poitiers, and *Anjou*, these five provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of *English* coin.
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Philip. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands. *

Now citizens of *Angiers* ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at *Saint Mary's* chappel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd,
Is not the lady *Constance* in his troop?

I know she is not; for this match made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.

Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Philip. And by my faith, this league that we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.

Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow lady? in her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady *Constance*,
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.

* ——— close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too, for I am well assur'd
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. Philip. Now citizens, &c.

Co we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlock'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Ex. a'* but East,

East. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition?
John to stop *Arthur's* title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And *France*, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier; rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth'd-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity:
Commodity, the bials of the world,
The world, which of it self is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet,
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain be my lord, for I will worship thee.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends;
Shall Lewis have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those provinces?
It is not so, thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard:
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.
I think I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears,
Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, hushandlefs, subject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears.
And tho' thou now confels thou didst but jest,
With my vext spirits I can't take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my Son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe you think them false,
That gave you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desp'rate men,
Which in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed *Blanch*! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*! what becomes of me?
Fellow he gone, I cannot brook thy fight. *

* ——— I cannot brook thy fight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Art. I do beseech you, &c.

B 2

A 1b.

Arth. I do beseech you, mother, be content.

Const. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs,
France is a bawd to Fortune, and to *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *John*!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave these woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the King.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrow to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop,
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let Kings assemble: for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it.



A C T III.

*Enter King John, King Phillip, Lewis, Blanche, Elinor,
Philip the Bastard, Austria, and Constance.*

K. Phil. **T**IS true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in *France* shall be kept festival:

To

To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holy-day.

Const. What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
Except this day, let leamen fear no wrack;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day all things begun came to ill end,
Yea, it saith self to hollow falshood chang'd.

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Majesty, which touch'd and try'd
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn.
You came in arms to spill my enemies blood,
But now in arms, you strengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, against these perjur'd Kings:
A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the days in peace: but ere sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh hear me!

Aust. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war:
O *Lymoges*! O *Au'ria*! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward
Thou little valiant, great in villany:
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety; thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool, to bragg, to stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
 Been sworn my foldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou wear a Lion's hide? doff it for shame,
 And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O that a man would speak those words to me.

Past. And hang a calve's skin on those recreant limbs.

A. st. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Past. And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Methinks that *Richard's* pride and *Richard's*
 'fall

'Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

Past. What words are these? how do my sinews shake

'My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!

'How doth *Alesto* whisper in my ears;

'Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain strait,

'Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

'Thy father's triumph o'er the savages.

'Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,

'Twice will I not review the morning's rise,

'Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,

'And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.

K. John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy self.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heav'n.

To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;

I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,

And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,

Do in his name religiously demand

Why thou against the church our holy mother

So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce

Keep *Stephen Langton*, chosen Archbishop

Of *Canterbury*, from that holy see?

This in our foresaid father's holy name

Pope

Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name, to interrogatories
Can tax the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*:
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heav'n are supreme head,
So under it, that great supremacy
Where we do reign we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Tho' you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;
Tho' you and all the rest so grossly led,
This juggling witch-craft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate;
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O lawful let it be
That I have leave with *Rome* to curse a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath pow'r to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore since law it self is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that Arch-heretick,
And raise the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to *Rome*.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, *France*? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that *France* repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calve's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. *Philip*, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you father; for the difference.

Is purchase a heavy curse from *Rome*,

Or the light loss of *England* for a friend;

Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of *Rome*.

Const. *Lewis*, stand fast, the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride. *

K. Phil.

*—— a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady *Constance* speaks not from her faith:
But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O then tread down my need, and faith mounts up:
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The King is mov'd, and answer's not to this.

Const. O be remov'd from him; and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calve's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phil. I am perplext, &c.

K. Phil. I am perplext and know not what to say.

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curst?

K. Phil. Good rev'rend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your self?

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls

Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows:

The latest breath that gave the sound of words,

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love

Between our kingdoms and our royal selves.

And ev'n before this truce, but new before,

No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heav'n knows they were besmear'd and over-stain'd

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint.

The fearful diff'rence of incensed Kings.

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,

Unyoke this seisure, and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heav'n,

Make such unconstant children of our selves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm?

Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed

Of smiling peace, to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O holy Sir,

My reverend Father, let it not be so;

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose,

Some gentle order, and we shall be blest

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,

Save what is opposite to *England's* love.

Therefore to arms, be champion of our church.

Or let the church our mother breathe her curse,

A mother's curse on her revolting son.

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,

A chafed Lyon by the mortal paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth;

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may dis-join my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak' it thou faith an Enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow

First-made to heav'n, first be to heav'n perform'd:

That is, to be the champion of our church.

What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thy self,

And may not be performed by thy self.

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,

Is not amiss, when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done, not doing it.

The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again, tho' indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct

And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cools fire

Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept,

Eut thou hast sworn against religion:

Py what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st:

And mak' it an oath the surety for thy truth,

Against an oath the truth thou art unsure,

To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;

Else what a mockery should it be to swear;

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn,

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.

Therefore thy latter vows, against thy first,

Is in thy self rebellion to thy self.

And better conquest never canst thou make,

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy, loose suggestions;

Upon which better part our pray'rs come in,

If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

The peril of our curses light on thee

So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,

Eut in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Bas. Will't not be?

Will not a Calve's skin stop that mouth of thine;

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What,

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
 Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
 O husband, hear me: Ay, alack, how new
 Is husband in my mouth? ev'n for that name
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine Uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
 Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love, what motive may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds
 His honour. Oh thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour.

Lewis. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from
 thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* Inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this
 hour.

East. Old Time the clock-sterter, that bald sexton,
 Time,

Is it, as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day adieu.
 Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both, each army hath a hand,

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl aunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win:

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life
 dies.

K. John.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[*Exit. Bast.*]

France. I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest valu'd blood of *France*.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt
turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thy self, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens. To arms.
let's hie. [Exeunt.]

Alarums, Excursions; Enter Bastard with Austria's Head:

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot.
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. *Austria's* head lie there.
' Thus hath King *Richard's* Son perform'd his vow,
' And offer'd *Austria's* blood for sacrifice.
' Unto his father's ever-living soul.

Enter John, Arthur, and Hubert

K. John. There *Hubert*, keep this boy.—*Philip*, make
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en I fear. [Up.]

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her:
Her highness is in safety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege, for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exit.]

Alarums, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded: Cousin, look not sad, [To *Arthur*]
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, away for *England*, haste before,

[To the *Bast.*]

'And ere our coming see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots, their imprison'd angels
Set at Liberty: The fat ribs of peace

Must

Must by the hungry now be fed upon.

Use our commissions in its utmost force.

Bast. Bell book and candle shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver beck me to come on.

I leave your highness: Grandam, I will pray,

(If ever I remember to be holy).

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[Exit *Bast.*]

Eli. Come hither little kinsman, — hark, a word.

[Taking him to one side of the stage.]

K. John. [to Hubert on the other side.]

Come hither Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say —

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heav'n, Hubert, I'm almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so — yet —

But thou shalt have — and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say — but let it go:

The sun is in heav'n, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds

To give me audience. If the midnight bell

Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth

Sound on into the drowsie race of night;

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that Ideot, laughter, keep mens eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment;

(A passion hateful to my purposes)

' Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 ' Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 ' Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 ' Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 ' Then in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,
 ' I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 ' But ah, I will not — yet I love thee well,
 And by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heav'n I'd do.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?
 Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
 On yon young Boy; I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way,
 And wheresoever this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lyes before me. Dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your Majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My Lord?

K. John. A Grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now, *Hubert* I love thee;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
 Remember:— Madam, fare you well.

[Returning to the Queen.]

I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your Majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee.

K. John. For *England*, cousin, go.

Hubert shall be your man, t' attend on you
 With all true Duty; on toward *Catalis* he.

[Ex.]

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendants.

K. Phil. So by a roaring tempest on the flood,
 A whole armado of collected sail
 Is scatter'd and disjoint'd from fellowship.

Pan. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
 Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur

Arthur ta'en pris'ner? divers dear friends slain?

And bloody *England* into *England* gone,

O'er-bearing interruption, spight of *France*?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd;

So hot a speed, with such advice dispos'd,

Such temp'rate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example; who hath read or heard

Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that *England* had this
praise,

So we would find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look who comes here? a Grave unto a soul,

Holding th' eternal spirit 'gainst her will

In the vile prison of afflicted breath;

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo now; now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phil. Patience, good lady; comfort, gentle *Constance*.

Const. No, I desire all counsel, all redress,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,

Death! death, oh amiable, lovely death!

Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones;

And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows,

And ring these fingers with thy household worms,

And stop this gap of breath with fulsom dust,

And be a carrion monster like thy self;

Come grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,

And kiss thee as thy Wife, thou love of Misery!

O'come to me.

K. Phil. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;

O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,

Then with a passion I would shake the world,

And rouse from sleep that fell Anatomy,

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

And scorns a modest invocation.

Pan. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to bid me so;

I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;

My

My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffry's* wife:
 Young *Arthur* is my son, and he is lost;
 I am not mad, I would to heav'n I were,
 For then 'tis like I should forget my self.
 O if I could, what grief should I forget! *
 I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity. †
 O father Cardinal, I have heard you say
 That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;
 If that be, I shall see my boy again.
 For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,

There

*—should I forget!

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And Cardinal thou shalt be canoniz'd;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason.
 How I may be delivered of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang my self.
 If I were mad, I should forget my son;
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he;
 I am not mad; &c.

†—of each calamity.

K. Phil. Bind up those tresses; O what love I note,
 In the fair multitude of those her hairs;
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
 Ev'n to that drop ten thousand wery friends
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief,
 Like true inseperable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To *England*, if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes; that I will; and wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
 O that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have given these hairs their liberty:
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.
 O father Cardinal, &c.

There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n
I shall not know him; therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

' *Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child:

' Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;

' Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts;

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,

Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do.

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her Head-cloaths.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair Son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,

My widow comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*]

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*]

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me
joy,

' Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

' Vexing the dull ear of a drowsie man.

A bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste,

That it yie'ds nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,

On their departure, most of all shew evil.

What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no; when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye,

'Tis strange to think how much King *John* hath lost
In this, which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his Prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetick spirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to *England's* throne: and therefore mark,
John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilst warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd *John* should entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of rest.
A scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young *Arthur's* fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your Wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old
World?

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that sleeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his People, and freeze up their zeal;
That no small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it.
No nat'ral exhalation in the Sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away its nat'ral cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives and presages, tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur's*
life,

But

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Ev'n at this News he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd. The bastard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ransacking the church,
Offending Charity. If but twelve *Fren h*
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand *English* to their side;
Or, as a little spow tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*,
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their Souls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go; I will wait on the King.

Lewis. Strong reason makes strong actions: let us go;
If you say ay, the King will not say no. [Exeunt.]



A C T IV.

Enter Hubert and Executioner.

Hubert. **H** EAT me these Irons hot, and look you
stand

Within the arras; when I strike my Foot
Upon the bosom of the ground rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't,
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, *Hubert*,

Hub. Morrow, little Prince.

Arth.

Arth. As little Prince (having so great a title
To be more Prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I,
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sleep,
I should be merry as the day is long.
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was *Geffery's* son?

Indeed it is not, and I would to heav'n

I were your son, so you would love me, *Hubert*.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead;

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

[*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, *Hubert*? you look pale to day;

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you.

Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young *Arthur*——

[*Shewing a paper.*]

How now, foolish rheum.

[*Aside.*]

Turning dis-piteous torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop.

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.——

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for so foul effect.

Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but
ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,

(The best I had, a Princess wrought it me)

And I did never ask it you again;

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still

Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a Prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must——Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, and never shall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I've sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out. *

Arth. Oh if an angel should have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd a tongue but *Hubert's*.

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

[Stamps, and the men enter.

Arth. O save me, *Hubert*, save me! my eyes are
out.

Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heav'n sake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.

Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

* ——— must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it.

The iron of it self, tho' heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench its fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn hard, than hammer'd iron?

Oh if an angel should, &c.

Whatever

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

Exe. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [*Exit.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart ;

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare your self.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n ! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense :

Then feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.*

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, *Hubert* ;

Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes !

Though to no use, but still to look on you.

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can hear it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief.

Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extreams ; see else your self,

There is no malice in this burning coal ;

The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy. †

* ——— hold your tongue.

Arth. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :

Let me not hold, &c.

† ——— I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert* :

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes :

And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you, &c.

Arth.

Artb. All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office ; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Artb. O now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu,
Your Uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports :
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Artb. O heav'n ! I thank you. *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more ; go closely in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, crown'd once again,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your Highness
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous ; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off :
The faiths of men, ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before ;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish ;
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your Highness
To over-bear it; yet we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Must make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts;
(Both for my self and them; but chief of all,
Your safety; for the which, my self and they
Bend their best studies;) heartily request
Th' infranchisement of *Arthur*; whose restraint
Doth move the murmur'ing lips of discontent,
To break into this dang'rous argument.
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why shou'd your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choak his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,

That

That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction. *Hubert,* what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a Friend of mine.

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed we hear'd how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and so, farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which own'd the breadth of all this isle
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This must not be thus born, this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Messenger.

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent.
 There is no sure foundation set on blood;
 No certain life atchiev'd by others death — *[Aside.*
 A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood *[To the Mes.*
 That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
 So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
 Pour down thy weather: how goes all in *France*?

Mes. From *France* to *England* never such a power,
 For any foreign preparation,
 Was levy'd in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
 For when you should be told they do prepare,
 The tydings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O where hath our intelligence been drunk?
 Where hath it slept? where is my mother's care?
 That such an army should be drawn in *France*,
 And she not hear of it?

Mes. My Liege, her ear
 Is stop't with dust: the first of *April* dy'd
 Your noble mother; and as I hear, my lord,
 The lady *Constance* in a frenzie dy'd
 Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
 I idly heard; if true or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
 O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
 My discontented peers. My mother dead?
 How wildly then walks my estate in *France*?
 Under whose conduct came those powers of *France*,
 That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mes. Under the *Dauphin*.

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
 With these ill tidings. Now, what says the world
 To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
 My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
 Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
 Under the tide, but now I breathe again
 Aloft the flood; and can give audience

To

To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-men,
The sums I have collected shall express.

But as I travell'd hither through the land,

I find the People strangely fantasied ;

Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams ;

Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

And here's a prophet that I brought with me,

From forth the streets of *Pomsret*, whom I found

With many hundreds treading on his heels :

To whom he sung in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,

That ere the next *Ascension-day* at noon

Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle-dreamer, wherefore did'st thou so ?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him.

And on that day at noon, whereon he says

I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.

Deliver him to safety, and return,

For I must use thee. O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the News abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Bast. The *French*, my lord ; mens mouths are full of it ;

Besides, I met lord *Bigot* and lord *Salisbury*,

With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,

And others more, going to seek the grave

Of *Arthur*, who they lay is kill'd to night

On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go

And thrust thy self into their company.

I have a way to win their loves again :

Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.

O, let me have no subjects enemies,

When adverse foreigners affright my towns

With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.

Be *Mercury*, set feathers to thy heels,

And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.

Go after him ; for he perhaps shall need

Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,

And be thou he.

Mef. With all my heart, my Liege.

K. John. My mother dead!

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night :
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and bedlams, in the streets
Do prophesie upon it dangerously :
Young *Arthur's* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on th' anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had fall'ly thrust upon contrary feet;
Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,
That were embattelled and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer,
Cuts off his tale; and talks of *Arthur's* death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urge'st thou so oft young *Arthur's* death?
Thy hand hath murther'd him : I had a cause
To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life :
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heav'n
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,

Make deeds ill done? for hadst not thou been by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,

Quoted, and sign'd to-do a deed of shame,

This murder had not come into my mind,

But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villany,

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,

I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death.

And thou, to be endeared to a King,

Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a Prince:

Hub. My lord——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed:

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,

Or bid me tell my tale in exprefs words;

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.

But thou didst understand me by my signs,

And did'st in signs again parly with sin;

Yea, without stop did'st let thy heart consent,

And consequently thy rude hand to act

The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name—

Out of my sight, and never see me more!

My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd

Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;

Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

Hostility and civil tumult reigns,

Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,

I'll make a peace between your soul and you.

Young *Arthur* is alive, this hand of mine

Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,

Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.

Within this bosom never enter'd yet

The dreadful motion of a murderous thought.

And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of a guiltless child.

K. Jehn, Doth *Arthur* live? O haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast. [Exeunt.

Enter Arthur on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground be pitiful, and hurt me not.
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to die, and go; as die, and stay. [Leaps down.
Oh me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heav'n take my soul, and *England* keep my bones. [Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at *St. Edmundsbury*;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble lord of *France*,
Whose Private with me of the *Dauphin's* love,
Is much more gen'ral than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords;
The King by me requests your presence strait.

Sal.

Sal. The King hath dispossess'd himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloke
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks,
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bas. Whate'er you think, good words I think were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

Bas. But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Bas. 'Tis true, to hurt its master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: what is he lyes here?

[Seeing Arthur.

Pemb. Oh death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almost think, altho' you see,
What you do see? could thought without this object
Forth such another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stork,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of Time;
And prove a deadly blood-shed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bas. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light what would ensue.

It is the shameful work of *Hubert's* hand,
 The practice, and the purpose of the King:
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to this breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow!
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pemb. Bigot. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death;
 Avant thou hateful villain, get thee gone.

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murd'rer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord *Salisbury*, stand back I say,
 By heav'n I think my sword's as sharp as yours,
 I would not have you, lord, forget your self,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
 Left I, by marking of your rage, forget
 Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out dunghill, dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;

Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
 Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lyes.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, *Fauconbridge.*

Bast. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury.*
 If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
 Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
 I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,

Or

Or I'll so maul you, and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum:
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence,
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly favour of a slaughter house,
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

Bigot. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to th' *Dauphin* there.

Pemb. There tell the King he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt lords.*]

Bast. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair
work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, (if thou didst this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Bast. Ha? I'll tell thee what,

Thou art damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince *Lucifer*.
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul

Bast. If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: Or would'st thou drown thy self,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this bounteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me,
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all *England* up,
From forth this morsel of dead royalty?
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heav'n, and *England* now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed interest of proud-swellings state.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now pow'rs from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waits
(As doth a Raven on a sick fall'n beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the King;
A thousand businesses are brief at hand,
And heav'n it self doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. **T**HUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.
[*Giving the crown.*]

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the *French*,
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are enflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul

To

To stranger-blood, to foreign royalty;
This inundation of distemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present med'cine must be ministred,
Or overthrow incurable insues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.
On this *Ascension-day* remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [Exit.

K. John. Is this *Ascension-day*? did not the prophet
Say, that before *Ascension-day* at noon
My crown I should give off? even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Castle*: *London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the *Dauphin* and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The title number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young *Arthur* was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain *Hubert* told me he did live.

Bast. So on my soul he did for ought he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye;
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,

That

That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the God of war
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the Lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?

Oh let it not be said! forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the *Dauphin*.

Bast. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we upon the footing of our land
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parly, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cockred, filken, wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil
Mocking the air with colours idely spread,
And find no check? let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace:
Or, if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ord'ring of the present time.

Bast. Away then with good courage; yet I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. *[Exit.]*

*Enter in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke,
Bigot, and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the president to these lords again,
That having our fair order written down;
Both they and we perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and un-arg'd faith

To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,
 And heal the invet'rate canker of one wound,
 By making many. Oh it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker: Oh, and there
 Where honourable rescue and defence,
 Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That for the health and physick of our right
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice, and confused wrong.
 And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,
 Were born to see so sad an hour as this,
 Wherein we step after a stranger, march
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies ranks; I must withdraw and weep
 Upon the spot, for this enforced cause,
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours here!
 What, here? O nation, that thou could'st remove?
 That *Neptune's* arms who clippeth thee about,
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy self,
 And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore!
 Where these two christian armies might combine
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,
 And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
 And great affection wrestling in thy bosom
 Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
 Oh what a noble combat hast thou fought,
 Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
 Oh what a noble compulsion, and a brave respect!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation:
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This show'r blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,

Than

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm.
 Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
 That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
 Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping,
 Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity
 As *Lewis* himself; so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph.

And even there methinks an Angel spake,
 Look where the holy legate comes apace.
 To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
 And on our actions set the name of right
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of *France*!
 The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
 Himself to *Rome*; his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 That great metropolis and see of *Rome*.
 Therefore thy threatenings colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
 That like a Lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lye gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no farther harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
 I am too high born to be properited,
 To be a secondary at controul,
 Or useful serving-man, and instrument
 To any soveraign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,
 Between this chaffiz'd kingdom and my self,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire.
 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which inkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with int'rest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart:
 And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made

His

His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young *Arthur*, claim this land for mine:
 And now it is half conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
 Am I *Rome*'s slave? what penny hath *Rome* born?
 What men provided? what munition sent,
 To under-prop this action? is't not I
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game
 To win this easie match, plaid for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pan. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
 Till my attempt so much be glorified,
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown
 Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death. [*Trumpet sounds.*]
 What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Bastard.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
 Let me have audience: I am sent to speak:
 My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him?
 And as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful, opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties:
 He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth says well. Now hear our *English* King,
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me:
 He is prepar'd, and reason too he should.

This

This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd mask, and unadvised revel,
 This unheard sawciness and boyish troops,
 The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand which had the strength, ev'n at your door
 To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,
 To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
 To croutch in litter of your stable planks,
 To lyelike pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks,
 To herd with swine, to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
 Ev'n at the crying of our nation's crow,
 Thinking his voice an armed *Englishman*;
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
 No; know the gallant monarch is in arms,
 And like an eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
 And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolters,
 You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother *England*, blush for shame.
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;
 Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
 Needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace,

We grant thou canst out-scold us; fare thee well:
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our int'rest, and our being here.

Fast. Indeed your drums being beaten, will cry out;
 And so shall you, being beaten; do but start
 And eccho with the clamour of thy drum,
 And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd

That

That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than deed)
Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead sits
A bare ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thoulands of the *French*.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt*.]

Alarum. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh tell me,
Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majesty?

K. John. This feaver that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me: Oh my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman *Faulconbridge*,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him toward *Swinsted*, to the Abby
there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: For the great supply
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now,
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.

Set on tow'rd *Swinsted*; to my litter strait,

Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the *French*:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That mis-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In spite of spirit, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, King *John* sore sick hath left the field.

Enter

The Life and Death

Enter Melun wounded.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of *England* here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the Count *Melun*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble *English*, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at *St. Edmondsbury*,
Ev'n on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds a way, ev'n as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if *Lewis* win the day,
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the East:
But ev'n this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smoaks about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this respect besides
(For that my grandfire was an *Englishman*,)
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;

Where

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul,
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight:
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our Ocean, to our great King *John*,
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eyes. Away, my friends, and fly! [*Exe.*

Enter Lewis and his Train.

Lewis. The sun of heav'n, methought was loth to set,
But staid, and made the western welkin blush;
When th' *English* measur'd backward their own ground
Infaint retire: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needles shot,
After such bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Prince, the *Dauphin*?

Lewis. Here, what news?

Mess. The Count *Melun* is slain: the *English* lords
By his persuasion are at length fall'n off,
And your supply which you have wish'd so long
Are cast away and sunk on *Goodwin* sands.

Lewis. Ah foul shrew'd news. Beshrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *John* did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night,
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exe.*
Enter

*The Life and Death**Enter Bastard and Hubert severally.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho, speak quickly, or, I shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England*.

Bast. And whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt; and if thou please
Thou may'st be-friend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Unkind remembrance; thou and endless night
Have done me shame; brave soldier pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should'seape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; *sans complement*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The King I fear is poison'd by a Monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
T'acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monk, I tell you, a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out; the King
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come
back,

And

And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.

I'll tell thee *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,

These *Lincoln* washes have devoured them;

My self, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.

Away before: Conduct me to the King,

I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[*Exc.*

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot.

Henry. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling house,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Henry. Oh vanity of sickness! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them; invisible his siege is now,
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing:
I am the Sygnet to this pale, faint swain;
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born
To set a form upon that Indigest

Which

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majesty?

K. John. Poison'd, ill fate! dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom: Nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I ask not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you.

K. John. The salt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poison
Is as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

K. John. Oh, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt,
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life shou'd fail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where heav'n he knows how we shall answer him.
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,

Were

Were in the washes all, unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear:
My liege! my lord! —but now a king—now thus.

Henry. Ev'n so must I run on, and ev'n so stop.*

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the Office for thee, of revenge:
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now you stars, that move in your bright spheres,
Where be your pow'rs? shew now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us seek, or strait we shall be sought;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal *Pandolph* is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin*;
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selves well finewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal:
With whom your self, my self, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Henry. At *Worcester* must his body be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.

And

* —and ev'n so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? —————

And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state, and glory of the land :
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. Oh let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
This *England* never did, and never shall
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound it self.
Now these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms!
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to it self do rest but true.

[*Exe. omnes.*]

F I N I S.



nes.





TROILUS
AND
CRESSIDA.
A
TRAGEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespeare's Head* in
Turn-again-Lane, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had
at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespeare's-Head*, in *Change-
Alley*, *Cornhill*.

M DCC XXXV.

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Printed by R. WALKER at the
Newspaper Office, No. 11, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.

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PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lyes the Scene : From Isles of Greece,
The Princes Orgillous, their high Blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens sent their Ships,
Fraught with the Ministers and Instruments
Of cruel War : Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regal from th' Athenian Bay,
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their Vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong Immures,
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus Queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps, and that's the Quarrel.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep drawing Barks do there disgorge
Their warlike Fraughtage : Now on Dardan Plains,
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks, do pitch
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's six-gated City,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antënonidus, with massy Staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling Bolts;
Stir up the Sons of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish Spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's Pen, or Actor's Voice ; but suited
In like Condition, as our Argument ;
To tell you (fair Beholders) that our Play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those Broils,
Beginning in the middle : Starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play :
Like, or find Fault, do as your Pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of War.

Dramatis Personæ.

PRiam,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,

TROJANS.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Thersites,
Calchas,

GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to Menelaus, in Love with Paris.*

Andromache, *Wife to Hector.*

Cressida, *Daughter to Calchas, in Love with Troilus.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE *Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

TROI-

Let
Pa
Tro
Fierc
But I
Tame
Lefs



TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Troy.*

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

TROILUS.



ALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls
of *Troy*.

That find such cruel battel here with-
in ?

Each *Trojan* that is master of his
heart,

Let him to field, *Troilus*, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended ?

Troi. The *Greeks* are strong, and skilful to their
strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,

Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance ;

Less valiant than the virgin in the night,

And

6 *Troilus and Cressida*

And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, i'll not meddle nor make any farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ah, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddesses e'er she be, Doth lesser blench at sufferance, than I do:

At *Priam's* royal table I do sit;

And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,---

So, traitor!--when she comes? when is she thence?

Pan. Well,

She look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, Or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain, Lest *Hector*, or my father should perceive me, I have (as when the sun doth light a storm) Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile: But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness, Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pen. And her hair were not somewhat darker than *Helen's*--well go to, there were no more comparison between the women. But for my part she is my kinswoman, I would not (as they term it) praise it--but I would some body had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but--

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus*---
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd,
Reply

Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 They lye intrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
 In *Cressid's* love. Thou answer'st, she is fair,
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart,
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice,
 Handest in thy discourse---O that ! her hand !---
 (In whose comparison, all whites are ink
 Writing their own reproach) to whose soft seizure
 The cignets down is harsh, and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me ;
 As true thou tell'st me ; when I say I love her :
 But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me,
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she
 is, if she be fair, 'tis the better for her ; and she be
 not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus* ; how now, *Pandarus* ?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought
 on of her, and ill thought on of you : gone between
 and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus* ? what, with
 me ?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not
 so fair as *Helen* ; and she were not kin to me, she
 would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*.
 But what care I ? I care not and she were a black-
 a-more, 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair ?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's
 a fool to stay behind her father : Let her to the
Greeks, and so I'll tell her the next time I see her ;
 for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th'
 matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*---

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*---

Pan. Pray you speak no more to me, I will leave

all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Ex. Pandarus.*
[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours, peace rude sounds,

Fools on both sides, *Helen* must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument,

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword:

But *Pandarus*---O gods! how do you plague me!

I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by *Pandarus*,

And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,

And she is stubborn, chaste, against all sute.

Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne's* love,

What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:

Her Bed is *India*, there she lyes, a Pearl,

Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides

Let it be call'd the mild and wandring flood,

Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing *Pandar*

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum.

Enter Æneas,

Æne. How now prince *Troilus*?

Wherefore not i'th' field?

Troi. Because not there; this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence:

What news, *Æneas*, from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn.

Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to day?

Troi. Better at home, if would I might, were may--
But to the sport abroad---are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cressida and a Servant.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To

Troilus and Cressida.

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To see the battel ; *Hector*, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to day was mov'd :
He chid *Andromache*, and struck his armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harvest light,
And to the field goes he ; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,
In *Hector's* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger ?

Ser. The noise goes this ; there is among the *Greeks*,
A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good ; and what of him ?

Ser. They say he is a very man *per se*, and stands
alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts
of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the
lyon, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant ;
a man into whom nature hath so crouded hu-
mours, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly
fauced with discretion : there is no man hath a vir-
tue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an
attaint, but he carries some stain of it. He is melan-
choly without cause, and merry against the hair ;
he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing so
out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands
and no use ; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no
sight.

Cre. But how should this man (that makes me
smile) make *Hector* angry ?

Ser. They say, he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the bat-
tel and struck him down, the disdain and shame
whereof hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and
waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here ?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector's* a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

A 5

Pan.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin *Cressid*; what do you talk of? good morrow, *Alexander*; how do you, cousin? when were you at *Ilium*?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was she?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too, he'll lay about him to day I can tell that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*?

Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter*; there's no comparison.

Pan. What not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you say, as I say, For I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

Pan. Himself? alas, poor *Troilus*! I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself, would he were himself; well, the Gods are above, time must friend or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would my heart were in her body---no, *Hector*, is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't, you shall tell me : another tale when th' other's come to't : *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. Nor shall need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, neice ; *Helen* herself swore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for so 'tis I must confess) not brown neither---

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much ; if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen's* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry *Greek* indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass window ; and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a Man, and so old a lister ?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven ?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre.

Cre. Oh ! he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not ?

Cre. O yes, and 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why go to then---but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. *Troilus* ? why he esteems her no more, than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th'shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin ; indeed she has a marvel's white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing, Queen *Hecuba* laugh't that her eye run o'er.

Cre. With millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laugh't.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes ? Did her eyes run o'er too ?

Pan. And *Hector* laugh't.

Cre. At what was all this laughing ?

Pan. Marry at the white hair, that *Helen* spied on *Troilus's* chin.

Cre. And 'had been a green hair, I should have laugh't too.

Pan. They laugh't not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer ?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that : two and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white, that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. *Jupiter*, quoth she, which of these hairs is *Paris*, my husband ? the forked one, quoth he, pluck't out and

Troilus and Cressida.

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and give it him : but there was such laughing, and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaste, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,
For it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin,
I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true: he will weep you
an 'twere a man born in April. [Sound a Retreat.

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, as 'twere a
nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field, shall
we stand up here and see them, as they pass towards
Ilium? good niece do, sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we
may see most bravely, I'll tell you them all by their
names, as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes over the Stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man?
he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you, but
mark Troilus, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over the Stage.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrewd wit, I can tell
you, and he's a man good enough, he's one o' th' found-
est Judgment in Troy whosoever, and a proper man
of person; when comes Troilus? I'll shew you Troilus
anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that, there's
a fellow! Go thy way, *Hector*, there's a brave man,
neice, O brave *Hector*! Look how he looks? there's
a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good, look you
what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do
you

you see? Look you there? There's no jesting; laying on, take't off who will, as they say, there he hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, and the devil come to him, it's all one; by godslid it does one heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: Look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now: who said he came home hurt to day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen's* heart good now, ha? would I could see *Troilus* now, you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel where *Troilus* is, that's *Helenus*.---I think he went not forth to day; that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus*, no---Yes, he'll fight indifferent well---I marvel where *Troilus* is; hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? That's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! There's a man, neice---hem---brave *Troilus*; the prince of chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*: look well upon him, niece, look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector's*, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change would give Money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone, crows and daws, crows and daws: I had rather

rather be such a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks* *Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well--Why, have you any discretion? Have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that seasons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these; and at all these words I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle---

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle.

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd. [*Ex. Pan.*
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and loves full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thousand fold I see,
Than in the glass of *Pandarus*'s praise may be.

Yet

Yet held I off. Women are angels wooing,
 Things won are done, the soul's joy lies in doing :
 That she lov'd, knows nought that knows not this;
 Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
 That she, was never yet, that ever knew
 Love go so sweet, as when desire did sue :
 Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech.
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach ;
 That tho' my heart content's firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *Agamemnon's Tent in the Grecian Camp.*

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes ;

What grief hath the jaundice on your cheeks ?
 The ample proposition that hopes make
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness ; checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd.
 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That after seven years siege, yet *Troy* walls stand ;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd, behold our works,
 And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought
 else

But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
 To find persistive constancy in men ?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love ; for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin ;
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,

Distinction

Distinction with a loud and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godly seat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance,
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast making their way
With those of noble bulk?

But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The strong ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
cuts,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like *Perseus* horse: where's then the sawcy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a tost for *Neptune*. Even so,
Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune.

For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but, when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then
The thing of courage,
As row'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Retires to chiding fortune.

Ulys. *Agamemnon*,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up: hear what *Ulysses* speaks.
Besides th'applause and approbation
The which, most mighty, for thy place and merit.

[To *Agamem.*
And thou most reverend for thy stretch-out life,
[To *Nestor.*

I give to both your speeches, which were such,
 As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again
 As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in silver)
 Should, with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
 On which the heav'n's side knit all *Greeks* ears
 To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
 (Thou great and wise) to hear *Ulysses* speak.

Ag. Speak prince of *Ithaca*: and be't of less ex-
 That matter needless, of importless burthen (pest,
 Divide thy lips; then we are confident,
 When rank *Thersites* opes his mastiff jaws,
 We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Uly. *Troy*, yet upon his basis, had been down,
 And the great *Hector's* sword had lack'd a master,
 But for these instances.
 The speciality of rule hath been neglected;
 And look how many *Grecian* tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
 When that the general is not like the hive,
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? degree being vizarded,
 Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
 The heav'n's themselves, the planets, and this center,
 Observe degree, priority and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office and custom, in all line of order;
 And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*,
 In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd
 Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts like the command'ment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
 In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity, and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shaken,
 (Which is the ladder to all high designs)

The

The enterprize is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive, and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,
 (But by degree) stand in authentick place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows: each thing meets
 In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength would be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son would strike his father dead:
 Force would be right; or rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
 Then every thing includes it self in power.
 Power into will, will into appetite,
 And appetite (an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power)
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last, eat up himself. Great *Agamemnon*,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking:
 And this neglect of degree is it,
 That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below, he by the next;
 That next by him beneath: so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace, that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious feaver
 Of pale and bloodless emulation.
 And 'tis this feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength,
Nest. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
 The feaver, whereof all our power is sick.
Ag. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
 What is the remedy?
Ulys. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
 The

The sinew, and the fore-hand of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his wroth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs. With him *Patroclus*,
 Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
 Breaks scurril jests :
 And ridiculous and awkward action,
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on ;
 And like a strutting player, whose conceit
 Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing, and the scaffoldage,
 (Such to-be-pitied, and o'er-rested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in) and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime mending ; with terms unsquar'd ;
 Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
 The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,
 From his deep chest, laughs out a loud applause :
 Cries---excellent !---'tis *Agamemnon* just---
 Now play me *Nestor*---hum, and stroke thy beard
 As he, being drest to some oration.
 That's done ; as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels ; as like as *Vulcan* and his wife :
 Yet good *Achilles* still cries, excellent !
 'Tis *Nestor* right ! now play him, me, *Patroclus*,
 Arming to answer in a night-alarm---
 And then forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
 And with a palsie fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet---and at this sport,
 Sir valour dies ; cries, O !---enough *Patroclus*---
 Or, give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success

Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two, to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
Who, as *Ulysses* says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect :
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his Head,
In such a rein, is full as proud a place,
As broad *Achilles*, and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle, and sets *Thersites*,
A slave (whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparison with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulys. They tax our policy, and call it cowardise,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestal our prescience, and esteem no act,
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies weight,
Why this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet-war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls,
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horse
Makes many *Thetis'* sons. [Tucket sounds.]

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus*.

Men. From *Troy*.

Enter *Aeneas*.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Aene. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Aene. May one that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice

Call

Call *Agamemnon* head and general.

Ene. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks,
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Ene. Ay: I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And on the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful *Phæbus*:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This *Trojan* scorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Ene. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd.
As bending angels; that's their fame, in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords, and *Jove's*
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Aeneas*,
Peace, *Trojan*, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that he prais'd himself, bring the praise forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praise sole pure
transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourself *Aeneas*?

Ene. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Ene. Sir, pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately

That comes from *Troy*.

Ene. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whisper him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon's* sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Ene. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy brais voice thro' all these lazy tents,
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know

What

What *Troy* means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[The trumpets sound.]

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*,
A prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his father :
Who in this dull and long continu'd truce
Is rusty grown, he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak : Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one amongst the fair'st of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise, more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers ; to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compass in his arms,
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents, and walls of *Troy*,
To rouse a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him :
If none, he'll say in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance, even so much.

Aga. This shall be told, our lovers, lord *Aeneas*,
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We have left them all at home : but we are sol-
diers ;

And may that soldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love ;
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector* ; if none, I'll be he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor* ; one that was a man
When *Hector's* grandfire suck'd ; he is old now,
But there be not in our *Grecian* mold,
One nobleman, that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love : tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,

And

And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world; his youth is flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aeneas. Now Heav'n's forbid such scarcity of youth.

Ulysses. Amen.

Agamemnon. Fair lord *Aeneas*,

Let me touch your hand:

To our pavilion shall I lead you first:

Achilles shall have word of this intent,

So shall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:

Yourself shall feast with us before you go,

And find the welcome of a nobler foe. [Exeunt.

Manent Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulysses. *Nestor.*

Nestor. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulysses. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nestor. What is't?

Ulysses. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the feeded pride

That hath to this maturity blown up

In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,

Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil

To over-bulk us all.

Nestor. Well, and how now?

Ulysses. This challenge that the valiant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nestor. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up,
And in the publication make no strain:

But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren

As banks of *Lybia*, though, *Apollo* knows,

'Tis dry enough, will with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose

Pointing on him.

Ulysses. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nestor. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else
oppose

That can from *Hector* bring his honour off.

If

If not *Achilles*? Though't be a sportful Combat,
 Yet in this Trial much Opinion dwells,
 For here our *Trojans* taste our dear'st repute
 With their fin'st Palate; And trust to me, *Ulysses*,
 Our Imputation shall be odly pois'd
 In this wild Action. For the Success,
 Although particular, shall have a scantling,
 Of good or bad, unto the General:
 And in such Indexes, although small Pricks
 To their subsequent Volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant-mass
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
 He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choice;
 And choice being mutual act of all our Souls,
 Makes Merit her Election, and doth boil
 As 'twere from forth us all; a Man distill'd
 Out of our Virtues, who miscarrying,
 What Heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part
 To steel a strong Opinion to themselves,
 Which entertain'd, Limbs are his Instruments,
 In no less working, than are Swords and Bows
 Directive by the Limbs.

Ulys. Give pardon to my Speech;
 Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
 Let us, like Merchants, shew our foulest Wares,
 And think perchance they'll sell, if not,
 The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
 Shall shew the better. Do not consent,
 That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
 For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
 Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old Eyes: What are they?

Ulys. What Glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
 Were he not proud, we all should wear with him:
 But he already is too insolent;
 And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his Eyes,
 Should he scape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
 Why then we did our main Opinion crush
 In taint of our best Man. No, make a Lott'ry,

B

And

And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
 The sort to fight with *Hector*: Among our selves,
 Give him allowance as the worthier Man,
 For that will *Phryck* the great *Myrmidon*,
 Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
 His Crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
 If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in Voices; if he fail,
 Yet go we under our Opinion still,
 That we have better Men. But hit or miss,
 Our Projects life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles* Plumes.

Nest. Now *Ulysses*, I begin to relish thy advice,
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To *Agamemnon*, go we to him streight;
 Two Curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
 Must tar the Mastiffs on, as 'twere their Bone. [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE the Grecian Camp.

Enter *Ajax* and *Thersites*.

Ajax. **T** *Thersites.*

Ther. *Agamemnon*—how if he had Biles—
 full, all over generally. [Talking to himself.]

Ajax. *Thersites.*

Ther. And those Biles did run—say so—did not the
 General run, were not that a Botchy core?

Ajax. Dog.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him: I
 see none now.

Ajax. Thou Bitch-Wolf's Son, canst thou not hear?
 Feel then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The Plague of Greece upon thee, thou Mungrel
 beef-witted Lord.

Ajax. Speak then, you whinid st leaven, speak, I will
 beat thee into hand-some's.

Ther.

Troilus and Cressida.

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Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but I think thy Horse will sooner con an Oration, than thou learn a Prayer without Book: Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red Murrain o' thy Jades tricks.

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the Proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me

Ajax. The Proclamation. (thus?)

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a Fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not Porcupine, do not; my Fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from Head to Foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in Greece.

Ajax. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of Envy at his Greatness, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* Beauty. I, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress *Thersites*.

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf.

Ther. He would pun thee into Shivers with his Fist, as a Sailor breaks a Bisket.

Ajax. You whorson Cur. [Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a Witch.

Ther. Ay, do, thou sodden witted Lord; thou hast no more Brain than I have in my Elbows: An *Asinico* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Ass, thou art here but to thresh Trojans, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian Slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy Heel, and tell what thou art by Inches, thou thing of no Bowels, thou.

Ajax. You Dog.

Ther. You scurvy Lord.

Ajax. You Cur. [Beating him.]

Ther. Mars his Idiot; do Rudeness, do Camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? How now, *Thersites*? what's the matter, Man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the Matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whosoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that Fool.

Ther. Ay, but that Fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he utters, his Evasions have Ears thus long. I have bobb'd his Brain more than he has beat my Bones: I will buy nine Sparrows for a Penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the nine Part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his Wit in his Belly, and his Guts in his Head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. I say, this *Ajax* —

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much Wit —

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the Eye of *Helen's* Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, Fool.

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the Fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd Cur, I shall —

Achil. Will you set your Wit to a Fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you, for a Fool's will shame it.

Pat. Good Words, *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the Quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile Owl, go learn me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last Service was Sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no Man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an Impress.

Ther.

Ther. Ev'n so—a great deal of your Wit too lies in your Sinews, or else there be Liars: *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your Brains, he were as good crack a fusty Nut with no Kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Ulysses*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was mouldy e'er their Grandfires had Nails on their Toes, yoke you like draft Oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to——

Ajax. I shall cut out your Tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no Matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more Words, *Thersites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles; e'er I come any more to your Tents, I will keep where there is Wit stirring, and leave the Faction of Fools. [Exit.

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Host, That *Hector*, by the fifth Hour of the Sun, Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy*, To Morrow morning call some Knight to Arms, That hath a Stomach, and such a one that dare Maintain I know not what: 'Tis Trash, farewell.

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lott'ry; otherwise He knew his Man.

Ajax. O, meaning you, I will go learn more of it. [Exit.

SCENE II. Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many Hours, Lives, Speeches spent, Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks*, Deliver *Helen*, and all Damage else (As Honour, loss of Time, Travel, Expence, Wounds, Friends, and what else dear, that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this Cormorant War)
Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hell. Though no Man leiser fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far astouches my particular; yet, dread *Priam*,
There is no Lady of more softer Bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, Who knows what follows,
Than *Hector* is; the wound of Peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The Beacon of the wise; the Tent that searches
To th'bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this Question,
Every Tithe Soul' mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as *Helen*, I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many Tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
(Had it our Name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my Brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great is our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? will you with Counters sum
The vast proportion of his Infinite?
And buckle in a waste, most fathomless,
With Spans and Inches so diminutive,
As Fears and Reasons? Fie for godly shame.

Hell. No marvel, tho' you bite so sharp at Reasons,
You are empty of them. Should not our Father
Bear the great sway of his Affairs with Reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Troi. You are for Dreams and Slumbers, Brother Priest,
You fur your Gloves with Reasons: Here are your Reasons,
You know an Enemy intends you harm:
You know, a Sword imploy'd is perill us,
And Reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his Sword, if he do set
The very wings of Reason to his Heels:
Or like a Star disorb'd.—Nay, if we talk of Reason,

And

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Let's shut our Gates and sleep: Manhood and Honour
 Should have hard Hearts, would they but sat their Thoughts
 With this cramm'd Reason: Reason and Respect
 Make Lovers pale, and lusty hood deject.

Hecl. Brother, she is not worth
 What she doth cost the holding.

Troi. What's ought, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hecl. But value dwells not in particular Will,
 It holds his Estimate and Dignity,
 As well wherein 'tis precious of it self,
 As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatry,
 To make the Service greater than the God;
 And the will dotes, th' it is inclinable
 To what infectiously it self affects,
 Without some Image of th' affected Merit.

Troi. I take to day a Wife, and my Election
 Is led on in the conduct of my Will;
 My willenkindled in mine Eyes and Ears,
 Two trading Pilots 'twixt the dangerous Shores
 Of Will and Judgment. How may I avoid
 (Although my Will distast what is elected)
 The Wife I chose? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by Honour.
 We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant,
 When we have spoil'd them; nor the remainder Viands
 We do not throw in unrespective place,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet
 Paris should do some Vengeance on the Greeks:
 Your Breath of full consent bellied his Sails,
 The Seas and Winds (old Wranglers) to 'k a Truce,
 And did him service; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
 And for an old Aunt, whom the Greeks held Captive,
 He brought a Grecian Queen, whole youth and freshness
 Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes itale the Morning.
 Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our Aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a Pearl,
 Whose Price hath launch'd above a thousand Ships,
 And turn'd crown'd King's to Merchants.
 If you'll avouch 'twas Wildom, Paris went,

(As you must needs, for you all cry'd, Go, go:
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble Prize)
 (As you must needs, for you all clap'd your Hands,
 And cry'd, inestimable;) why do you now
 The issue of your proper Wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that Fortune never did,
 Beggar the Estimation, which you priz'd
 Richer than Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
 That we have stoln what we do fear to keep.
 But Thieves, unworthy of a thing so stoln,
 That in their Country did them that Disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native Place.

Enter Cassandra with her Hair about her Ears.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry.

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad Sister, I do know her Voice.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*.

Hec. It is *Cassandra*.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand Eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetick Tears.

Hec. Peace, Sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and Boys, mid-Age and wrinkled Old,
 Soft Infancy, that nothing can but cry,
 Add to my Clamour: Let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of Moan to come,
 Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practise your Eyes with Tears,
Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilium* stand,
 Our Fire-brand Brother *Paris* burns us all.
 Cry, *Trojans*, cry, a *Helen* and a Wo;
 Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go. [Exit.

Hec. Now youthful *Troilus*, do not the high Strains
 Of Divination in our Sister work
 Some touches of Remorse? or is your Blood
 So madly hot, that no Discourse of Reason,
 Nor fear of bad Success in a bad Cause,
 Can qualifie the same?

Troi. Why, Brother *Hector*,
 We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than Event doth form it;
 Nor once deject the Courage of our Minds,

Because

Because *Cassandra's* mad ; her brain sick Raptures
 Cannot distaste the Goodness of a Quarrel,
 Which hath our several Honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* Sons,
 And *Jove* forbid, there should be done amongst us
 Such things as might offend the weakest Spleen,
 To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Else might the World convince of Levity,
 As well my Undertakings, as your Counsels:
 But I attest the Gods, your full consent
 Gave Wings to my Propension, and cut off
 All Fears attending on so dire a Project.
 For what, alas, can these my single Arms?
 What Propugnations is in one Man's Valour,
 To stand the Push and Enmity of those
 This Quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the Difficulties,
 And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris shall ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. *Paris*, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet Delights;
 You have the Honey still, but these the Gall,
 So to be valiant, is no Praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerly to my self,
 The Pleasures such a Beauty brings with it:
 But I would have the Soil of her fair Rape
 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
 What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
 Disgrace to your great Worths, and Shame to me,
 Now to deliver her Possession up,
 On terms of base Compulsion? Can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this,
 Should once set foot within your generous Bosoms?
 There's not the meanest Spirit on our Party,
 Without a Heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
 When *Helen* is defended: Nor none so Noble,
 Whose Life were ill bestow'd, or Death unsam'd,
 Where *Helen* is the Subject. Then, I say,

Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The World's large Spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well:
And on the Cause and Question, now in Hand,
Have gloss'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young Men, whom graver Sages think
Unfit to hear moral Philosophy.

The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot Passion of distemper'd Blood,
Than to make up a free Determination
'Twixt Right and Wrong: For Pleasure and Revenge,
Have Ears more deaf than Adders, to the Voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All Dues be rendered to their Owners; now
What nearer Debt in all Humanity,
Than Wife is to the Husband? If this Law
Of Nature be corrupted through Affection,
And that great Minds of partial Indulgence
To their benumbed Wil's, resist the same,
There is a Law in each well-ordered Nation,
To curb those raging Appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

If *Hellen* then be Wife to *Sparta's* King,
(As it is known she is) these moral Laws
Of Nature, and of Nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* Opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My sprightly Brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
For 'tis a Cause that hath no mean dependance,
Upon our joint and several Dignities.

Trui. Why there, you touch'd the Life of our Designs:
Were it not Glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving Spleens,
I would not with a drop of *Trojan* Blood
Spent more in her Defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a Theam of Honour and Renown,
A Spur to valiant and magnanimous Deeds,

Whose

Whose present Courage may beat down our Foes,
 And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
 For I presume, brave *Hector* would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd Glory,
 As Smiles upon the Forehead of this Action,
 For the wide World's Revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant Off-spring of great *Priamus*,
 I have a roisting Challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious Nobles of the *Greeks*,
 Will strike Amazement to their drowsie Spirits.
 I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
 Whilst Emulation in the Army crept :
 This I presume will wake him. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Grecian Camp.

Enter Therfites solus.

How now, *Thersites*? what, lost in the Labyrinth of thy
 Fury? Shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? He beats me,
 and I rail at him: O worthy Satisfaction! would it were o-
 therwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me;
 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise Devils, but I'll see
 some issue of my spiteful Execrations. Then there's *A-*
chilles, a rare Engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till these
 two undermine it, the Walls will stand 'till they fall of
 themselves. O thou great Thunder-darter of *O-*
lymus, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and
Mercury lose all the Serpentine Craft of thy *Caduceus*, if
 thou take not that little, little, less than little, wit from
 them that they have, which short-arm'd Ignorance it self
 knows, is so abundant scarce, it will not in Circumven-
 tion deliver a Fly from a Spider, without drawing the
 massy Irons and cutting the Web: After this, the Ven-
 geance on the whole Camp, or rather the Bone-ach, for
 that, me thinks, is the Curse dependant on those that
 war for a Placket. I have said my Prayers, and Devil,
 Envy, say Amen. What, ho? my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites.* Good *Thersites* come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembred a gilt Counter, thou would'st not have slip'd out of my Contemplation, but it is no matter, thy self upon thy self. The common Curse of Mankind, Folly and Ignorance be thine in great Revenue; Heaven bless thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not near thee. Let thy Blood be thy Direction 'till thy Death, then if she that lays thee out, says thou art a fair Coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never throwed any but *Lazars*. Amen. Where's *Achilles*?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in a Prayer?

Ther. Ay, the Heav'ns hear me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Thersites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why my Cheefe, my Digestion— why hast thou not served thy self up to my Table, so many Meals? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander, *Achilles*; then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord, *Thersites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy self?

Ther. Thy Knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole Question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus*'s Knower, and *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Patr. You Rascal—

Ther. Peace, Fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd Man. Proceed, *Thersites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a Fool, *Achilles* is a Fool, *Thersites* is a Fool, and, as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a Fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a Fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Thersites*.

Thersites is a Fool to serve such a Fool, and *Patroclus* is a Fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a Fool!

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that Demand to thy Creator, it suffices me thou art. Look you who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll speak with no Body: Come in with me, *Thersites*. [Exit.]

Ther. Here is such Patchery, such Jugling, and such Knavery: all the Argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good Quarrel to draw emulations Factions, and bleed to Death upon: Now the dry *Serpigo* on the Subject, and War and Lechery confound all.

Ag. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill-dispos'd, my Lord.

Ag. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He sent our Messengers, and we lay by

Our Appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told of, lest perchance he think

We dare not move the Question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

[Exit.]

Ulys. We saw him at the opening of his Tent, He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, Lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the Man, but by my head, 'tis Pride; but why, why?—let him shew us the cause. A word, my Lord. [To Agamemnon.]

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulys. *Achilles* hath inveigled his Fool from him.

Nest. Who, *Thersites*?

Ulys. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack Matter, if he have lost his Argument.

Ulys. No, you see he is his Argument, that has his Argument, *Achilles*.

Nest. All the better, this Faction is more our Wish than their Faction; but it was a strong Counsel that a Fool could disunite.

Ulys.

Ulyss. The Amity that Wisdom knits not, Folly may easily untie.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nest. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyss. The Elephant hath Joints, but none for Courtesie;
His Legs are Legs for necessity, not for flight.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure,
Did move your Greatness, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your Health and your digestion sake;
An after-Dinner's Breath.

Aga. Hear you *Patroclus*;
We are too well acquainted with these Answers:
But his evasion wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outlie our Apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his Virtues,
(Not virtuously of his own part behold)
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
And like fair Fruit in an unwholsom Dish,
Are like to rot untasted; go and tell him,
We come to speak with him, and you shall not sin,
If you do say, we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in Self-assumption greater
Than in the note of Judgment; and worthier than himself,
Here tend the Savage Strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And under write in an observing kind
His humerous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish Lines, his Ebbs, his Flows; as if
The Passage and whole Carriage of this Action
Rode on his Tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his Price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an Engine
Not portable, lye under this report.
Bring Action hither, this cannot go to War:
A stirring Dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a sleeping Gyant; tell him so.

Patr.

Pat. I shall, and bring his Answer presently. [Exit.

Aga. In second Voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him. *Ulysses*, enter you. [Exit *Ulysses*.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? do you not think he thinks himself a better Man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his Thought, and say, he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a Man be proud? How doth Pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your Mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your Virtues the fairer; he that is proud, eats up himself. Pride is his own Glass, his own Trumpet, his own Chronicle, and whatever Praises it self but in the Deed, devours the Deed in the Praise.

Enter *Ulysses*.

Ajax. I do hate a proud Man, as I hate the engendering of Toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: Is't not strange?

Ulys. *Achilles* will not to the Field to-Morrow.

Aga. What's his Excuse?

Ulys. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the Stream of his Dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In Will peculiar, and in Self admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Un-tent his Person, and share the Air with us?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for Requests sake only
He makes important: possess he is with Greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a Pride
That quarrels at Self-breath. Imagin'd Wrath
Holds in his Blood such swoln and hot Discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active Parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst it self; what should I say?

He

He is so plaguy proud, that the Death-tokens of it—
Cry no Recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his Tent;
Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your Request, a little from himself.

Ulys. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the Steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his Arrogance with his own Seam,
And never suffers matter of the World
Enter his Thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself? Shall he be worship'd,
Of that we hold an Idol, more than he?
No, this thrice worthy, and right valiant Lord,
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my Will assubjugate his Merit,
As amply titled, as *Achilles* is; by going to *Achilles*:
That were to enlard his Fat, already, Pride,
And add more Coles to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in Thunder, *Achilles* go to him.

Nest. O this is well, he rubs the Vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause.

Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed Fist,
I'll pash him o'er the Face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. And he be proud with me, I'll psh his Pride;
let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our Quarrel.

Ajax. A poultry insolent Fellow——

Nest. How he describes himself.

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulys. The Raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his Humours Blood.

Aga. He will be the Physician, that should be the Patient.

Ajax. And all Men were o my Mind——

Ulys. Wit would be out of Fashion.

Ajax.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat Swords first ; shall Pride carry it?

Nest. And 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulys. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he's not yet through warm.

Nest. Force him with Praises, pour in, pour in, his Ambition is dry.

Ulys. My Lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a Man——but 'tis before his Face——
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulys. Know the whole World, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorlson Dog ! that shall palter thus with us—
would he were a *Trojan*.

Nest. What a Vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Ulys. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of Praise.

Ulys. Ay, or surly born,

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected.

(posure ;

Ulys. Thank the Heav'ns, Lord, thou art of a sweet Com-
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy Parts of Nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all Erudition ;
But he that disciplin'd thy Arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide Eternity in twain,
And give him half ; and for thy Vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yield
To Sinewy *Ajax* ; I will not praise thy Wisdom
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated Parts ; here's *Nestor*
Instructed by the Antiquary times ;
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.
But pardon, Father *Nestor*, were your Days
As green as *Ajax*, and your Brain so temper'd,

You

You should not have the eminence of him
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you Father?

Ulys. Ay, my good Son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

Ulys. There's no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*

Keeps thicket; please it our General,

To call together all this State of War;

Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*; to-Morrow

We must with all our main of Power stand fast:

And here's a Lord (come Knights from East to West,

And cull their Flower) *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* sleep;

Light Boats may sail swift, though great bulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt*.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Troy*.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. Musick within.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you a word: Do not you follow the young Lord *Paris*?

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble Gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*,

Ser. I hope I shall know your Honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Ser. You are in the State of Grace?

Pan. Grace, not so, Friend, Honour and Lordship are my Titles: What Musick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is Musick in parts.

Pan.

Pan. Know you the Musicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the Hearers, Sir,

Pan. At whose pleasure, Friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love Musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, Friend.

Ser. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose Request do these Men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the request of *Paris*, my Lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, Love's invisible Soul.

Pan. Who, my Cousin *Cressida*?

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out that by her Attributes?

Pan. It should seem, Fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady *Cressida*. I come to speak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a Complemental Assault upon him, for my Business seethes.

Ser. Soddan Business, there's a stew'd Phrase indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen.

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair Company: Fair Desires in all fair Measure fairly guide them, especially to you, fair Queen, fair Thoughts be your fair Pillow.

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair Words.

Pan. You speak your fair Pleasure, sweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken Musick.

Par. You have broken it, Cousin, and by my Life you shall make it whole again, you shall piece it out with a piece of your Performance. *Nel.* he is full of Harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir —

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Par. Well said, my Lord; well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have Business to my Lord, dear Queen; my Lord, I will you vouchsafe me a Word?

Helen.

Helen. Nay this shall not hedge us out, we'll hear you sing certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me; but, marry thus, my Lord, my dear Lord, and most esteemed Friend, your Brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*, honey-sweet Lord.

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to——
Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody:
If you do, our Melancholy upon your Head.

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen, I' faith——

Helen. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower Offence.
Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth la. Nay I care not for such Words, no, no——

Pan. And, my Lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very, very sweet Queen?

Par. What Exploit's in Hand, where sups he to Night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord.

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? my Cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. With my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide, come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my Lord; why should you say *Cressida*?
No, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy——

Pan. You spy, what do you spy? Come, give me an Instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why this is kindly done.

Pan. My Neice is horrible in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen.

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Helen. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a Song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now ; by my troth, sweet Lord thou hast a fine Fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may—

Helen. Let thy Song be Love : This Love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, Love, Love, nothing but Love,

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

Love, Love, nothing but Love, still more:

For O, Love's Bow

Shoots both Buck and Doe:

The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,

But tickles still the Sore:

These Lovers cry, oh, oh, they dye;

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh, oh, to ha, ha, he:

So dying Love lives still,

O ho a while, but ha, ha, ha;

O ho groans out for ha ha ha——hey ho.

Helen. In Love i' faith to the very tip of the Nose.

Par. He eats nothing but Doves, Love, and that breeds hot Blood, and hot Blood begets hot thoughts, and hot Thoughts beget hot Deeds, and hot Deeds are Love.

Pan. Is this the Generation of Love? hot Blood, hot Thoughts, and hot Deeds? why they are Vipers, Is Love a Generation of Vipers?

Sweet Lord, who's afield to Day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor,* and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would fain have arm'd to Day, but my *Nell* would not have it so.

How chance my Brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the Lip at something; you know all, Lord *Pandarus.*

Pan. Not I, honey sweet Queen: I long to hear how they sped to Day.

You'll

You'll remember your Brother's Excuse?

Par. To a Hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your Niece.

Pan. I will sweet Queen. [Exit Sound a Retreat.

Par. They're come from Field; let us to Priam's Hall,
To greet the Warriors, Sweet *Helen*, I must woo you,
To help unarm our *Hector*: his stubborn Buckles,
With these your white enchanting Fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of Steel,
Or force of *Greekish* Sinews, you shall do more
Than all the Island Kings, disarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be your Servant, *Paris*:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in Duty,
Gives us more palm in Beauty than we have:
Yea, over-shines our self.

Sweet, above thought, I love thee. [Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus's Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Master, at my Cousin
Cressida's?

Ser. No, Sir, he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my Cousin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I stalk about her Door
Like a strange Soul upon the *Stygian* Banks
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me swift transportance to those Fields,
Where I will wallow in the Lilly Beds
Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid's* Shoulder pluck his painted Wings,
And fly with me to *Cressid*.

Pan. Walk here i'th' Orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[Exit. Pandarus.

Troi. I am giddy; Expectation whirles me round,
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my Sense; what will it be
When that the watry Palates taste indeed
Love's thrice reputed Nectar? Death, I fear me;

Sounding

Sounding Destruction, or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle, potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
 For the Capacity of my ruder Powers;
 I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my Joys,
 As doth a Battel when they charge on heaps
 The Enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be witty now, she does so blush, and fetches her Wind so short, as if she were fraid with a Sprite: I'll fetch her; it is the prettiest Villain, she fetches her breath so short as a new ta'en Sparrow.

[Exit Pan.]

Troi. Even such a Passion doth embrace my Bosom:
 My Heart beats thicker than a feverous Pulse,
 And all my Powers do their bestowing lose,
 Like Vassalage at unawares encountering
 The Eye of Majesty.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you blush? Shame's a Baby; here she is now, swear the Oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again, you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways, and you draw backward we'll put you i'th' Files: Why do you not speak to her? Come draw this Curtain, and let's see your Picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light? and 'twere dark you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the Mistress; how now, a kiss in fee-farm? build there, Carpenter, the Air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your Hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon has the Tercel, for all the Ducks i'th' River. Go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all Words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: But she'll bereave you o'th' deeds too, if she call your Activity in question: What, billing again? here's in witness whereof the Parties interchangeably——Come in, come in, I'll go get a Fire.

[Exit Pan.]

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

Cre.

Cre. Wisht, my Lord! the Gods grant;—O, my Lord.

Troi. What should they grant; what makes this pretty abruption; what too curious Dreg espies my sweet Lady in the Fountain of our Love?

Cre. More Dregs than Water, if my Fears have Eyes.

Troi. Fears make Devils of Cherubins, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing Reason leads, finds safer footing than blind Reason stumbling without fear; to fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troi. O let my Lady apprehend no fear,
In all *Cupid's* Pageant there is presented no Monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing but their Undertakings, when we vow to weep Seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers, thinking it harder for our Mistress to devise Imposition enough, than for us to undergo any Difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in Love, Lady, that the Will is infinite, and the Execution confin'd; that the Desire is boundless, and the Act a Slave to limit.

Cre. They say all Lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an Ability that they never perform: vowing more than the Perfection of ten; and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the Voice of Lions, and the act of Hares, are they not Monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: Our Head shall go bare, till Merit crown it; no Perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name Desert before his Birth, and being born, his addition shall be humble; few Words to fair Faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what Envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his Truth; and what Truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, Uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a Boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your Hostages; your Uncle's Word and my firm Faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my Word for her too; our Kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant being won: They are Burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me Heart: Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you Night and Day, For many weary Months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: But I was won, my Lord, With the first glance that ever—Pardon me— If I confess much, you will play the Tyrant: I love you now, but not till now, so much But I might Master it—in faith I lie— My thoughts were like unbridled Children, grown Too head-strong for their Mother; see we Fools, Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us When we are so unsecret to our selves? But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not, And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a Man: Or that the Women had Mens privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my Tongue, For in this Rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent: see, your Silence Coming in dumbness, for my weakness draws My Soul of Counsel from me. Stop my Mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet Musick issues thence. [*Kissing.*]

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cre. My Lord, I do beseech you pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a Kiss: I am ashamed—O Heav'ns, what have I done!— For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet *Cressid*?

Pan. Leave! and you take leave 'till to Morrow Morning—

Cre. Pray you, content you.

C

Troi.

Troi. What offends you, Lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own Company.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you:
But an unkind self, that it self will leave,
To be another's Fool. Where is my Wit?
I would be gone: I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I shew more Craft than Love,
And sell so roundly to a large Confession,
To angle for your Thoughts: But you are wise,
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love,
Exceeds Man's Might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a Woman;
And if it can, I will presume in you,
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of Love,
To keep her Constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living Beauties outward with a Mind
That doth renew swifter than Blood decays.
Or that Perswasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in Love:
How were I then up-lifted! But alas!
I am as true as Truth's Simplicity,
And simpler than the Infancy of Truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous Fight,
When right with right Wars, who should be most right?
True Swains in Love, shall in the World to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their Rhimes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similies: Truth tired with Iteration,
As true as Steel, as Plantage to the Moon,
As Sun to Day, as Turtle to her Mate,
As Iron to Adamant, as Earth to th' Center:
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As Truth's Authentick Author to be cited)
As true as *Troilus*, shall crown up the Verse.

And

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And sanctifie the Numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be.

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it self,
When water-drops have worn the Stones of *Troy*,
And blind Oblivion swallow'd Cities up,
And mighty States characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let Memory,
From false to false, among false Maids in love,
Upbraid my Falseness; when they've said as false
As Air, as Water, as Wind, as sandy Earth;
As Fox to Lamb, as Wolf to Heifer's Calf;
Pard to the Hind, or Step-dame to her Son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the Heart of Falseness,
As false as *Cressid*.

Pan. Go to, a Bargain made: Seal it, seal it. I'll be the
Witness. Here I hold your Hand; here my Cousin's; if
ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken
such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful Goers-
between be call'd, to the World's end, after my Name:
Call them all *Panders*; let all constant Men be *Trilusses*,
all false Women *Cressida's*, and all Brokers between *Pan-*
ders; say, Amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which Bed, be-
cause it shall not speak of your pretty Encounter, press
it to Death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all Tongue-ty'd Maidens here,
Bed, Chamber, and *Pander*, to provide this geer. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E II. *The Grecian Camp.*

*Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Menelaus
and Calchas.*

Cal. Now, Princes, for the Service I have done you,
Th'advantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: Appear it to your Mind,
That through the sight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my Possession,

Incurr'd a Traitor's Name, expos'd my self,
 From certain and possess'd Conveniencies,
 To doubtful Fortunes, sequestering from me all
 That Time, Acquaintance, Custom, and Condition,
 Made tame, and most familiar to my Nature:
 And here to do you Service am become
 As new into the World, strange, unacquainted,
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many Registred in Promise,
 Which you say live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, *Trojan*? make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* Prisoner, call'd *Antenor*,
 Yesterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great Exchange,
 Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd: But this *Antenor*,
 I know, is such a wrest in their Affairs,
 That their Negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting this Manage; and they will almost
 Give us a Prince o'th Blood, a Son of *Priam*,
 In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
 And he shall buy my Daughter: And her Presence
 Shall quite strike off all Service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
 And bring us *Cressid* hither, *Calchas* shall have
 What he requests of us: Good *Diomedes*,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange;
 With all, bring Word, if *Hector* will to Morrow
 Be answer'd in his Challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a Burthen
 Which I am proud to bear.

[Exit.]

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, in their Tent.

Ulys. *Achilles* stands i'th' entrance of his Tent;
 Please it our General to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot; and Princes all,
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
 I will come last, 'tis like he'll question me,
 Why such unplausive Eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?

If so, I have Decision medicinable,
To use between our strangeness and his Pride,
Which his own Will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: Pride hath no other Glasse
To shew it self, but Pride, for supple Knees
Feed Arrogance, and are the proud Man's Fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along,
So do each Lord, and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,
Than if not look't on. I will lead the Way.

Achil. What, comesthe General to speak with me?
You know my Mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst *Troy*.

Aga. What says *Achilles*, would he ought with us?

Nest. Would you, my Lord, ought with the General?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good Day, good Day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What does the Cuckold scorn me?

Aja. How now, *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax*.

Aja. Ha?

Achil. Good Morrow,

Aja. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean these Fellows? Know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They pass strangely; They were us'd to bend,
To send their Smiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy Altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness once fall'n out with Fortune,
Must fall out with Men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the Eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: For Men like Butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy Wings, but to the Summer;
And not a Man, for being simple Man,
Hath any Honour, but honour'd by those Honours
That are without him; as Place, Riches, Favour,

Prizes of Accident, as oft as Merit:
 Which when they fall (as being slippery Standers)
 The Love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
 Doth one pluck down another, and together
 Dye in the Fall: But 'tis not so with me,
 Fortune and I are Friends, I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these Mens Looks, who do methinks find out
 Something in me not worth that rich Beholding,
 As they have often given. Here is *Ulysses*.
 I'll interrupt his Reading. — How now *Ulysses*?

Ulyf. Now, great *Thetis* Son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyf. A strange Fellow here

Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without, or in,
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath;
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by Reflection,
 As when his Virtues shining upon others,
 Heat them and they retort that Heat again
 To the first Giver.

Achil. This is not strange, *Ulysses*,
 The Beauty that is born here in the Face,
 The Bearer knows not, but commends itself,
 Not going from it self, but Eye to Eye oppos'd,
 Salute each other, with each others Form.
 For Speculation turns not to it self,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
 Where it may see its self; this is not strange at all.

Ulyf. I do not strain at the Position,
 It is familiar; but at the Author's Drift;
 Who in his Circumstance, expressly proves
 That no Man is the Lord of any thing,
 (Tho' in and of him there is much consisting)
 'Till he communicate his Parts to others:
 Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
 'Till he behold them formed in th' Applause,
 Where they're extended! Which like an Arch reverb'rates
 The Voice again, or like a Gate of Steel,
 Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back

His

His Figure and his Heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*.

Heav'ns! what a Man is there? A very Horse,
That has he knows not what Nature, what things are
Most abject in Regard, and dear in Use;
What things again most dear in the Esteem,
And poor in worth: Now shall we see to Morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! O Heav'ns, what some Men do,
While some Men leave to do!
How some Men creep in skittish Fortune's Hall,
Whiles others play the Idiots in her Eyes:
How one Man eats into another's Pride,
While Pride is feasting in his Wantonness!
To see these *Grecian* Lords! why, even already,
They clap the Lubber *Ajax* on the Shoulder,
As if his Foot were on brave *Hector's* Breast,
And great *Troy* shrinking,

Achil. I do believe it,
For they pass by me, as Misers do by Beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What, are my Deeds forgot?

Ulys. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts Alms for Oblivion:
A great siz'd Monster of Ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good Deeds past,
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soon as done: Perseverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps Honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty Male
In monumental Mock'ry: Take the instant way,
For Honour travels in a Streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast, keep then the Path,
For Emulation hath a thousand Sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred Tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
Or ike a gallant Horse fall'n in first Rank,

Lye there for pavement to the abject near
 O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in present
 Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:
 For Time is like a fashionable Host,
 That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th' Hand;
 And with arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the Comer; the welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing: O let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are Subjects all
 To envious and calumniating Time:
 One touch of Nature makes the whole World Kin;
 That all with one consent praise new born Gauds,
 Tho' they are made and moulded of things past,
 And go to Dust, that is a little Gilt;
 More Laud than Gilt o'er-dusted,
 The present Eye praises the present Object.
 Then marvel not, thou great and compleat Man,
 That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax*;
 Since things in motion 'gin to catch the Eye,
 Than what not stirs; the Cry went out on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thy self alive,
 And case thy Reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious Deeds, but in these Fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
 And draw great *Mars* to Faction.

Achil. Of this my Privacy,
 I have strong Reasons.

Ulys. But 'gainst your privacy,
 The Reasons are more potent and heroical:
 'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in Love
 With one of *Priam's* Daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulys. Is that a wonder?
 The Providence that's in a watchful State,
 Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* Gold;
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deep,
 Keeps place with thought; and almost like the Gods,

Does

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb Cradles:
 There is a Mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the Soul of State;
 Which hath an Operation more divine,
 Than Breath of Pen can give expresse to:
 All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*,
 As perfectly is ours as yours, my Lord,
 And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
 To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
 But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
 When Fame shall in his Island sound her Trump;
 And the *Greekish* Girls shall tripping sing,
 Great *Hector's* Sister did *Achilles* win;
 But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
 Farewel, my Lord—I, as your Lover, speak;
 The Fool slides o'er the Ice that you should break.

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
 A Woman, impudent, and mannish grown,
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate Man,
 In time of Action: I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think my little stomach to the War,
 And your great Love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse your self: and the weak wanton *Cupid*
 Shall from your Neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And like a dew-drop from the Lion's mane,
 Be shook to Air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*? —

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much Honour by him.

Achil. I see my Reputation is at Stake,
 My Fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:
 Those wounds heal ill that Men do give themselves:
 Omission to do what is necessary,
 Seals a Commission to a blank of Danger,
 And Danger, like an Ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the Sun.

Achil. Go call *Thersites* hither, sweet *Patroclus*,
 I'll send the Fool to *Ajax*, and desire him
 To invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the Combat,
 To see us here unarm'd: I have a Woman's longings,

An Appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great *Hector* in the weeds of Peace.

Enter Therites.

To talk with him, and to behold his Visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd —

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the Field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to Morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical Cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he stalks up and down like a Peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an Hostess that hath no Arithmetick, but her Brain to set down her Reckoning; bites his Lip with a political regard, as who should say, there were Wit in his Head, and 'twou'd out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as Fire in a Flint, which will not shew without knocking. The Man's undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his Neck i'th' Combat, he'll break't himself in Vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, Good morrow, *Ajax*. And he replies, Thanks *Agamemnon*. What think you of this Man, that takes me for the General? He's grown a very Land-fish — languageless — a Monster; a Plague of Opinion, a Man may wear it on both Sides, like a Leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him, *Therites*.

Ther. Who I? — why he'll answer no Body; he professes not answering; speaking is for Beggars; he wears his Tongue in's Arms; I will put on his pretence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus*, — tell him, I humbly desire the vallant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his Person, of the Magnanimous and most Illustrious, six or seven times honour'd Captain, General of the Grecian Army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Patro.

Patr. Jove blefs great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum——

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum——

Patr. And to procure safe Conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*!—

Patr. Ay, My Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my Heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to Morrow be a fair Day, by eleven a Clock, it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my Heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No; but he is out of tune thus; what Musick will be in him, when *Hector* has knockt out his Brains, I know not. But I am sure none; unless the Fidler *Apollo* get his Sinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a Letter to him straight.

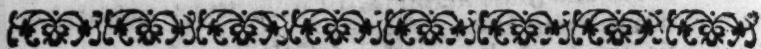
Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the more capable Creature.

Achil. My Mind is troubled like a Fountain stirr'd, And I my self see not the bottom of it. [Exit.]

Ther. Would the Fountain of your Mind were clear again, that I might water an Ass at it; I had rather be a Tick in a Sheep, than such a valiant Ignorance.

[Exeunt.]

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter at one Door Æneas with a Torch, at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Anthenor, and Diomedes with Torches.

Par. SEE ho, who's there?

Dei. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in Person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nothing but heav'nly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my Company.

Dio. That's my Mind too: Good-morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Par. A valiant Greek, *Æneas* take his Hand,
Witness the Process of your Speech within;
You told, how *Diomedes*, a whole Week, by Days
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all question of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd as black Defiance
As Heart can think, or Courage execute.

Dio. The one and th'other *Diomedes* embraces.
Our Bloods are now in calm, and so long, health;
But when Contention and Occasion meet,
By *Jove* I'll play the Hunter for thy Life,
With all my Force, Pursuit and Policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a Lion that will sit
With his Face backward in human gentleness:
Welcome to *Troy*—now by *Anchises*' Life,
Welcome indeed—By *Venus* Hand I swear,
No Man alive can love in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize, *Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my Sword his Fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleat courses of the Sun:
But in mine emulous Honour let him die,
With every Joint a wound, and that to Morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Lio. We do, and long to know each other worse.

Par.

Par. This is the most despightfull st, gentle greeting,
The noblest, hateful Love, that e'er I heard of.
What Business, Lord, so early?

Anc. I was sent for to the King; but why I know
not.

Par. His purpose meets you; it was, to bring this Greek
To Calchas's House, and there to render him,
For the enfréed *Antenor*, the fair *Cressid*.
Let's have your Company? or if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think
(Or rather call my thought a certain Knowledge)
My Brother *Troilus* lodges there to Night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole Quality whereof, I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Anc. That I assure you.

Troilus had rather *Troy* were bornto *Greece*,
Than *Cressid* born from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time will have it so.
On, Lord, we'll follow you.

Anc. Good Morrow all.

[Exit *Aeneas*.]

Par. And tell me noble *Diomedes*; faith tell me true,
Even in the Soul of good sound Fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most?
My self, or *Menelaus*?

Dio. Both alike.

He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her Soilure,
With such a Hell of pain, and world of Charge,
And you as well to keep her that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her Dishonour,
With such a costly loss of Wealth and Friends;
He, like a puling Cuckold, would drink up
The Lees and Dregs of a fat tamed Piece;
You, like a Letcher, out of whorish Loins,
Are pleas'd to breed out your Inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he, with heavier for a Whore.

Par. You are too bitter with your Country-woman.

Dio.

Di. She's bitter to her Country: Hear me *Paris*,
 For every false drop in her bawdy Veins
 A *Grecian's* Life hath sunk; for every Scruple
 Of her contaminated Carrion weight,
 A *Trojan* hath been slain. Since she could speak,
 She hath not given so many good Words breath,
 As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd Death.

Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as Chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
 But we in silence hold this Virtue well;
 We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
 Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not your self; the Morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet, my Lord, I'll call my Uncle down:
 He shall unbolt the Gates.

Troi. Trouble him not——
 To Bed, to Bed—sleep seal those pretty Eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy Senses,
 As Infants empty of all thought.

Cre. Good-Morrow then.

Troi. I prithee now to Bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Cressida*! but that the busie Day
 Wak'd by the Lark, has rous'd the Ribald Crows,
 And dreaming Night will hide our Eyes no longer,
 I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the Witch: with venomous wights she stays,
 As hideously as Hell; but flies the grasps of Love,
 With Wings more momentary, swifter than Thought:
 You will catch cold and curse me.

Cre. Prithee tarry—you Men will never tarry—
 O foolish *Cressida*—I might have still held off,
 And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

Pan. within.] What's all the Doors open here?

Troi. It is your Uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A Pestilence on him; now will he be mocking;
 I shall have such a Life——

Pan.

Pan. How now, how now? how go Maiden-heads? Hear, you Maid; where's my Cousin *Cressid*?

Cre. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Uncle. You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what: What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beshrew your Heart; you'll ne'er be good; nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas poor Wretch; a poor *Chitpochia*, hath not slept to Night? Would he not (a naughty Man) let it sleep; a Bug-bear take him. [One knocks.]

Cre. Did I not tell you?—Would he were knock'd i' th' Head—whose that at Door?—good Uncle go and see.—My Lord, come you again into my Chamber:—
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha—

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing. How earnestly they knock—Pray you come in. [Knock.]
I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. [Exeunt.]

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the Door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good-morrow, Lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there, my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth I knew you not; what News with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn; for my own part, I came late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who—nay, then:—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere y'are aware: You'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so harsh: There is at hand,

Paris

Paris your Brother, and *Deiphobus*,
 The *Grecian Diomedes*, and our *Anthenor*
 Deliver'd to us, and for him forthwith,
 Ere the first Sacrifice within this Hour,
 We must give up to *Diomedes* Hand
 The Lady *Cressida*.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Aene. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy*.
 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How many Achievements mock me!
 I will go meet them; and my Lord *Aeneas*,
 We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Aene. Good, good, my Lord; the secrets of Nature
 Have not more Gift in taciturnity. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Pandarus* and *Cressida*.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost: The Devil
 take *Anthenor*; the young Prince will go mad: A Plague
 upon *Anthenor*; I would they had broke's Neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah! ———

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my Lord?
 gone? Tell me I sweet Uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the Earth, as I am
 above.

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prethee get thee in; would thou had'st ne'er been
 born: I knew thou would'st be his Death. O poor Gen-
 tleman! A Plague upon *Anthenor*.

Cre. Good Uncle, I beseech you, on my Knees, I beseech
 you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, Wench, thou must be gone:
 thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*; thou must go to thy Fa-
 ther, and be gone from *Troilus*: I will be his Death; 'twill
 be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, Uncle: I have forgot my Father.
 I know no touch of Consanguinity:
 No Kin, no Love, no Blood, no Soul so near me,
 As the sweet *Troilus*: O you Gods divine;

Make

Make *Cressid*'s name the very Crown of Falshood,
 If ever she leave *Troilus*: Time and Death,
 Do to this body what extremity you can;
 But the strong Base and building of my Love
 Is, as the very centre of the Earth,
 Drawing all things to it. I will go in and weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright Hair, and scratch my praised
 Cheeks,

Crack my clear Voice with Sobs, and break my Heart
 With sounding *Troilus*. I will not go from *Troy*. [*Exit.*
Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Diophobus, Anthenor, and
Diomedes.

Par. It is great Morning, and the Hour prefixt
 Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*
 Comes fast upon: Good my Brother *Troilus*,
 Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
 And haste her to the purpose,

Troi. Walk into her House:
 I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently;
 And to his Hand when I deliver her,
 Think it an Altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
 A Priest, there offering to it his Heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love,
 And would, as I shall pity, I could help.
 Please you walk in, my Lords.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
 The Grief is fine, full perfect that I taste,
 And no less in a Sense as strong, as that
 Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my Grief;
 My Love admits no qualifying Cross.

Enter Troilus.

No more my Grief in such a precious Loss.

Par. Here, here, here he comes,—a sweet Duck—

Cre. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*?

Pan.

Pan. What a pair of Spectacles is here ! let me embrace too : Oh Heart, as the goodly saying is ; O Heart, heavy Heart, why fittest thou without breaking ?—where he answers again ;—Because thou canst not eale thy smart by Friendship, nor by speaking ; there was never a truer Rhime ; let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a Verse ; we see it, we see it : How now, Lambs ?

Troi. Cressida, I love thee in so strange a Purity ;
That the blest Gods, as angry with my Fancy,
More bright in Zeal, than the Devotion which
Cold Lips blow on their Deities, take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods Envy ?

Pan. Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay, 'tis too plain a Case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy ?

Troi. A hateful Truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too ?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible ?

Troi. And suddenly : While injury of Chance
Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our Lips
Of all rejoynure ; forcibly prevents
Our lock'd Embrasures ; strangles our dear vows,
Even in the Birth of our own labouring Breath.
We two, that with so many thousand Sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell our selves,
With the rude brevity and discharge of one ;
Injurious time, now, with a Robber's haste,
Crams his rich Thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewells as be Stars in Heaven,
With distinct breath, and consign'd Kisses to them,
He fumbles up all in one loose adieu ;
And scants us with a single famish'd Kiss,
Distasted with the Salt of broken Tears.

Aeneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready ?

Troi. Hark, you are call'd. Some say the Genius so
Cries, Come, to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have Patience ; she shall come anon.

Pan.

Pan. Where are my Tears? Rain, to lay this Wind, or my Heart will be blown up by the Root.

Cre. I must then to the *Grecians*?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woful *Cressid*, 'mongst the merry *Greeks*.

Troi. When shall we see again?

Hear me my love: be thou but true of Heart——

Cre. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use *Expostulation* kindly,

For it is parting from us:

I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my Glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy Heart;

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in,

My sequent Protestation: Be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cre. O you shall be expos'd my Lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll go Friend with danger:

Wear this Sleeve.

Cre. And you this Glove.

When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian Centinels*
To give thee nightly Visitation.

But yet be true.

Cre. O Heav'ns! be true again.

Troi. Hear while I speak it, Love:

The *Grecian* Youths are full of subtle Qualities,

They're loving, well compos'd, with gift of Nature,

Flowing and swelling o'er with Arts and Exercise;

How Novelties may move, and parts with Person—

Alas, a kind of godly Jealousie,

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous Sin,

Makes me afraid.

Cre. O Heav'ns, you love me not!

Troi. Die I a villain then:

In this I do not call your Faith in Question

So manly as my merit: I cannot Sing,

Nor heel the high Lavolt; nor sweeten Talk;

Nor play at subtle Games; fair Virtues all—

To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell, that in each Grace of these,
There lurks a still and dumb-discourfivè Devil,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cre. Do not think I will.

Troi. No, but something may be done that we will not :
And sometimes we are Devils to our selves,
When we attempt the frailty of our Powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord.

Troi. Come kiss, and let us part,

Paris within. Brother *Troilus*.

Troi. Good Brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cre. My Lord, will you be true ?

Troi. Who I ? Alas, it is my Vice, my Fault :
While others fish for Craft for great Opinion,
I with great truth, catch meer Simplicity :
While some with cunning gild their Copper Crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare :

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Fear not my Truth ; the Moral of my Wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.
Welcome, Sir *Diomed*, here is the Lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair, and by my Soul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy Life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in *Iliou*.

Diom. Fair Lady *Cressid*,

So please you, save the Thanks this Prince expects :
The lustre in your Eye, Heav'n in your Cheek,
Pleads your fair usage, and to *Diomed*
You shall be Mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the Seal of my Petition towards thee
By praising her. I tell thee, Lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy Praises,

As thou unworthy to be call'd her Servant :
 I charge thee use her well, even for my Charge :
 For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
 (Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy Guard)
 I'll cut thy Throat.

Diom. Oh be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus* ;
 Let me be privileg'd by my Place and Message,
 To be a Speaker free : When I am hence,
 I'll answer to my Lust : And know, my Lord,
 I'll nothing do on charge ; to her own worth
 She shall be priz'd : But that you say, be't so :
 I'll speak it in my Spirit and Honour—No.

Troi. Come to the port—I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
 This Brave shall oft make thee to hide thy Head :
 Lady, give me your Hand—And as we walk,
 To our own selves bend we our needful Talk.

[*Sound Trumpet.*]

Par. Hark, *Hector's* Trumpet !

Aene. How have we spent this Morning ?
 The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
 That swore to ride before him in the Field,

Par. 'Tis *Troilus* fault. Come, come to Field with him

Dio. Let us make ready strait.

Aene. Yea, with a Bridegroom's fresh alacrity
 Let us address to tend on *Hector's* Heels :

The Glory of our *Troy* doth this Day lye
 On his fair Worth, and single Chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax armed. Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus,
 Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Calchas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
 Anticipating Time. With starting Courage,
 Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
 Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that the appalled Air,
 May pierce the Head of the great Combatant,
 And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou Trumpet, there's my Purse ;
 Now crack thy Lungs, and split thy brazen Pipe :

Blow

Blow villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
 Out-swell the cholick of puffed *Aquilon* :
 Come stretch thy Chest, and let thy Eyes spout Blood :
 Thou blowest for *Hector*.

Ulys. No Trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Enter Diomede and Cressida.

Aga. Is't not young *Diomede* with *Calchas* Daughter ?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his Gate,
 He rises on his Toe ; that Spirit of his
 In Aspiration lifts him from the Earth.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressida* ?

Dio. Even she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, sweet Lady.

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a Kiss.

Ulys. Yet is your Kindness but particular ; 'twere better
 she were kist in general.

Nest. And very courtly Counsel : I'll begin. So much
 for *Nestor*.

Achil. I'll take that Winter from your Lips ; fair Lady.
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good Argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no Argument for kissing now ;
 For thus pop'd *Paris* in his Hardiment.

Ulys. Oh deadly Gall, and theme of all our Scorns,
 For which we lose our Heads to gild his Horns.

Patr. The first was *Menelaus* kiss—this mine—
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir : Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kissing do you render, or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to give,
 The kiss you take is better than you give ; therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd Man, give even, or give none.

Men. An odd Man, Lady ? every Man is odd.

Cre. No, *Paris* is not ; for you know 'tistrue,
 That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men.

Men. You fillip me o'th'head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulys. It were no match, your Nail against his Horn :
May I, sweet Lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cre. You may.

Ulys. I do desire it.

Cre. Why beg then.

Ulys. Why then, for *Venus* sake give me a kiss :
When *Helen* is a Maid again, and his—

Cre. I am your Debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your Father—

Nest. A woman of quick Sense.

[*Diomedes leads out Cressida, then returns.*]

Ulys. Fie, fie upon her:

There's Language in her Eye, her Cheek, her Lip:
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton Spirits look out.

At every joint, and motive of her Body:

Oh these Encounters, are so glib of Tongue,

They give a coasting welcome ere it comes;

And wide unclasp the Tables of their Thoughts,

To every tickling Reader: Set them down,

For sluttish spoils of Opportunity,

And Daughters of the Game.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

All. The *Trojans* Trumpet.

Aga. Yonder comes the Troop.

Enc. Hail all you state of *Greece*; what shall be done
To him that Victory commands? or do you purpose,

A Victor shall be known? will you, the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any Voice, or order of the Field?

Hector bad ask.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Enc. He cares not, he'll obey Conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal disprizing
The Knight oppos'd.

Enc. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your Name?

Achil.

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Aene. Therefore *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this
Is the Extremity of great and little :

Valour and Pride excel themselves in *Hector*;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;

And that which looks like Pride, is Courtesie ;

This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* Blood,

In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, comes to seek

This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A Maiden Battel then? O, I perceive you.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomedes*; Go, gentle Knight,

Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Aeneas*,

Consent upon the order of their Fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a Breach, the Combatants being kin,

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Ajax. What *Trojan* is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulys. The youngest son of *Priam*,

And a true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;

Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of Word,

Speaking in Deeds, and deedless in his Tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd,

His heart and hand both open, and both free ;

For what he has he gives, what thinks he shews ;

Yes gives he not 'till Judgment guide his Bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair Thought with Breath ;

Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous,

For *Hector* in his blaze of Wrath subscribes,

To tender Objects; but he in heat of Action

Is more vindicative than jealous Love,

They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.

Thus says *Aeneas*, one that knows the Youth,

Even to his inches; and with private Soul,

Did in great *Ilium* thus translate him to me. [*Alarum.*]

Aga. They are in Action. [*Hector and Ajax fight.*]

Nest. Now *Ajax* hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Aga.

Aga. His Blows are well dispos'd; there *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets cease.*]

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hector. Why then, will I no more:

Thou art, great Lord, my Father's Sister's Son;

A Cousin German to great *Priam's* Seed:

The Obligation of our Blood forbids

A gory Emulation 'twixt us twain;

Were thy Commixion *Greek* and *Trojan* so,

That thou couldst say, this Hand is *Grecian* all.

And this is *Trojan*; the Sinews of this Leg

All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*: My Mother's Blood

Runs on the dexter Cheek, and this Sinister

Bounds in my Father's: By *Jove* multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a *Greekish* Member

Wherein my Sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud; but the just Gods gainsay.

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy Mother,

My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal Sword

Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty Arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus —

Cousin, all honour to thee.

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector*!

Thou art too gentle, and too free a Man:

I came to kill thee, Cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy Death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,

On whose bright Crest, Fame with her loud'st O yes,

Cries, this is he, could promise to himself

A thought of added Honour torn from *Hector*.

Æne. There is expectation here from both the sides:

What farther you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it:

The issue is Embracement: *Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in Entreaties find Success,

As seldom I have the chance; I would desire

D

My

My famous Cousin to our *Grecian* Tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hector. *Aeneas*, call my Brother *Troilus* to me:
And signifie this loving Interview

To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:

Desire them home. Give me thy Hand, my Cousin:

I will go eat with thee, and see your Knights.

Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own searching Eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of Arms, as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an Enemy,
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of Oblivion:

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd pure'y from all hollow bias drawing,
Bids thee with most divine Integrity,
From Heart of very Heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee most Imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My well-sam'd Lord of *Troy*, no less to you.

[To *Troil.*

Men. Let me confirm my Princely Brother's Greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Ane. The noble *Menelaus*.

Hect. O—you my Lord—by *Mars* his Gauntlet thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th'untraded Oath,
Your *qu'ndam* Wife swears still by *Venus* Glove,
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly Theme.

Hect. O pardon—I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft
Labouring for Destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekish* Youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* Steed,
And seen thee scouring Forfeits and Subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd Sword i'th' Air,

Not

Not let it decline on the declined :

That I have said unto my Standers-by,

Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder dealing Life.

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy Breath,

When that a ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,

Like an *Olympian* wrestling. Thus I have seen,

But this thy Countenance, still lock'd in Steel,

I never saw 'till now. I knew thy Granfire,

And once fought with him; he was a Soldier good,

But by great *Mars*, the Captain of us all,

Never like thee. Let an old Man embrace thee,

And, worthy Warrior, welcome to our Tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hez. Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,

That hast so long walk'd Hand in Hand with Time,

Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my Arms could match thee in Contention,
As they contend with thee in Courtesie.

Hez. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white Beard I'd fight with thee to-morrow. Well, welcome, welcome, I have seen the time.

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder City stands,
When we have here the Base and Pillar by us.

Hez. I know your Favour, Lord *Ulysses* well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw your self and *Diomedes*
In *Illion*, on your *Greekish* Embassie.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My Prophecie is but half his Journey yet,
For yonder Walls that partly front your Town;
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do buss the Clouds,
Must kiss their own Feet.

Hez. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* Stone will cost
A drop of *Grecian* Blood; the end crowns all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one Day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leave it,
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hez.*, welcome;

After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

Achil. I shall forestal thee, Lord *Ulysses*, thou :
Now *Hector*, I have fed mine Eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand fair, I prithee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a Book of Sport thou'lt read me o'er :
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine Eye?

Achil. Tell me, you Heav'ns, in which part of his Body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the local Wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great Spirit flew. Answer me Heavens.

Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud Man,
To answer such a Question: Stand again,
Think'st thou to catch my Life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice Conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee: Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the Forge that stythied *Mars* his Helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea o'er and o'er.
You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His Insolence draws Folly from my Lips,
But I'll endeavour Deeds to match these Words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, Cousin;
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone
'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*.

If you have Stomach, the general State I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the Field,
We have had pelting Wars since you refus'd
The *Grecian's* Cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me *Hector*?
To Morrow do I meet thee, fell as Death,
To Night, all Friends.

Hect. Thy Hand upon that match.

Ag. First, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector's* Leisure, and your Bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him:
Beat loud the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow;
That this great Soldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

Troi. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me I beseech you,
In what Place of the Field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulys. At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomedes* doth feast with him to Night;
Who neither looks on Heav'n, nor on Earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair *Cressid*.

Troi. Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to thee so much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulys. You shall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what Honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*; had she no Lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their Scars,
A mock is due: Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth.
But still, sweet Love is Food for Fortune's tooth. [*Exe.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE before Achilles's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his Blood with *Greekish* Wine to Night,
Which with my Scimiter I'll cool to morrow.

Patroclus, lest us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes *Thersites*.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the News?

Ther. Why, thou Figure of what thou seem'st, and Idol
of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence Fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of Fool, from *Troy*.

Patr. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeon's Box, or the Patient's Wound.

Patr. Well said Adversity, and what need these Tricks?

Ther. Prithee be silent, Boy, I profit not by thy talk,
Thou art thought to be *Achilles's* Male-Varlet.

Patr. Male-Varlet, you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine Whore. Now the rotted Dis-
eases of the South, Guts-gripping, Ruptures, Catarrhs, loads
o' Gravel i'th' Backs, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and the like,
take and take again such preposterous Discoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable Fox of Envy, thou, what
mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous Bust, you whoreson indi-
stinguishable Cur.

Ther. No? Why art thou then exasperate, thou idle im-
material Skein of fley'd Silk: thou green Sarcenet flap for
a sore Eye; thou Tassel of a Prodigal's purse, thou? Ah,
how the poor World is pestred with such Water-flies, di-
minutives of Nature.

Patr. Out Gall!

Ther. Finch Egg!

Achil.

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
 From my great purpose in to-morrow's Battel:
 Here is a Letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
 A Token from her Daughter, my fair Love,
 Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
 An Oath that I have sworn. I will not break it,
 Fall *Greek*, fall Fame, Honour, or go, or stay,
 My major Vow lies here; this I'll obey.
 Come, come, *Thersites*, help to trim my Tent,
 This Night in banquetting must all be spent.
 Away, *Patroclus*. [Exit.

Ther. With too much Blood, and too little Brain, these
 two may run mad: But if with too much Brain, and too
 little Blood, they do, I'll be a Curer of Mad-men. Here's
Agamemnon, an honest Fellow enough, and one that loves
 Quails, but he hath not so much Brain as Ear-wax; and the
 good Transformation of *Jupiter* there his Brother, the Bull,
 the primitive Statue, and oblique Memorial of Cuckolds,
 a thrifty shooting-horn in a Chain, hanging at his Brother's
 Leg; to what Form, but that he is, should Wit larded with
 Malice, and Malice forced with Wit turn him to? to an Ass
 were nothing, he is both Ass and Ox; to an Ox were nothing,
 he is both Ox and Ass; to be a Dog, a Mule, a Cat, a
 Fitchew, a Toad, a Lizard, an Owl, a Puttock, or a Her-
 ring without a Roe, I would not care: But to be *Menelaus*,
 I would conspire against Destiny. Ask me not what
 I would be, if I were not *Thersites*; for I care not to be
 the Lowfe of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*. Holy-
 day, Spirits and Fires.

Enter *Hector*, *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, *Ulysses*, *Nestor*, and
Diomedes with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter *Achilles*.

Ulys. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Aga. So, now, fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good Night,
Ajax commands the Guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good Night to the *Greek's* General.

Men. Good Night, my Lord.

Hect. Good Night, sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet Draught——sweet quoth a——sweet Sink, sweet Sewer.

Achil. Good Night, and welcome, both at once, to those that go or tarry.

Aga. Good Night.

Achil. Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too, *Diomedes*; Keep *Hector* Company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important Business, The tide whereof is now: Good Night great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your Hand.

Ulys. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Calchas's* Tent, I'll keep you Company. [To *Troilus*.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good Night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. [Exeunt.

Ther. That same *Diomedes* is a false hearted Rogue, a most unjust Knave: I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a Serpent when he hisses: He will spend his Mouth and Promise, like *Brabler* the Hound; but when he performs, *Astronomers* foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: The Sun borrows of the Moon, when *Diomedes* keeps his word. I will rather leave to see *Hector*, than not to dog him: They say he keeps a *Trojan* Drab, and uses the Traitor *Calchas* his Tent. I'll after—Nothing but Leachery, all incontinent Varlets. [Exeunt

SCENE II. *Calchas's* Tent.

Enter *Diomedes*.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomedes*; *Calchas*, I think, where's your Daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter *Troilus* and *Ulysses*, after them *Thersites*.

Ulys. Stand where the Torch may not discover us.

Enter *Cressid*.

Troi. *Cressid* come forth to him!

Dio.

Dio. How now, my Charge?

Cre. Now my sweet Guardian; hark a word with you.

[*Whispers.*]

Troi. Yea, so familiar?

Ulys. She will sing to any Man at first sight.

Ther. And any Man may find her, if he can take her life: she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your Mind be coupled with your Words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulys. List.

Cre. Sweet, *Honey Greek*, tempt me no more to Folly.

Ther. Roguery ———

Dio. Nay, then.

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are forsworn ———

Cre. In Faith I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I prithee do not hold me to mine Oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good Night.

Trio. Hold, Patience ———

Ulys. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomedes*.

Dio. No, no, good Night: I'll be your Fool no more.

Trio. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your Ear.

Troi. O Plague and Madness!

Ulys. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge it self
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you ———

Ulys. Nay, good my Lord go off:

You slow to great distraction: Come, my Lord.

Troi. I pray thee stay.

Ulys. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you stay; by Hell, and Hell's Torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so good Night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in tnger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulys. Why, how now, my Lord?

Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian—why, *Greek*—

Dio. Fo, fo, adieu you palter.

Cre. In faith I do not: come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my Lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Troi. She stroaks his Cheek.

Ulys. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by *Jove*, I will not speak a word.
There is between my Will, and all Offences,
A guard of Patience, stay a little while.

Ther. How the Devil Luxury with his fat Rump, and
Potato Finger, tickles these together: Fry Letchery, fry.

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. I Faith I will come; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

[Exit.]

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, sweet Lord.

I will not be my self, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all Patience.

Enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the Pledge, now, now, now.

Cre. Here *Diomedes*, keep this Sleeve.

Troi. O Beauty! where is thy Faith?

Ulys. My Lord.

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that Sleeve; behold it well:—
He lov'd me:—O false Wench:—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was t?

Cre. It is no matter now, I hav't again.

I will not meet with you to morrow Night:

I prithee, *Diomedes*, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.

Dio.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O all ye Gods——O pretty, pretty Pledge:
Thy Master now lyes thinking in his Bed,
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my Glove,
And gives memorial dainty Kisses to it:
As I kiss thee.

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He that takes that, takes my Heart withal.

Dio. I had your Heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear Patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, *Diomedes*: 'Faith you shall not,
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whose it was?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. By all *Diana's* Waiting-Women yonder,
And by her self, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To Morrow I will wear it on my Helm,
And grieve his Spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'st it on thy Horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not—
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou shalt never mock *Diomedes* again.

Cre. You shall not go;——one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Tber. Nor I by *Pluto*: But that that likes not me, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour.

Cre. Ay, come:—O *Jove*!—do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then.

[Exit

Cre. Good Night: I prithee come:
Troilus, farewell; one Eye yet looks on thee,

But

But with my Heart, the other Eye doth see ———
 Ah poor our Sex; this Fault in us I find,
 The Error of our Eye, directs our Mind.
 What Error leads, must err: O then conclude,
 Minds sway'd by Eyes, are full of turpitude. [Exit.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more;
 Unless she say, my Mind is now turn'd Whore.

Ulys. All's done, my Lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my Soul,
 Of every Syllable that here was spoke:
 But if I tell how these two did co-act,
 Shall I not lie in publishing a Truth?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my Heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth invert that test of Eyes and Ears;
 As if those Organs had deceptions Functions,
 Created only to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here?

Ulys. I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

Troi. She was not sure.

Ulys. Most sure she was.

Troi. Why, my Negation hath no taste of Madneſs.

Ulys. Nor mine, my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd for Woman-hood:
 Think we had Mothers; do not give advantage
 To stubborn Criticks, apt without a theme
 For depravation, to square the general Sex
 By *Cressid's* Rule. Rather think this not *Cressid*.

Ulys. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our
 Mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own Eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is *Diomedes's Cressid*:

If Beauty have a Soul, this is not she:
 If Souls guide Vows, if Vows are Sanctimony,
 If Sanctimony be the Gods delight,
 If there be Rule in Unity it self,
 This is not she. O madness of Discourse!

That

That Cause sets up, with and against thy self,
 By foul authority; where Reason can revolt
 Without Perdition, and Loss assume all reason,
 Without revolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*,
 Within my soul, there doth commence a fight
 Of this strange Nature, that a thing inseparate
 Divides more wider than the Sky and Earth,
 And yet the spacious breadth of this Division
 Admits no Orifice for a point, as subtle
 As *Ariachne's* broken woof, to enter;
 Instance, O instance! strong as *Pluto's* Gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the Bonds of Heav'n;
 Instance, O instance! strong as Heav'n it self,
 The Bonds of Heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd,
 And with another Knot five Finger tied:
 The Fractions of her Faith, orts of her Love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasie Reliques,
 Of her o'er-eaten Faith, are bound to *Diomede*.

Ulys. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
 With that which here his Passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that shall be divulged well;
 In Characters, as red as *Mars* his Heart
 Inflam'd with *Venus* — never did young Man fancy
 With so eternal, and so fix'd a Soul —
 Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Cressida* love,
 So much by weight hate I her *Diomede*:
 That Sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his Helm:
 Were it a Cask compos'd by *Vulcan's* Skill,
 My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadful Spout,
 Which Ship-men do the Hurricano call,
 Constring'd in Mass by the Almighty Finger
 Shall dizzy with more Clamour *Neptune's* Ear
 In his descent, then shall my prompted Sword
 Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his Concupy.

Troi. O *Cressid*! O false *Cressid*! false, false, false!
 Let all Untruths stand by thy stained Name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulys. O contain your self:
 Your Passion draws Ears hither.

Enter

Enter Aeneas.

Aeneas. I have been seeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.

Ajax, your Guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troilus. Have with you, Prince; my courteous Lord,
adieu.

Farewel; revolted fair: And, *Diomedes*,
Stand fast, and wear a Castle on thy Head.

Ulysses. I'll bring you to the Gates.

Troilus. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Ulysses.*]

Thersites. Would I could meet that Rogue *Diomedes*, I
would croaklike a Raven: I would bode, I would bode:
Patroclus will give me any Thing for the Intelligence of
this Whore: The Parrot will not do more for an Almond,
than he for a commodious Drab: Letchery, Letchery,
still Wars and Letchery, nothing else holds Fashion. A
burning Devil take them. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Troy.*

Enter Hector and Andromache.

Andromache. When was my Lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his Ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

Hector. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By the everlasting Gods, I'll go.

Andromache. My Dreams will sure prove ominous to day.

Hector. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cassandra. Where is my Brother *Hector*?

Andromache. Here Sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear Petition;
Pursue we him on Knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of Slaughter.

Cassandra. O, 'tis true.

Hector. Ho! bid my Trumpet sound.

Cassandra. No Notes of fally, for the Heav'ns, sweet Brother.

Hector. Be gone, I say: The Gods have heard me swear.
Cassandra.

Cas. The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish Vows;
They are polluted Offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted Livers in the Sacrifice.

And. O, be perswaded, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by Thefts,
And rob in the behalf of Charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the Vow;
But Vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine Honour keeps the Weather of my fate;
Life every Man holds dear, but the dear Man
Holds Honour far more precious-dear than Life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young Man; mean'st thou to fight to day?

And. Cassandra, call my Father to perswade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*]

Hect. No Faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy Harness, Youth:
I am to day i'th' vein of Chivalry:

Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the War.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave Boy;
I'll stand to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of Mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lion, than a Man.

Hect. What Vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the Captive *Grecians* fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair Sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools play, by Heav'n, *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For th' Love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the Hermit pity with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armours buckled on,
The venom'd Vengeance ride upon our Swords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, Savage, fie.

Troi. *Hector*, then 'tis Wars.

Hect.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to Day.

Troi. Who should with-hold me?

Not Fate, Obedience, nor the Hand of Mars,
Beckning with fiery Truncheon my retire:
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on Knees,
Their Eyes o'er-galled with recourse of Tears;
Nor you, my Brother, with your true Sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my Way;
But by my Ruin.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, *Priam* hold him fast:
He is thy Crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee;
Fall altogether.

Priam. Come, *Hector*, come, go back;
Thy Wife hath Dreamt; thy Mother hath had Visions;
Cassandra doth forelee; and I my self,
Am like a Prophet, suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Even in the Faith of Valour, to appear
This Morning to them.

Priam. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my Faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that Course by your Consent and Voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Cas. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

Andr. Do not, dear Father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious Girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear *Hector*:
Look how thou diest; look how thy Eyes turn pale;
Look how thy Wounds do bleed at many vents;

Harle

Hark how *Troy* roars ; how *Hecuba* cries out ;
How poor *Andromache* shrills her Dolour forth ;
Behold Distraction, Frenzy and Amazement,
Like witless Anticks, one another meet.

And all cry, *Hektor*, *Hektor's* dead : O *Hektor* !

Troi. Away.

Cas. Farewel : Yet, soft : *Hektor*, I take my leave ;
Thou dost thy self, and all our *Troy* deceive. [Exit.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege at her Exclaim :
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight ;
Do deeds of Praise, and tell you them at Night.

Priam. Farewel : The Gods with safety stand about thee.

[Alarum.

Troi. They are at it, hark : Proud *Diomede*, believe
I come to lose my arm, or win my Sleeve,

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Do you hear, my Lord ? do you hear ?

Troi. What now ?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poor Girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pand. A whorson Ptifick, a whorson rascally Ptifick,
so troubles me ; and the foolish Fortune of this Girl, and
what one thing, and what another, that I shall leave you
one o' these days ; and I have a Rheum in mine Eyes too,
and such an ach in my Bones, that unless a Man were
Curst, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she,
there ?

Troi. Word, Words, meer Words ; no Matter from
the Heart.

Th' Effect doth operate another way. [Tearing the Letter.

Go Wind to Wind, there turn and change together :

My Love with Words and Errors still she feeds ;

But edifies another with her Deeds.

Pand. Why, but hear you —

Troi. Hence, Brothel, Lacquy, Ignominy and Shame
Pursue thy Life, and live ay with thy Name. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Field between Troy and the Camp.**Alarum. Enter Therſites.*

Ther. Now they are clappe-clawing one another, I'll go look on: That diſſembling abominable Varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young Knave's Sleeve of *Troy*, there in his Helm: I would fain ſee them meet, that, that ſame young *Trojan* Aſs, that loves the Whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* Whore-maſterly Villain, with the Sleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious Drab, of a ſleeveleſs Errant. O'th' t'other ſide, the Policy of thoſe crafty ſwearing Rascals, that ſtale old Mouſe-eaten dry Cheeſe, *Nefor*; and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes* is not prov'd worth a Blackberry. They ſet me up in Policy that mungril Cur *Ajax*, againſt that Dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the Cur *Ajax* prouder than the Cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to Day. Where-upon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim Barbariſm, and Policy grows into an ill Opinion.

Enter Diomede and Troilus.

Soft—— here comes Sleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for ſhould'ſt thou take the 'River *Styx*, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſcall retire :

I do not fly, but advantageous Care

Withdrew me from the odds of Multitude;

Have at thee.

[They go off fighting.]

Ther. Hold thy Whore, *Grecian*: Now for thy Whore,

Trojan: Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek*? art thou for *Hector*'s match? Art thou of Blood and Honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a Rascal; a ſcurvy railing Knave; a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee—— live.

[Exit.]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy Neck—— for frighting me; what's become of the wenching Rogues? I think, they have ſwallowed

Troilus and Cressida.

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lowed one another. I would laugh at that Miracle—yet
in a fort, Letchery eats it self : I'll seek them. [Exit.

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my Servant, take thou *Troilus's* Horse,
Present the fair steed to my lady *Cressid* :
Fellow, commend my Service to her Beauty :
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her Knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Ag. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polydamus*
Hath beat down *Ménon* : Bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* Prisoner,
And stands *Colossus* wife, waving his Beam,
Upon the pashed coarces of the Kings,
Epistrophus and *Cedus* ; *Polyxines* is slain ;
Amphimachus and *Thous* deadly hurt ;
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruised ; the dreadful Sagitary
Appals our Numbers, haste we, *Diomedes*,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus's* Body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snail'd-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame,
There are a thousand *Hectors* in the Field :
Now here he fights on *Galatbe* his Horse,
And there lacks work ; anon he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or dye, like scaled Sculls,
Before the belching Whale : Then is he yonder,
And there the straying *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the Mower's Swath ;
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes ;
Dexterity so obeying Appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does so much,
That Proof is call'd Impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulys. Oh, Courage, Courage, Princes ; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance ;
Patroclus's Wounds have rouz'd his drowsie Blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,

That

That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt, come to him,
 Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a Friend,
 And foams at Mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to Day
 Mad and fantastick Execution,
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless Force, and forceless Care,
 As if that Luck in very spite of cunning
 Bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou Coward *Troilus*.

[*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou boy-killer, shew thy Face:
 Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.

Hector, where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*.

[*Exit.*

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou Coward *Troilus*, shew thy Head.

Enter Diomede.

Dio. *Troilus*, I say, where's *Troilus*?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General,

Thou shouldst have my Office,

Ere that Correction: *Troilus*, I say, what, *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh traitor *Diomede*!

Turn thy false Face, thou traitor,

And pay thy Life, thou owest me for my Horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone, stand *Diomede*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come, both you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.

[*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus*? O well fought, my youngest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; have at thee, *Hector*.

Hect.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

[*Fight.*

Achil. I do disdain thy Courtesie, proud Trojan,

Be happy that my aims are out of use,

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again :

✓ Till when, go seek thy Fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well ;

I would have been much more a fresher Man,

Had I expected thee ; how now my Brother ?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en *Aeneas* ; shall it be ?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious Heav'n

He shall not carry him : I'll be taken too,

Or bring him off : Fate hear me what I say ;

I wreak not, though thou end my Life to day.

[*Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek,

Thou art a goodly Mark :

No ? wilt thou not ? I like thy Armour well,

I'll frush it, and unlock the Rivers all,

But I'll be master of it ; wilt thou not, Beast, abide ?

Why then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy Hide.

[*Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.

Mark but what I say, attend me where I wheel ;

Strike not a Stroke, but keep you selves in Breath ;

And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,

Empale him with your Weapons round about :

In fellest manner execute your Arms.

✓ Follow me Sirs, and my proceeding Eye :

It is decreed — *Hector* the great must die.

[*Exe.*

Enter Therites, Menelaus and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold, and the Cuckold-maker are at it :

Now Bull, now Dog ; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo ; now my double

hen'd Sparrow ; loo, *Paris*, loo ; the Bull has the Game :

'ware Horns, ho.

[*Exit Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, Slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Bast. A Bastard Son of *Priam's*.

Ther.

Ther. I am a Bastard too, I love Bastards, I am a Bastard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in Mind, Bastard in valour, in every thing Illegitimate : One Bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard ? Take heed, the Quarrel's most ominous to us : If the Son of a Whore fight for a Whore, he tempts Judgment : Farewel, Bastard.

Bast. The Devil take thee Coward.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified Core ! so fair without : ———
The goodly Armour thus hath cost thy Life.
Now is my Day's work done ; I'll take good Breath :
Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of Blood and Death.

Enter Achilles, and his Myrmidons,

Achil. Look, *Hector*, now the Sun begins to set ;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his Heels :
Even with the veil and darking of the Sun,
To close the Day up, *Hector's* Life is done,

[*They fall upon Hector and kill him.*

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*

Achil. Strike, Fellows, strike, this is the Man I seek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou : Now, *Troy*, sink down :
Here lies thy Heart, thy Sinews and thy Bone.

On, *Myrmidons*, cry you all amain,

Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slain.

[*Exeunt.*

Hark, a Retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets sound the like, my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of Night o'er spreads the Earth ;
And Stickler-like, the Armies separates ;
My half supt sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty Bit, thus goes to Bed.

Come, tye his Body to my Horse's tail :

Along the Field, I will the *Trojan* trail.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Sound Retreat. Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes,
and the rest Marching.

Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, Drums.

Sol. *Achilles ! Achilles ! Hector's* slain, *Achilles !*

Dio. The Bruit is, *Hector's* slain, and by *Achilles.*

Ajax.

Ajax. If it is so, yet bragless let it be :
Great *Hector* was as good a Man as he.

Aga. March patiently along ; let one be sent
To pray *Achilles* see us at our Tent,
If in his Death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharp Wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor and Diophobus.

Aene. Stand ho, yet are we Masters of the Field,
Never go home, here starve we out the Night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Hector* is slain.

All. *Hector* ! ——— the Gods forbid !

Troi. He's dead, and at the Murtherer's Horse's tail,
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful Field.
Frown on, you Heav'ns, effect your rage with speed ;
Sit Gods upon your thrones, and smile at *Troy*.
I say at once, let your brief Plagues be Mercy,
And linger not our sure Destructions on.

Aene. My Lord, you do discomfort all the Host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so :
I do not speak of flight, of Fear, of Death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and Men
Address their Dangers in. *Hector* is gone :
Who shall tell *Priam* so ? or *Hecuba* ?
Let him that will a Scritch-Owl ay be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and say there, *Hector*'s dead :
There is a word will *Priam* turn to stone ;
Make Wells, and *Niobes* of the Maids and Wives ;
Cool Statues of the Youth ; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it self. But march away,
Hector is dead : There is no more to say.
Stay yet, you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* Plains :
Let *Titan* rise, as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou great siz'd Coward
No space of Earth shall sunder our two Hates,
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked Conscience still,
That mouldeth Goblins swift as Frensie thoughts.
Strike a free march to *Troy*, with comfort go :

Hope

Hope of Revenge shall hide our inward Woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, Brothel, Lackey, Ignominy and Shame
[*Strikes him.*

Pursue thy Life, and live ay with thy Name. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking Bones: Oh World! World! World! thus is the poor Agent despis'd: Oh, Traitors and Bawds; how earnestly are you set at Work, and how ill requited? why should our Endeavour be so desir'd, and the Performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? What instance for it?—Let me see—

Full merrily the Humble Bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his Hony and his Sting;
But being once subdu'd in armed Tail,
Sweet Hony and sweet Notes together fail,
Good Traders in the Flesh, set this in your painted Cloths,
As many as be here of *Pandar's* Hall,
Your Eyes half out, weep out at *Pandar's* Fall.
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking Bones.
Brethren and Sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two Months hence, my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled Goose of *Winchester* would hiss;
'Till then, I'll swear, and seek about for Eases,
And at that time bequeath you my Diseases. [*Exit.*

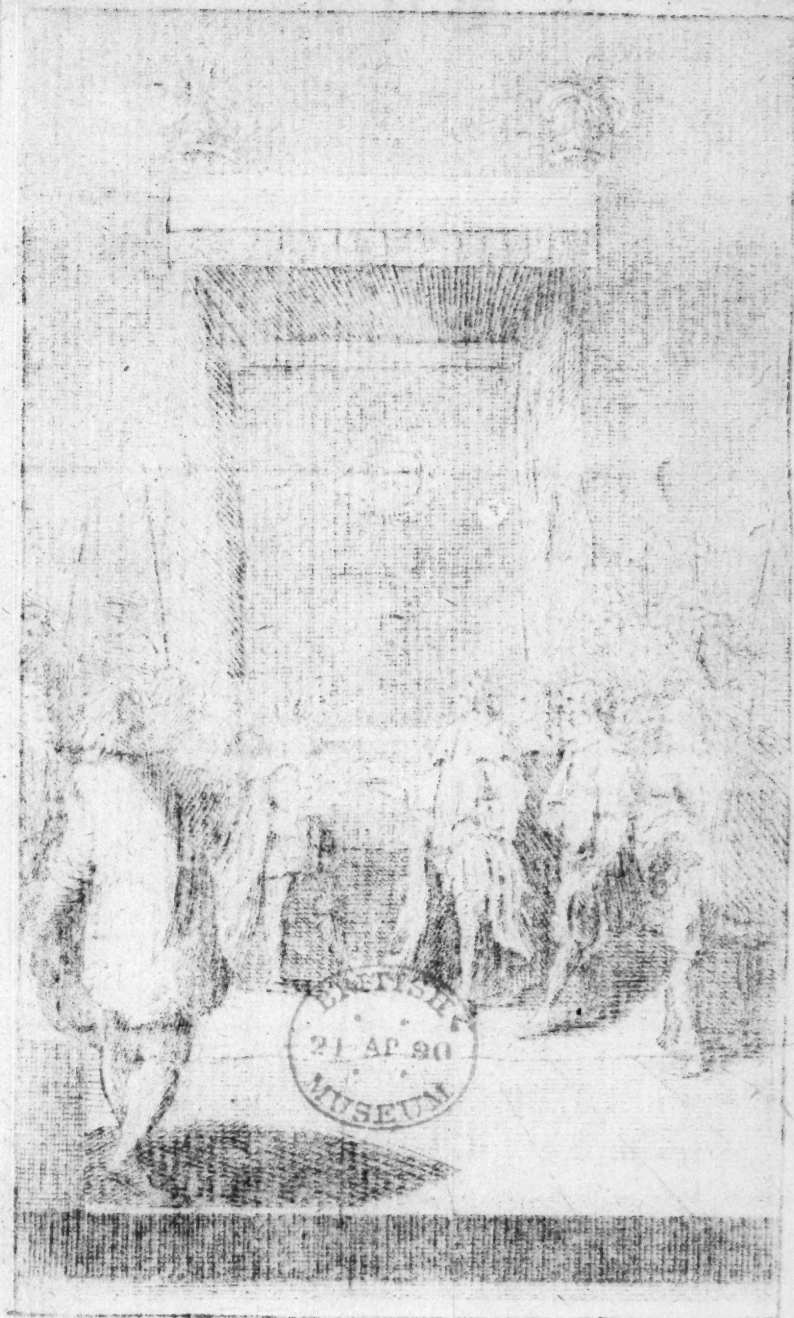
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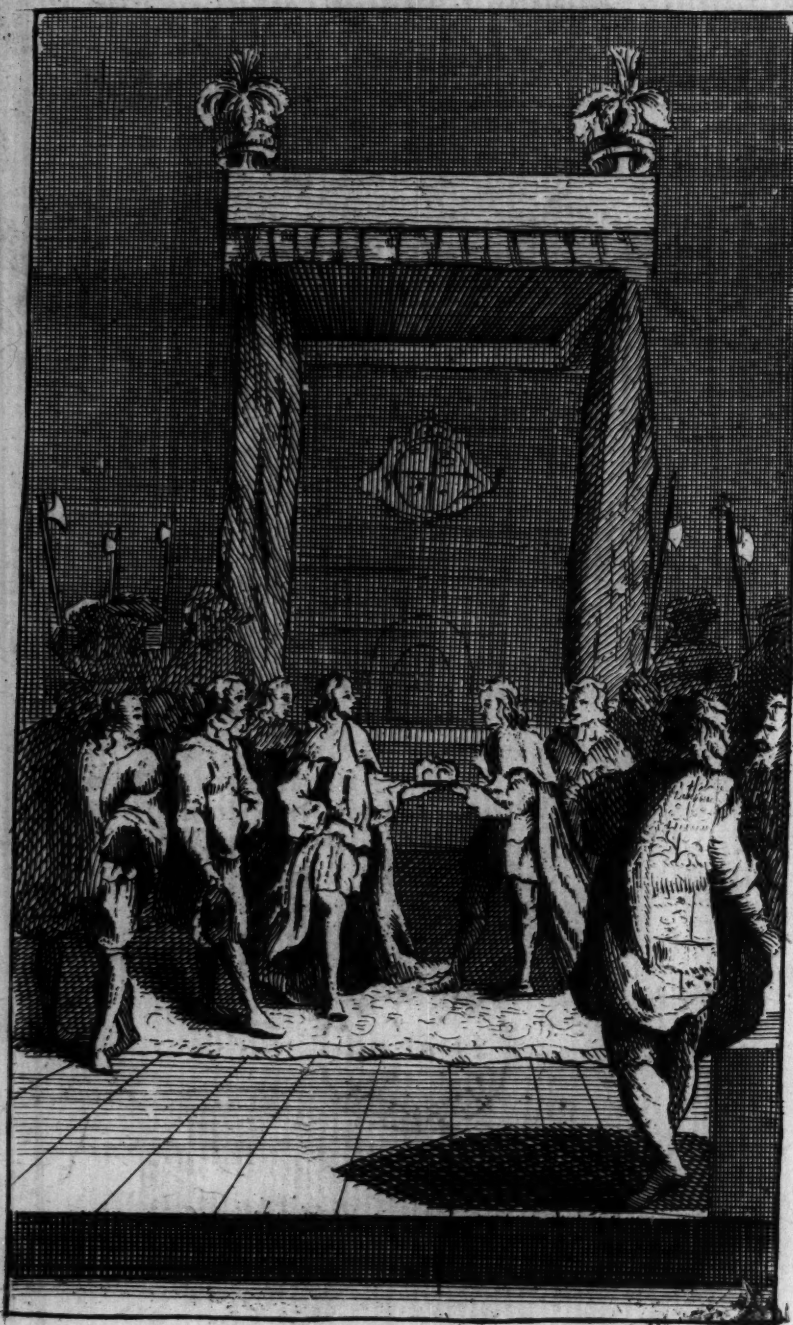


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THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
RICHARD II.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N:

Printed by R. WALKER at *Shakespear's Head* in *Turn-again Lane*, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's Head*, in *Change-Alley-Cornhill*.

M D C C X X X V.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Richard the Second.

Duke of York,

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, } Uncles to the King.

Bolingbroke, Son to John of Gaunt, afterwards King
Henry the Fourth.

Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.

Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Earl of Salisbury.

Bulby,

Bagot, } Servants to King Richard.

Green,

Earl of Northumberland,

Percy, Son to Northumberland, } Friends to Bolling-
broke.

Ross,

Willoughby,

Bishop of Carlisle,

Sir Stephen Scroop,

Fitzwater,

Surry,

Abbot of Westminster,

Sir Pierce of Exton.

} Friends to King Richard.

} Lords in the Parliament.

Queen to King Richard.

Duchess of Gloucester.

Duchess of York.

Ladies attending on the Queen.



Two Gardiners, Keeper, Messenger, and other Attendants.

SCENE, ENGLAND.

THE



THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
King *RICHARD II.*



ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

*Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles
and Attendants.*

King *RICHARD.*



LD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lan-
caster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and
bond,

Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold
son,

Here to make good the boist'rous late
appeal,

Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?*

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,

Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sit him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea; hasty as fire.

SCENE II.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege.

Mowb. Each day still better others happiness;
Until the heavens envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown.

K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely t'appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?*

Boling. First, Heaven be the record to my speech
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tending the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant. *

Mowb.

* ——— a miscreant.

Too good to be so, and too bad to live.

Since

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal;
 'Tis not the tryal of a woman's war,
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
 The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
 As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
 First the fair rev'rence of your highness curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
 Which else would post, until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 Let him but be no kinsman to my liege,
 And I defie him, and I spit at him,
 Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain;
 Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
 And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where never *Englishman* durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,
 By all my hopes most falsely doth he lye.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 (Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except :)
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
 The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly;
 Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
 With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat.
 And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
 What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may prove.

Mowb. Let not, &c.

The Life and Death

Mowb. I take it up, and by that sword I swear;
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly tryal;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or unjustly fight.

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to *Mowbray's* charge?

It must be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look what I said, my life shall prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments;
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battel prove,
Or here or elsewhere, to the furthest verge,
That ever was survey'd by *English* eye;
That all the treasons for these eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further, I say, and further will maintain,
That he did plot the Duke of *Gloucester's* death,
Suggest his soon believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abel's*, cries
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement.
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this stand'er of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. *Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son;

Now

Now by my scepter's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th' unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, *Mowbray*, so art thou,
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Calais*,
Disburst I to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account.
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queen,
Now swallow down that lye. For *Gloucester's* death,
I slew him not, but to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble lord of *Lancaster*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon; and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and most degen'rate traitor:
Which in my self I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle down my gaze
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove my self a loyal gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our tryal-day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentleman be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood: *

A 4

Good

* ——— without letting blood:

This

Good uncle, let this end where it begun,
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age;
Throw down, my son, the Duke of *Norfolk*'s gage.

K. Rich. And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, *Harry*, when?

Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mowb. My self I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot,
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despight of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul, with slander's venom'd spear:
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:

Give me his gage: Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their spots: take but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford,

Is spotless reputation; that away,

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten times barr'd up chest,

Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life both grow in one:

Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try,

In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

This we prescribe though no physician,
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, &c.

Boling.

Boling. Oh heav'n defend my soul from such foul sin.
 Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight,
 Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,
 Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,
 And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
 Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray's* face.

[Exit Gaunt.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command,
 Which since we cannot do to make you Friends,
 Be ready as your lives shall answer it,
 At *Coventry* upon *St. Lambert's* day.
 There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
 The swelling diff'rence of your settled hate:
 Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
 Justice decide the victor's chivalry.
 Lord Marshal, bid our officers at arms
 Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Gaunt and Dutchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glorious*'s blood,
 Doth more solicit me than your exclams,
 To stir against the butchers of his life.
 But since correction lyeth in those hands,
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrel to the will of heav'n;
 Who when it sees the hours ripe on earth,
 Will rain hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
 Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's sev'n sons, whereof thy self art one,
 Were as sev'n vials of his sacred blood;
 Or sev'n fair branches springing from one root:
 Some of those sev'n are dry'd by nature's course;
 Some of those branches by the dest'nies cut:

A 5.

But

The Life and Death

But *Thomas*, my dear lord, my life, my *Gloster*,
 (One vial full of *Edward's* sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root)
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
 Is hackt down, and his summer's leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe!
 Ah *Gaunt*! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
 That metal, that self-mould that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,
 Yet are thou slain in him; thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death;
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is despair,
 In suff'ring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
 That which in mean men we entitle patience,
 Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts.
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to'venge my *Gloster's* death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
 Let God revenge, for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain my self?

Gaunt. To heav'n, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then I will: farewell, old *Gaunt* farewell.
 Thou go'st to *Coventry*, there to behold
 Our cousin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
 O sit my Husband's wrongs on *Hereford's* spear,
 That it may enter butcher *Mowbray's* breast!
 Or if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be *Mowbray's* sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caystiff recreant to my cousin *Hereford*!
 Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy sometime brother's wife
 With her companion grief, must end her life.

Gaunt.

of RICHARD II.

II

Gaunt. Sister, farewell ; I must to *Coventry*.
 As much good stay with thee, as go with me,
Dutch. Yet one word more ; grief boundeth where it
 falls,
 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
 I take my leave, before I have begun ;
 For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
 Commend me to my brother, *Edmund York*.
 Lo, this is all—nay yet depart not so,
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go :
 I shall remember more. Bid him—oh, what ?
 With all good speed at *Plashie* visit me.
 Alack, and what shall good old *York* see there
 But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
 Un-peopled offices, untrodden stones ?
 And what hear there for welcome, but my groans ?
 Therefore commend me, let him not come there
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where ;
 All desolate, will I from hence, and die ;
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [Exit.



SCENE IV.

The Lists, at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. MY lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
 Stays but the summons of th' Appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
 For nothing but his Majesty's approach. [Flourish.

*The Trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles :
 when they are set, Enter the Duke of Norfolk in arms
 defendant.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
 The cause of his arrival here in arms ;

Ask

Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, say who thou art?
[To Mowb.]

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms?
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which heav'n forbid a knight should violate,)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of my self,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

The Trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke appellant, in armour.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war:
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou
hither,
Before King *Richard*, in his royal lists? [To Boling.]
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heav'n!

Boling. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby.*
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk*,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshal, and such officers.

Appointed

Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty:
For *Mowbray* and my self are like two men
That vow a long and weary Pilgrimage:
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. Th' Appellant in all duty greets your highness,
[To K. Rich.

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of *Hereford*, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight;
Farewel, my blood, which if to day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge the dead.

Boling. Oh let no noble eye prophane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray's* spear:
As confident as is the Faulcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you, *
Of you, my noble Cousin, lord *Aumerle*.
Oh thou! the earthly Author of my blood, [To Gaunt.
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter *Mowbray's* waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of *John a Gaunt*
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution.

* — Lord *Aumerle* :

Not sick although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.
Lo, as at *English* feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest, last, to make the end most sweet :
Oh thou —

And

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled on,
Fall like amazing thunder on the cask
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

Rouze up thy youthful blood, be brave and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, God and St. *George* to thrive!

Mowb. However heav'n or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King *Richard's* throne,
A loyal, just and upright gentleman:

Never did captive with a freer heart

Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,

More than my dancing soul doth celebrate

This feast of battel with mine adversary.

Most mighty Liege, and my companion peers,

Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;

As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,

Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord, securely I espy

Virtue with valour, couched in thine eye.

Order the tryal, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,

Receive thy lance, and heav'n defend thy right.

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen.*

Mar. Go bear this lance to *Thomas* duke of *Norfolk.*

1 *Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,*

Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,

On pain to be found false and recreant,

To prove the duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,*

A traitor to his God, his King and him,

And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray*, duke of *Norfolk,*

On pain to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend himself, and to approve

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,

To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;

Courageously, and with a free desire,

Attending but the signal to begin.

[*A charge sounded.*

Mar. Sound trumpets, and set forward combatants.

—But stay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,

And

And both return back to their chairs again :
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these Dukes what we decree.

[A long flourish.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;
And, for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours swords;
And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on,
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;
(Which thus rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,
And harsh resounding trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindreds blood :)

Therefore, we banish you our territories.

You cousin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not re-greet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger Paths of banishment.

Beling. Your will be done : this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me :
And those his golden beams to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile :
The hopeless word, of *never to return*,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of Life.

Momb. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :
A dearer merit, not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native *English*, now I must forgo :

And

And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
 Than an unstringed viol, or a harp,
 Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,
 Or being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony. *
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now;
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
 After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's
 light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye.
 Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands:
 Swear by the duty that you owe to heav'n
 (Our part therein we banish with your selves,)
 To keep the oath that we administer:
 You never shall, so help you truth, and heav'n,
 Embrace each others love in banishment,
 Nor ever look upon each other's face,
 Nor ever write, re-greet, or reconcile
 This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate,
 Nor ever by advised purpose meet,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
 'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy:
 By this time, had the King permitted us,
 One of our souls had wandred in the air,

*— the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my goaler to attend on me.
 I am too old —

Banish'd

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land,
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly this realm,
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Mowb. No *Bolingbroke*: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heav'n banish'd as from hence;
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I stray,
Save back to *England*; all the world's my way.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes,
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away; six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs
End in a word; such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby:
For ere the six years that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oyl-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaisted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why Uncle? thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canst
give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:

Thy

Thy word is current with him, for my death ;
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party Verdict gave ;
Why at our Justice seems thou then to low'r ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sow'r :
You urg'd me as a judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away :
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my self this wrong,
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd,

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell ; and uncle, bid him so :
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [Flourish.
[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Aum. Cousin, farewell ; what presence must not
know,
From where do you remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far at land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

The

The precious jewel of thy home return.
 All places that the eye of heav'n visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
 There is no virtue like necessity.
 Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not, the King exil'd thee. Or suppose
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lye that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st,
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence-floor;
 The flow'rs fair ladies; and thy steps no more
 Than a delightful measure or a dance.

Boling. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus*?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in *December* snow
 By thinking of fantastick's summer's heat?
 Oh no, the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never wrangle more
 Than when it bites, but launceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy
 way;

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then *England's* ground farewell; sweet soil
 adieu,

My mother and my nurse, which bears me yet.

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,

Though banish'd, yet a true-born *Englishman*. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

*Enter King Richard, and Bushy, &c. at one door, and the
 Lord Aumerle at the other.*

K. Rich. We did indeed observe——Cousin *Aumerle*,
 How

The Life and Death

How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?

Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him so,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were
shed?

Aum. Faith none by me; except the north-east wind,
(Which then blew bitterly against our faces)
Awak'd the sleepy rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said your cousin when you parted
with him?

Aum. Farewel.

And for my heart disdain'd that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
But would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our kinsman, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Our self, and *Busby*, *Bagot* here and *Green*
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesie,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affections with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our *England* in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go these
thoughts.

Now for the rebels which stand out in *Ireland*,

Expe-

Expedient manage must be made, my Liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will our self in person to this war:
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberal largesse, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand; if they come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. What news?

Bushy. Old *John of Gaunt* is sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste
T'intreat your Majesty to visit him.

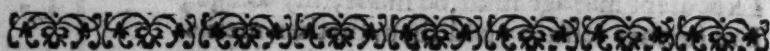
K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At *Ely-house*.

K. Rich. Now put it, heav'n, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these *Irish* wars.
Come gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heav'n we may make haste, and come too late.

[*Exeunt.*]





A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York.

GAUNT.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my
last

In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth?

York. Vex not your self, and strive not with your
breath,

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deep harmony!

Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth, that breath their words in pain. *

York. His ears is stopt with other flatt'ring charms,
As praises of his state; there are beside
Lascivious meeters, to whose venom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud *Italy*,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base awkward imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,

That

* ——— their words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more.

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to close;
More are mens ends mark'd than their lives before:

The setting sun and musick in the close
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past,
Though *Richard* my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear,

York. His ear ———

That is not quickly buz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard. *

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
Small show'rs last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon it self.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd Isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other *Eden*, demy *Paradise*,
This fortress built by nature for her self,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happy lands;
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, at far from home,
For christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn *Jury*
Of the world's ransom, blessed *Mary's* son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of

* — with wits regard.

Direct not him whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am —

Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with shame,
 With inky-blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
 That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of it self.
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

S C E N E II.

*Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green,
 Bagot, Rols, and Willoughby.*

Yerk. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;
 For young hot colts inrag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaster*?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is it with aged
Gaunt? *

* ——— with aged *Gaunt*.

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
 And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping *England* long time I have watcht,
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt;
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast, I mean my childrens looks,
 And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt,
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock it self;
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou now a dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou dy'st though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me, knows I see thee ill:
 Ill in my self ———

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Ill in my self, but seeing thee too, ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;
And thou, too careless patient, as thou art,
Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those Physicians that first wounded thee :
A thousand flatt'ers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet engaged in so small a verge,
Thy waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
Oh had thy grandfire with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,
Who art posselt now to depose thy self.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease :
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so ?
Landlord of *England* art thou, and not King :
Thy state of law, is bondslave to the law,
And ———

K. Rich. And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition,
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal Majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great *Edward's* son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not, my brother *Edward's* son,
For that I was his father *Edward's* son.
That blood already, like the Pelican,
Hast thou tapt out, and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother *Glo'ster*, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heav'n 'mongst happy sou's)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edward's* blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,

To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee :
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be.
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
 Love they to live, that love and honour have. [Exit.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have ;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

Tork. I do beseech your Majesty impute
 His words to wayward sickliness, and age :
 He loves you on my life, and holds you dear
 As *Harry Duke of Hereford*, were he here.

K. Rich. Right you say true : as *Hereford's* love, so his ;
 As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

S C E N E III.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your
 Majesty.

K. Rich. What says old *Gaunt* ?

North. Nay nothing, all is said :

His tongue is now a stringless instrument,
 Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

Tork. Be *Tork* the next that must be bankrupt so ;
 Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he ;
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be ;
 So much for that. Now for our *Irish* wars ;
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
 Which live like venom, where no venom else,
 But only they, have privilege to live.

And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance we do seize to us
 The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
 Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did stand possessor.

Tork. How long shall I be patient ? Oh how long
 Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?
 Not *Glister's* death, nor *Hereford's* banishment,
 Not *Gaunt's* rebukes, nor *England's* private wrongs ;

Nor

Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
 About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
 Have ever made me sow'r my patient cheek,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
 I am the last of noble *Edward's* sons,
 Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was first :
 In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
 In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild
 Than was that young and princely gentleman;
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours.
 But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
 And not against his Friends: His noble hand
 Did win what he did spend; and spent not that
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 Oh *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why uncle, what's the matter?

Trk. Oh, my Liege *

Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands
 The royalties and rights of banish'd *Hereford*?
 Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
 Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
 Take *Hereford's* rights away, and take from time,
 His charters, and his customary rights.
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day,
 Be not thy self. For how art thou a King
 But by fair sequence and succession?
 If you do wrongfully seize *Hereford's* right,
 Call in his letters patents that he hath,
 By his attorney's-general, to sue

* ——— my Liege,

Pardon if you please; if not,
 I, pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content,
 Seek you to seize; &c.

His livery, and deny his offer'd homage ;
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head ;
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts ;
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think,

K. Rich. Think what you will ; we seize into our hands,

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the whi'e ; my Liege, farewell :
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.

But by bad courses may be understood,

That their events can never fall out good.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, *Busby*, to the Earl of *Wiltshire* streight,
 Bid him repair to us to *Ely-house*,

To see this business done : to-morrow next

We will for *Ireland*, and 'tistime I trow.

And we create, in absence of our self,

Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England* :

For he is just, and always lov'd us well.

Come on our *Queen*, to-morrow must we part ;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, &c.*

SCENE IV.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, and *Ross*.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead,

Ross. And living too, for now his son is Duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great, but it must break with silence
 Ere't be disburthen'd with a lib'ral tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak
 more,

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.

Will. Tends what you'd speak, to th' Duke of *Hereford*?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man :

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
 Unless you call it good to pity him,

Bereft

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now afore heav'n, it's shame ſuch wrongs are
born.

In him a royal Prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land;
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Rofs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And loſt their hearts; the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, I wot not what:
But what o' God's name doth become of this?

North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath
not,

But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That which his anceſtors atchiev'd with blows,
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.

Rofs. The Earl of *Wiltſhire* hath the realm in farm.

Will. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man,

North. Reproach and diſſolution hangeth over him.

Rofs. He hath not money for theſe *Iriſh* wars,
(His burthenous taxationſ notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.

North. His noble kiſman—moſt degenerate King!
But lords we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind fit fore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.

Rofs. We ſee the very wreck that we muſt ſuffer,
And unavoidable the danger now,
For ſuff'ring ſo the cauſes of our wreck.

North. Not ſo: ev'n through the hollow eyes of death
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.

Rofs. Be confident to ſpeak, *Northumbe. land*;
We three are but thy ſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus, my friends. I have from *Port le Blanc*,

A bay in *Britagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald lord Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother, Archbishop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir Thomas Ervingham, *Sir John Rainston*,
Sir John Norberie, *Sir Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines*.

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore;
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.

If then we will shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broken pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high Majesty look like it self:

Away with me in haste to *Ravensburg*.
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and my self will go.

Rofs. To horse, to horse; urge doubts to them that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE V.

The Court of England.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. **M** Adam, your Majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the
King,

To lay aside self-harming heaviness,
And entertain a chearful disposition.

Queen.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please my self
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief;
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard*: yet again methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles, yet at something grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.

Busby. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief it self, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form. So your sweet Majesty
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself to wail,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your lord's departure, more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me otherwise: however it be,
I cannot but be sad; most heavy sad.*

Busby. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less; conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so,*

* ——— heavy sad.

As though on thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Busby. 'Tis nothing ———

* ——— mine is not so,

For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe I wot.

Enter Green ———

But what it is, not known, 'tis nameless woe.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n save your Majesty, and well met gentlemen:

I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is:
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driv'n into despair an enemy
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd *Bolingbroke* reveals himself;
And with up-lifted arms is safe arriv'd
At *Ravenspurg*.

Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worse,
The lord *Northumberland*, his young son *Percy*,
The lords of *Ross*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their pow'rful Friends, are fled to him.

Busby. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the Earl of *Worcester*
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To *Bolingbroke*.

Queen. So *Green*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bolingbroke* my sorrows dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I a gasping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Busby. Despair not, Madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger, in extremity.

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of *Yerk.*

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck
Oh full of careful business are his looks.
Uncle, for heav'n's sake, comfortable words.

Yerk. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot support my self.
Now comes the sick hour after surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

Yerk. He was; why so, go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford's* side.
Get thee to *Plashie*, to my sister *Glo'ster*;
Bid her send presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day, I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

Yerk. What is't?

Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutchess dy'd.

Yerk. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this woful land at once?
I know not what to-do: I would to heav'n,
(So my untruth had not provok'd them to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What are there posts dispatch'd for *Ireland*?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come sister, (cousin, I would say,) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

[To the Servant.

And

And bring away the armour that is there,
 Gentlemen, will you go and muster men?
 If I know how to order these affairs,
 Disorderly thus thrust into my hands,
 Never believe me. They are both my kinsmen;
 The one my sovereign, whom both my oath
 And duty bids defend; th'other again
 My kinsman is, one whom the King hath wrong'd,
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
 Well, something we must do: come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you. Go muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at *Barkley* castle:
 I should to *Plashie* too,
 But time will not permit. All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven.
 [Exeunt York and Queen.]

S C E N E VIII.

Busby. The wind sits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
 But none returns; for us to levy power
 Proportionable to the enemy,
 Is all impossible.

Green. Besides our nearness to the King in love,
 Is near the hate of those, love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wav'ring commons, for their
 love
 Lies in their Purses: and who empties them,
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busby. Wherein the King stands gen'rally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lye in them, then so do we,
 Because we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well; I'll for refuge strait to *Bristol* castle;
 The Earl of *Wiltshire* is already there.

Busby. Thither will I with you; for little office
 The hateful commons will perform for us,
 Except like curs, to tear us all in pieces:
 Will you go with us?

Bagot. No: I'll to *Ireland* to his Majesty.
 Farewel: if hearts presages be not vain,
 We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Busby.

Busby. That's as *Turk* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke*.
Green. Alas poor Duke, the task he undertakes
 Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry,
 Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.
Busby. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me never. [Exeunt.]



SCENE IX.

In Gloucestershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. **H**OW far is it, my lord, to *Barkley* now?
North. I am a stranger here in *Glo' ster*shire :
 These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways
 Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :
 And yet our fair discourse has been as sugar,
 Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
 But I bethink me what a weary way
 From *Ravenspurg* to *Gotshold* will be found,
 In *Ross* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company,
 Which I protest hath very much beguil'd
 The tediousness and process of my travel :
 But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have
 The present benefit that I possess :
 And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
 Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary lords
 Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done,
 By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company
 Than your good words : but who comes here ?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my son, young *Harry Percy*.
 Sent from my brother *Worcester* : whencesoever,
Harry, how fares your uncle ?
Percy. I thought, my lord, t'have learn'd his health of
 you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy.

Percy. No, my good lord, he hath forsook the court.
Broken his staff of office, and disperst
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to *Ravensburg*,
To offer service to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And sent me o'er by *Barkley*, to discover
What pow'r the Duke of *Tork* had levy'd there :
Then with direction to repair to *Ravensburg*.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy ?

Percy. No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember ; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*, and be sure
I count my self in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembring my good friends :
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to *Barkley* ? and what stir
Keeps good old *Tork* there with his men of war ?

Percy. There stands the castle by yon tuft of trees,
Man'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the lords, *Tork*, *Bradley*, *Seymour* ;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of *Ross* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords ; I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor ; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labours recompence.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling.

Boling. Evermore thanks (th' exchequer of the poor)
Which, till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my lord of *Barkley*, as I guess.

Bark. Lord *Hereford*, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*.

And I am come to seek that name in *England*,
And I must find that title in your tongue.

Bark. Mistake me not, my lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most glorious of this land,
The Duke of *Tork*, to know what pricks you on,
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

SCENE X.

Enter York.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in person. Noble uncle! [*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. I am no traitor's uncle; that word grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs,
Dar'd once to touch a dust of *England's* ground?
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles into her peaceful bosom,
Fright'ning her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because th' anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy father, and my self
Rescu'd the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
Forth from the ranks of many thousand *French*;
Oh thou, how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now

Now prisoner to the pallie, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Beling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it and wherein?

Tork. Ev'n in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye;
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. O then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond! my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin King, be King of *England*,
It must be granted I am Duke of *Lancaster*.

You have a son, *Aumerle*, my noble Kinsman:
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am deny'd to sue my livery here,

And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me to do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are deried me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Refs. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Tork. My lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feelings of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,

To

To find out right with wrongs, it may not be :
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my pow'r is weak, and all ill left :
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So farewell.
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept;
But we must win your grace to go with us
To *Bristol-Castle*, which they say is held
By *Bulky*, *Bagot*, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the common-wealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go: but yet I'll pause,
For I am loath to break our country's laws:
For friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past redress, are now with me past care. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.

Enter Salisbury and a Captain.

Cap. MY lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept your countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tydings from the King:
Therefore we all disperse our selves: farewell.

Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welchman*:
The King reposeth all his trust in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead: we will not stay.
The

The Bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heav'n;
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap;
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other hope t'enjoy by rage and war.
 These signs forerun the death of Kings ———
 Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
 As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. [Exit.
Salis. Ah *Richard*, ah, with eyes of heavy mind,
 I see thy glory like a shooting star,
 Fall to the bale earth from the firmament:
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest:
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
 And crossly to thy good, all fortune goes. [Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's Camp.

BOLINGBROKE.

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy,
 Willoughby, with Bushy and Green Prisoners.*

BRING forth these men——
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
 (since presently your souls must part your bodies)
 With too much urging your pernicious lives;
 For 'twere no charity: yet to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
 You have miss'd a Prince, a royal King,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappy'd, and disfigur'd clean.
 You have in manner with your sinful hours

Made

Made a divorce between his Queen and him;
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes, with your soul wrongs,
 Myself a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
 Near to the king in blood, (and near in love,
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,)
 Have stoopt my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my *English* breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
 While you have fed upon my seignories;
 Dispark'd my parks, and sell'd my forest woods:
 From my own windows torn my household coat,
 Raz'd out my impress; leaving me no sign,
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
 To the execution, and the hand of death.

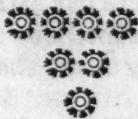
Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 Than *Bolingbroke* to *England*.

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our souls,
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd.
 Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
 For heav'n's sake, fairly let her be intreated;
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

Tork. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
 With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle, come my lords, away,
 To fight with *Glendower*, and his complices;
 A while to work, and after holiday. [Exeunt.



SCENE II.

*Changes to the Coast of Wales.**Flourish: Drums and Trumpets.**Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, and Soldiers.**K. Rich.* **B** *Arklongbly-castle* call you this?*Aum.* Yea my good lord; how brooks
your grace the air,

After your tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child,
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it I prythee with a lurkin' adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native King
Shall fault' under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord, that pow'r that made you
KingHath pow'r to keep you King, in spite of all.
The means that heav'n yields must be embrac'd,

And

And not neglected : else if heaven would
And we would not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remis,
Whilst *Bolingbroke*, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substarce and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin, know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage bloody here.
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole;
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,
Who all this while has revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne the east;
His reasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day;
But self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For ev'ry man that *Bolingbroke* hath prest,
To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly pay
A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heav'n still guards the right.

SCENE III.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord, how far off lies your pow'r?

Salis. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair:

One

One day too late I fear, my noble lord)
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
 Oh call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men,
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state.
 For all the *Welshmen* hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, dispers'd and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled. *
 All souls that will be safe, fly from my side,
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot my self: am I not King?
 Awake, thou coward Majesty, thou sleepest;
 Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
 Arm, arm my name; a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
 Ye favourites of a King! are we not high?
 High be our thoughts. I know my uncle *York*
 Hath pow'r to serve our turn. But who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my Liege,
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. My ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
 The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
 Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
 And what loss is it to be rid of care?
 Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be if he serve God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellows so.
 Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

*—— and they are fled,
 And till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
 All souls——

They

They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel:
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty, boys with women's voices
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unweildy arms, against thy crown:
The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal Ewe, against thy state:
Yea distaff-women manage rusty bills.
Against thy seat both old and young rebel,
And all goes worse than I have pow'r to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of *Wiltshire*? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Bushy*? where is *Green*?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they've made peace with *Bolingbroke*. [Lord.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs easily won to fawn on any man;
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart;
Three *Judas*es, each one thrice worse than *Judas*!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sow'rest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls, their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you
curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum.

Aum. Is *Bushy, Green*, and th' Earl of *Wiltshire* dead?

Scroop. Yea; all of them at *Bristol* lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father, with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

- ‘ Let’s talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
- ‘ Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
- ‘ Write sorrow in the bosom of the earth!
- ‘ Let’s chuse executors, and talk of wills;
- ‘ And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
- ‘ Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
- ‘ Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke’s*,
- ‘ And nothing can we call our own but death;
- ‘ And that small modern of the barren earth
- ‘ Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
- ‘ For heav’n’s sake let us fit upon the ground,
- ‘ And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
- ‘ How some have been depos’d: some slain in war:
- ‘ Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossest:
- ‘ Some poison’d by their wives, some sleeping kill’d,
- ‘ All murder’d——For within the hollow crown,
- ‘ That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
- ‘ Keeps Death his court, and there the Antick sits
- ‘ Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
- ‘ Allowing him a breath, a little scene
- ‘ To monarchize, be fear’d, and kill with looks;
- ‘ Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
- ‘ As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
- ‘ Were brass impregnable: and humour’d thus,
- ‘ Comes at the last, and with a little pin
- ‘ Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell King!
- ‘ Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
- ‘ With solemn rev’rence: throw away respect,
- ‘ Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
- ‘ For you have but mistook me all this while:
- ‘ I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
- ‘ Taste grief, need friends, like you: subjected thus,
- ‘ How can you say to me I am a King?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne’er wail their present woes,

But

But presently prevent the ways to wail :
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength.
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe ; *
And so your follies fight against your self.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well : proud *Bolingbroke*,
I come——

Say *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his power ?

Scroop. I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beswore thee, Cousin, which did lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair.
What say you now ? what comfort have we now ?
By heav'n I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-castle*, there I'll pine away :
A King, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey :

*———unto your foe ;

Fear, and be slain, no worse can come from fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a pow'r, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well : proud *Bolingbroke*, I
come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom ;
This ague fit of fear is over-blown,
An easie task it is to win our own.

Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sower.

Scroop. Men judge by the complection of the sky
The state and inclination of the day ;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say :
And so ——

That

That pow'r I have, discharge, and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

K. Ric. b. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue,
Discharge my followers: let them away,
From *Richard's* night to *Bolingbroke's* fair day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Bolingbroke's Camp.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, and Attendants.

Boling. **S**O that by this intelligence we learn
The *Welshmen* are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair, and good, my lord.

Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord *Northumberland*,
To say, King *Richard*. Ah, the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief
Lest I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief to shorten you the head.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake; the heav'ns are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it uncle, nor oppose my self
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome *Harry*; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against your entrance.

Boling.

Boling. Royally? why it contains no King?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a King : King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond lime and stone ;
And with him lord *Aumerle*, lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence : who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike it is the bishop of *Carlisle*.

Boling. Noble lord,

[To *North*.

Go to the rude ribs of that antient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :
Henry of *Bolingbroke* upon his knees
Doth kifs King *Richard*'s hand, and sends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal person :
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided, that my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted ;
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the summer's dust with show'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd *Englishmen*.
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, 'such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King *Richard*'s land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go signifie as much ; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain,
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd,
Methinks King *Richard* and my self should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring smoak
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n *
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

* ——— cheeks of heav'n :

But he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, &c.

C

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Parle without, and answer within; then a flourish. Enter on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop and Salisbury.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear
As doth the blushing discontented sun,
From out the fiery portal of the East,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Yerk. Yet looks he like a King; behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majesty; alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show.

K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee. [To North.
Because we thought our self thy lawful King;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot;
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond methinks he is)
That every stride he makes upon the land
Is dangerous treason; he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war.

But

of RICHARD II.

51

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers sons
Shall ill become the flow' er of *England's* face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastor's grafs with faithful *English* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our lord the
King

Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon: no, thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry of Bolingbroke, doth kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears
That stands upon your royal grandfire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious head
And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to rust;
His barbed steeds to stables; and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, say thus the King returns:

His noble cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase our self, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

[To *Aum.*

Aum. No, good my lord, let's fight with gent'e
words,

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again,
With words of sooth; oh that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes back from *Bolingbroke*.

K. Rich. What must the King do now? must he submit?

The King shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The King shall be contented: must he lose
The name of King? o' God's name let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved laints,
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's high way;
Some way of common trade, where subjects feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head.*
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin,
We'll make foul weather with despised tears:
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,

* ——— sovereign's head.

For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live;
And bury'd once, why not upon my head?

Aumerle, &c.

Till

Till they have fretted us a pair of graves. †
Most mighty Prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
What says King *Bolingbroke*? will his Majesty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you, may't please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come, like glitt'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades. *

Boling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man;
Yet he is come.

Boling. Stand all apart, and show
Fair duty to his Majesty.

My gracious lord ————— [Kneels.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee.
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesie. †

† ——— a pair of graves,
Within the earth; and therein laid, there lyes
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes:
Would not this ill do well? well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
Most mighty Prince, &c.

* ——— of unruly jades.
In the base court? base court where Kings grow base,
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace.
In the base court come down? down court, down King,
For Night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.

Boling. What, &c.

† ——— your courtesie.
Up, cousin, up, your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My, &c.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserv'd: they will deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes,
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too:

For do we must, what force will have us do.

Set on towards *London*. Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no. [*Flourish, Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Garden.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. **W**HAT sport shall we devise here in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.

Therefore no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?

Lady. Of either, Madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl.

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow:

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
For what I have, I need not to repeat :
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause :
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me
good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

(Let's step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchedness suits with a row of pines.)

Enter a Gardiner and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners ;
They'll talk of state, for every one doth so,
Against a change ; woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen and ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly children, make their Sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of two fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our common-wealth :
All must be even in our government,
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noisom weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholsome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pa'e,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing as in a model, our firm state ?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholsome herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars ?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf ;

The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
(That seem'd in eating him, to hold him up,)
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
I mean the Earl of *Wiltshire*, *Bushy*, *Green*.

Serv. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And *Bolingbroke* hath seiz'd the wasteful King.
What pity is it, that he had not trim'd
And dress'd his land; as we this garden dress,
And wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,
Lest being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound it self;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had born the crown,
Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters last night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh I am prest to death through want of
speaking;
Thou *Adam*'s likeness, let to dress this garden,
How dares thy tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What *Eve*, what Serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King *Richard* is depos'd?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe these news; yet what I say is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;

But

But in the ballance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Besides himself are all the *English* peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Post you to *London*, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that are so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me?
And am I last that know it? Oh thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
The sorrow in my breast. Come ladies, go,
To meet at *London*, *London's* King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my sad look,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke*!
Gard'ner, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Ex. Queen and ladies.*]

Gard. Poor *Queen*, so that thy state might be no
worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she drop a tear, here in this place
I'll set a bank of Rue, sow'r herb of grace:
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping *Queen*.

[*Ex. Gard, and Serv.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

L O N D O N.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

B O L I N G B R O K E.

CALL *Bagot* forth: now freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble *Gloster's* death?

C 5

Who

Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end?

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord *Aumerle*.

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.

In that dead time when *Gloſter's* death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the reſtful *Engliſh* court
As far as *Calais* to my uncle's head?

Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay, you rather had reſuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding,
How bleſt this land would be in this your couſin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my Gage, the manual ſeal of Death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. *Bagot*, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath moy'd me ſo.

Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:
By that fair ſun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble *Gloſter's* death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt,
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. *Fitzwater*, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreamest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe.
Who sets me else? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in my breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surry. My lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.

Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surry. As false, by heav'n, as heav'n it self is true.

Fitzw. Surry, thou liest.

Surry. Dishonourable boy,
That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, rest
In earth as quiet, as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breath, or live,
I dare meet *Surry* in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolk* say,
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.

Aum. Some honest christian trust me with a Gage,
That *Norfolk* lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These Differences shall all rest under gage,
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;

And

And though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his leignories; when he's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his tryal.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolk* fought
For Jesu Christ, in glorious christian field
Streaming the ensign of the christian cross,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, Bishop, is *Norfolk* dead?

Carl. Sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his soul
To th' bosom of good *Abraham*—Lords appealants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of tryal.

SCENE II.

Enter York.

Yrk. Great Duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth.

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid.

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best be seeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his King?
And who sits here that is not *Richard's* subject?

Thieves

Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them,
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? oh, forbid it,
 That in a christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stir'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
 My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
 Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford's* King.
 And if you crown him, let me prophesie,
 The blood of *English* shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act.
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
 And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound.
 Disorder; horror, fear and mutiny
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's skulls.
 Oh, if you rear this house, against his house,
 It will the wofullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest children's children cry against you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
 Of capital treason we arrest you here.
 My lord of *Westminster*, be it your charge,
 To keep him safely till his day of tryal.

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons suit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
 He may surrender: so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.

[*Exit.*]

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
 Little are we beholden to your love,
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Enter King Richard and York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave a-while, to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail to me?
So *Judas* did to *Christ*: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand,
none. *

To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majesty did make thee offer:
The resignation of thy state and crown.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here cousin, seize the
crown.

Here on this side my hand, on that side thine. *

Now,

*——— in twelve thousand, none.

God save the King: will no man say, *Amen*,
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, *Amen*.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what service, &c.

*——— on that side thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich.

Now, mark me how I will undo my self;
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all dutious oaths:
 All pomp and Majesty I do forswear:
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;
 My acts, decrees and statutes I deny:
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me,
 God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd. *
 What more remains?

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine:
 You may my glories, and my state depose,
 But not my griefs; still am I King of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.

My care, is loss of care, by old care done;
 Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
 The cares I give, I have, though given away;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. I no; no I, for I must nothing be:
 Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
 Now, mark me, &c.

* — that hast all atchiev'd;
 Long may'st thou live in *Richard's* seat to sit,
 And soon lye *Richard* in an earthy pit.
 God save King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* says,
 And send him many years of sun-shine days.
 What more, &c.

North.

North. No more; but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land:
That by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd up follies? Oh *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my self,
Though some of you with *Pilate* wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my sow'r cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot see:
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon my self,
I find my self a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my soul's consent,
T' undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made glory bale; a sovereign, a slave;
Proud Majesty, a subject: state, a peasant.

North. My lord.

K. Rich. No lord of thine, insulting man;
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title;
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my self,
Oh, that I were a mockery King of snow,
Standing before the sun of *Bolingbroke*,

To melt my self away in water drops. *

Ah, if my word be sterling yet in *England*, [To Boling.
Let it command a mirror hither streight,
That it may shew me what a face I have
Since it is bankrupt of his Majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Friend, thou torment'st me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord *Northumberland*.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's my self.

Enter one with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read,
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh flatt'ring glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That like the sun did make beholders wink? *
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face!

* ——— in water-drops.

Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
Ah, if my, &c.

* ——— beholders wink?

Is this the face which fac'd so many follies,

That was at last out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke*?

A brittle glory shineth in this face,

As brittle as the glory is the face,

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.

Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport,

How soon my sorrow, &c.

Boling.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow ! ah, let's see,
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
There lies the substance : and I thank thee king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it ?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin ! I am greater than a King :
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer :
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have ?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither ?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower. *

On *Wednesday* next we solemnly set down
Our coronation : lords prepare yourselves.

[*Ex. all but Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*]

SCENE IV.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

* — to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh good ; convey : conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true King's fall.

Boling. On *Wednesday*, &c.

Bishop.

Bishop. The woes to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.

Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay

A Plot shall shew us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues in London.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the King will come: this is the way

To *Julius Cæsar's* ill erected tow'r,
To whose flint bosom, my condemned lord

Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud *Bolingbroke*.

Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth

Have any resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,

My fair rose wither; yet look up; behold:

That you in pity may dissolve to dew,

And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.

O thou the model where old *Troy* did stand,

[*To K. Rich.*]

Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard's* tomb,

And not King *Richard*; thou most beauteous Inn,

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee.

When

When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am sworn brother; sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death, his thee to *France*,
And cloister thee in some religious house;
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our prophane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. How, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weak? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else with rage
To be o'erpower'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of beasts?

K. Rich. A King of beasts indeed; if ought but beasts,
I had been still a happy King of men.
Good, sometime *Queen*, prepare thee hence for *France*;
Think I am dead, and that ev'n here thou tak'st,
As from my death bed, my last-living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell the tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betide:
And ere thou bid good night to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds. *

S C E N E

*—— to their beds.

For why? the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful King.

S C E N E——

SCENE II.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd:
You must to *Pemfret*, not unto the *Tower*.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to *France*.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bolingbroke* ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul-sin gath'ring head
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think that thou which know'st the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear,
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end,
Take leave and part, for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me:
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me:

[*To the Queen.*

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where shiv'ring cold and sickness pines the clime:
My Queen to *France*? from whence set forth in pomp,
She came adorned higher like sweet *May*,
Sent back like *Hallowmas*, or shortest day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North.

North. That were some love, but little policy *

K. Rich. Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own again: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiss again.*]

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:

Once more adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter York and his Dutchess.

Dutch. MY lord, you told me you would tell the rest.
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,

With

*——but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe,
Weep thou for me in France; I for thee here:
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being
short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief:

Since wedding it, there is such length in grief:

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and humbly part;

Thus give I mine, &c.

' With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
 ' While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, *Bolingbroke*.
 ' You would have thought the very windows spake,
 ' So many greedy looks of young and old
 ' Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 ' Upon his visage; and that all the walls
 ' With painted imag'ry had said at once,
 ' *Jesu* preserve thee, welcome *Bolingbroke*.
 ' Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 ' Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 ' Bespoke them thus; I thank you countrymen;
 ' And thus still doing, thus he past along.
Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while?
York. ' As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 ' After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 ' Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 ' Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
 ' Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 ' Did scowl on *Richard*; no man cry'd, God save him;
 ' No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home
 ' But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
 ' Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 ' His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 ' The badges of his grief and patience;
 ' That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeld
 ' The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 ' And barbarism it self have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To *Bolingbroke* are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

SCENE IV.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son *Aumerle*.
York. *Aumerle* that was,
 But that is lost for being *Richard*'s friend.
 And, Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now!
 I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
 And lasting fealty in the new-made King.

Dutch.

Dutch. Welcome, my son; who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.

What news from *Oxford*? hold those jousts and triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know, they do.

Trk. You will be there.

Aum. If God prevent me not. I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, Sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear.

Dutch. What should you fear, my lord?
'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel against the triumph.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew
it.

York. I will be satisfied, let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*]

Treason! foul treason! villain, traitor, slave!

Dutch. What's the matter, my lord?

York. Hoa, whose within there? saddle my horse.
Heav'n for his mercy! what treachery is here?

Dutch. Why, what is't, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.
Now by my honour, my life, my troth
I will appeach the villain.

Dutch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Dutch. I will not peace: what is the matter son?

Aum.

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer!

SCENE V.

Enter Servant with boots.

Tork. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.

Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle*. (Poor boy thou art a
maz'd.)

Hence, villain, never more come in my sight.

[*Speaking to the Servant.*]

Tork. Give me my boots.

Dutch. Why, *Tork*, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?

Is not he like thee? Is not he thine own?

Tork. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably have set their hands,

To kill the King at *Oxford*.

Dutch. He shall be none:

We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

Tork. Away fond woman: were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful:

But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son:

Sweet *Tork*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

Tork. Make way, unruly woman.

[*Exit.*]

Dutch. After, *Aumerle*, mount thee upon his horse,

Spur post, and get before him to the King,
 And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee.
 I'll not be long behind : though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as *York* :
 And never will I rise up from the ground,
 Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Changes to Oxford.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. **C**A N no man tell of my unthrifty son?
 'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he :
 I would to heav'n, my lords, he might be found.
 Inquire at *London*, 'mongst the taverns there :
 For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose companions :
 Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
 And rob our watch, and beat our passengers.
 While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
 Takes on the point of honour, to support
 So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
 And told him of these triumphs held at *Oxford*.

Boling. And what said the galant?

Percy. His answer was; he would unto the stews,
 And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
 And wear it as a favour, and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both
 I see some sparks of hope, which elder days
 May happily bring forth : But who comes here ?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King ?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares
 And looks so wildly ?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your Ma-
 jesty,

To

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [*York within.*

Yrk. My Liege beware, look to thy self,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast no cause to
fear.

Yrk. Open the door, secure fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak, take breath.
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

Yrk. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.

Yrk. Villain, it was, ere thy hand set it down
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous son!
Thou clear, immaculate and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages

Hath had his current, and defil'd himself.
 Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
 And thine abundant goodness shall excuse
 This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

Yerk. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
 And he shall spend mine honour with his shame;
 As thriftless sons their scraping fathers gold.
 Mine honour lives, when his dishonour dies:
 Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
 Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutcheffs within.*]

Dutch. What ho, my Liege, for heav'n's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.
 Speak with me, pity me, open the Door.
 A beggar begs, that never begg'd before. *

Boling. My dang'rous cousin, let your mother in,
 I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

Yerk. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
 More sins for his forgiveness prosper may;
 This fester'd joint cut off, the rest is sound:
 This let alone, will all the rest confound.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Dutcheffs.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
 Love, loving not it self, none other can.

Yerk. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou do here?
 Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet *Yerk*, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege.
 [kneels.]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech;
 For ever will I kneel upon my knees,

And

* ——— begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
 And now chang'd to the beggar and the King:

Boling. My dangerous cousin, &c.

And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give Joy, until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

[Kneels.

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

[Kneels.

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace;

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;

He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;

We pray with heart and soul, and all beside.

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow.

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,

Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;

Our prayers do outpray his, then let them crave

That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say stand up,

But pardon first, say afterwards stand up.

And if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now:

Say, pardon, King, let pity teach thee how. *

D 3

Boling.

* ——— teach thee how,

The word is short, but not so short as sweet,

No word like pardon, for King's mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, King, say *Pardonnez moy.*

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon, pardon to destroy?

Ah my sow'r husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That sets the word it self against the word.

Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land,

The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eyes begins to speak, let thy tongue there:

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,

That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee, pardon to rehear.

Boling. Good aunt, &c.

The Life and Death

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet I am sick for fear; speak it again;
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Dutch. A God on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where're these traitors are. †

S C E N E IX.

Enter Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not, mark the King, what words he
spake?

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?"

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he; he spake it
twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton.

†———traitors are.

They shall not live within this world I swear;
But I will have them if I once know where.

Uncle farewell, and cousin adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come my old son, I pray heav'n make thee

D. W.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart?
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

A Prison at Pomfret Castle.

Enter King Richard.

' I have been studying, how to compare
' This prison where I live, unto the world;
' And, for because the world is populous,
' And here is not a creature but my self,
' I cannot do it, yet, I'll hammer on't.
' My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
' My soul, the father; and these two beget
' A generation of still-breeding thoughts;
' And these same thoughts people this little world;
' In humour, like the people of this world,
' For no thought is contented. The better sort,
(As thoughts of things divine) are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word it self
Against the word; as thus; *Come little ones;* and then
again

*It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.*
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls:
And for they cannot die in their own pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
' That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
' And shall not be the last. Like silly beggars

Who

' Who sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
 ' That many have, and others must sit there;
 ' And in this thought, they find a kind of ease,
 ' Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 ' Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 ' Thus play I in one prison, many people,
 ' And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
 ' Then treason makes me wish my self a beggar,
 ' And so I am. Then crushing penury
 ' Perswades me, I was better when a King;
 ' Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
 ' Think that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
 ' And streight am nothing——but what-e'er I am,
 ' Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 ' With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd.
 ' With being nothing——Musick do I hear? [*Musick.*
 Ha, ha; keep time: how sow'r sweet Musick is
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
 So is it in the music of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
 My thoughts are minutes: and with sighs they jar,
 Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch;
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, Sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell; so sighs and tears, and groans,
 Shew minutes, hours, and times—O but my time
 Runs posting on, in *Bolingbroke's* proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his jack o'th clock.
 This musick mads me, let it sound no more;
 For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
 In me it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me,
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to *Richard*
 Is a strange brooch, in this all-hating world.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince. *

K. Rich. What art? how com'st thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow' rds York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my, sometime, master's face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation day;
When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as he had disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jaunting *Bolingbroke*.

SCENE

*——royal Prince.

K. Rich. Thanks, noble Peer,
The cheapest of us, is ten groats too dear,
What art thou? and how com'st, &c.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[To the Groom.]

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.
[Exit.]

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; for Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
 Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The Dev'l take *Henry* of *Lancaster*, and thee.
 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [Beats the Keeper.]

Keep. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton and Servants.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude
 assault?

Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument;
[Snatching a Sword.]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [Kills another.]
[Exton strikes him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
 That staggers thus my person: thy fierce hand
 Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.
 Mount, mount my soul, thy seat is up on high,
 Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[Dies.]

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood.

Both have I spilt: Oh would the deed were good!

For now the devil that told me I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell,

This dead King to the living King I'll bear;

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E

of RICHARD II.

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SCENE XIII.

SCENE changes.

Flourish: Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords and Attendants.

Boling. **K**ind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of *Cicester in Gloucestershire*;
But whether they be ta'en or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First to thy sacred state with I all happiness;
The next news is, I have to *London* sent
The heads of *Sal'bury, Spencer, Blunt* and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discours'd in this paper here.

[Presenting a Paper.]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitzw. My lord, I have from *Oxford* sent to *London*
The heads of *Broccas*, and *Sir Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous consorted traytors,
That fought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, *Fitz-water*, shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wor.

Enter Percy and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, *Abbot of Westminster*,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:

But

But here is *Carlisle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. *Carlisle*, this is your doom :
Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife.
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee I have seen.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. *Exton* I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deed of slaughter with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this
deed.

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need ;
Nor do I thee, though I did wish him dead ;
I hate the murth'rer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, or light.
Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent :
I'll make a voyage to the holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier. [*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.





R O M E O

A N D

J U L I E T.

A

T R A G E D Y.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's Head* in
Turn-again-Lane, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had
at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's-Head*, in *Change-
Alley*, *Cornhill*.

M DCC X. XV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Escalus, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *a young Nobleman in Love with Juliet, and Kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague, } *Two Lords of ancient families, enemies to each*
Capulet, } *other.*

Romeo, *Son to Montague.*

Mercutio, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *Kinsman and Friend to Romeo.*

Tibalt, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

Friar Lawrence.

Friar John.

Balthasar, *Servant to Romeo.*

Page to Paris.

Sampson, } *Servants to Capulet.*
Gregory, }

Abram, *Servant to Montague.*

Apothecary.

Lady Montague, *Wife to Montague.*

Lady Capulet, *Wife to Capulet.*

Juliet, *Daughter to Capulet, in Love with Romeo.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women Relations to Capulet, Maskers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The S C E N E, *in the beginning of the Fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, in and near Verona.*



ROMEO



R O M E O
A N D
J U L I E T.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *the Street in Verona.*

Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers.

S A M P S O N.



Gregory a'my word we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o'th' collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of *Mountague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand:

Therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maid of *Mountague's*.

A 2

Greg.

Greg. That shews thee weak, slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakest Veliels, are ever thrst to the wall; therefore I will push *Mountagu's* men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew my self a tyrant : when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-Take it in what sense thou wilt. [heads,

Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand : And 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish : if thou hadst, thou hadst been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the house of the *Mountagues*.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back

Greg. How : turn thy back and run? [thee.

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry : I fear thee. [begin.

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides : let them

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir : but I bite my thumb, sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no sir.

Sam.

Romeo and Juliet.

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Sam. If you do, fir, I am for you ; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better ?

Sam. Well, fir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say better : here comes one of my master's

Sam. Yes, better. [kinimen.]

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy wathing blow. [They fight.]

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death. [hinds ?]

Ben. I do but keep the peace ; put up thy sword, Or manae it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talk of peace ? I hate the As I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee : [word] Have at thee, coward. [Fight.]

Enter three or four Citizens with Clubs.

Offic. Clubs, bills, and partisans ! strike ! beat them down,

Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues*,

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this ? give me my long sword, ho ?

L. Cap. A crutch, a crutch : why call you for a sword ?

Cap. A sword, I say : old *Mountague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague and lady Mountague.

Moun. Thou villain, *Capulet*---hold me not, let me go.

La. Moun. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter prince with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel---

Will they not hear ? what ho, you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage, With purple fountains issuing from your veins :

On pain of torture, from these bloody hands

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made *Verona's* antient citizens
 Cast by their grave befeeming ornaments,
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
 Cankred with peace, to part your cankred-hate ;
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time all the rest depart away :
 You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me ;
 And, *Mountague*, come you this afternoon.
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old free-town, our common judgment-place :
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*]

La. Moun. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach ;
 I drew to part them : in the instant came
 The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who nothing hurt withal, kiss'd him in scorn ;
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Moun. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day ?
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad,
 Where underneath the grove of *Sycamour*,
 That westward rooteth from this city side,
 So early walking did I see your son ;
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood ;
 I measuring his affections by my own,
 Which then most sought, where most might not be
 found,

Being

Romeo and Juliet.

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Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued by humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,
Adding to clouds, more clouds, with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun,
Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw
The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Moun. Both by my self, and many other friends;
But he, his own affections counsellor.
Is to himself (I will not say how true)
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes: so please you step aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away. [*Ex.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me. sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out---

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas! that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

Rom. Alas! that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:
Where shall we dine?--O me!--what fray was here?--
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing of nothing first create:
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Mishapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is:
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest
With more of mine, this love that thou hast shewn
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made of the fume of sighs,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes,
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears;
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet:
Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*]

Ben. Soft, I will go along,
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. But I have lost my self, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

Rom. What shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why no; but sadly tell me, who.

Rom.

Romeo and Juliet.

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Rom. A sick man in good sadness makes his will---
O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill---
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man, an she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you miss, she'll not be hit
With *Cupid's* arrow ; she hath *Dian's* wit :
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd ;
From love's weak childish bow, the lives uncharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-feducing gold :
O she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes her
For beauty starv'd with her severity, [waste.
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair ;
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;
Examine other beauties. [more.

Rom. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question
Those happy masks that kiss fair ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair ;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing fair.
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [Exit.

Enter Capulet, Paris and Servant.

Cap. Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,

A 5

For

For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long:

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
Earth up hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part,
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
Once more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poor house, look to behold this night,
Earth-trading stars that make dark heaven light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparell'd *April* on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exit *Cap.* *Par.*]

Ser. Find them out whose names are written here?
It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with
his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with
his pencil, and the painter with his nets. But I am
sent to find those persons whose names are writ, and
can

Romeo and Juliet.

II 9

can never find what names the writing Person hath here writ, (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burns out another's burn—
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ; (ing,
Turn giddy and be holp by backward turning,
One desperate grief cures with another's languish :
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is :
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented ; and---good e'en, good fellow.

Ser. God gi' good-e'en : I pray, sir, can you read ?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book :

But, I pray, can you read any thing you see ?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughter : Count An-
selm and his beauteous sisters ; the lady Widow of Vitru-
vio, signior Placentino, and his lovely neices ; Mercutio
and his brother Valentine ; mine uncle Capulet, his wife
and daughters ; my fair niece Rosaline, Livio ; signior Va-
lentio, and his cousin Tibalt ; Lucio, and the lovely He-
lena.

A fair assembly ; whither should they come ?

Ser. Up.

Rom. Whither ? to supper ?

Ser. To our house.

Rom. Whose house ?

Ser. My master's.

Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is
the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of

Mountagues,

Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [Exit.]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the fair *Rosaline*, whom thou so lovest;
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*:
Go thither, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire;
And these who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent hereticks be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Her self pois'd with her self in either eye:
But in those chrystal scales, let there be weigh'd,
You ladies love against some other maid,
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such fight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

SCENE II. Capulet's House.

Enter lady Capulet, and nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my maiden-head, at twelve years old,
I bad her come; what lamb, what lady-bird, God forbid--Where's this girl? what, *Juliet*?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Now now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter--Nurse, give me leave a while, we must talk in secret, nurse come back again, I have remembred me, thou' hear my counsel: thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teeth be it spoken,
I have but four, she's not fourteen;
How long is it now to *Lammas-tide*?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come
Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen. *Susan* and
she, God rest all christian souls, were of one age. Well,
Susan is with God, she was too good for me. But as I
said, on *Lammas-eve* at night shall she be fourteen, that
shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the
earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd, I
never shall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon
that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug,
sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall, my lord
and you were then at *Mantua*---nay, I do bear a brain.
But, as I said, when it did taste the worm-wood on the
nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to
see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake,
quoth the dove-house---'twas no need I trow to bid
me trudge; and since that time it is eleven years, for
then she could stand alone, nay, by th' rood she could
have run, and wadled all about; for even the day
before she broke her brow, and then my husband,
God be with his soul, was a merry man, took up the
child, yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit,
wilt thou not, *Juliet*? And by my holy-dam, the pret-
ty wretch left crying, and said, ay; to see now how a
jest shall come about. I warrant, and I should live
a thousand years, I never should forget it: Wilt thou
not, *Juliet*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it stinted, and
said, ay.

La Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh,
to think it should leave crying and say, ay; and yet I
warrant it had upon its brow a bump as big as a
young cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried
bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy
face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to
age; wilt thou not, *Juliet*? It stinted, and said, ay.

Jul.

Jul. And stint the too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace, thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd, and I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theam I came to talk of; tell me, daughter *Juliet*, How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. 'Tis an hour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An hour, were not I thine only nurse, I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem, (than you Are made already mothers. By my count, I was your mother much upon these years, That you are now a maid; thus then in brief, The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady, lady, such a man, as all the world---why he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay he's a flower, in faith a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you, can you love the gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our feast, Read o'er the volume of young *Paris's* face, And find delight writ there with beauty's pen; Examine every several lineament, And see how one, another lends content; And what obscur'd in this fair volume lyes, Find written in the margent of his eyes. This precious book of love, this unbound lover, To beautify him, only lacks a cover.

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride For fair without, the fair within to hide: That book in manies eyes doth share the glory, That in gold clasps locks in the golden story; So shall you share all that he doth possess, By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris's* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,

Than

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Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curst in the pantry, and every thing in extremity, I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight. *[Exit.*

La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the county stays.

Nurse. Go girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke to our excuse? Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity, We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a scarf, Bearing a tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper. But let them measure us by what they will, We'll measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling. Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me, you have dancing shoes With nimble soles, I have a sole of lead, So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover, borrow *Cupid's* wings, And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore impierced with his shaft, To soar with his light feathers, and to bound: I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe; Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And to sink in it, should you burden love, Too great oppr. sion for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, Too rude, too boisterous, it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love, Prick love for pricking, and you love beat down: Give me a case to put my visage in, A visor for a visor; what care I What curious eye doth quote deformities, Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben.

Ben. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me, let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grand-fire phrase;
I'll be a candle-lighter, and look on,
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word;

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the ears: Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, we delay.

We waste our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our judgment fits
Five things in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well; what was yours.

Mer. That dreamers oft n lie.

Rom. In bed asleep; while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O then I see queen Mab hath been with you:
She is the Fairies midwife, and she comes in shape no
bigger than an agat-stone on the fore-finger of an al-
derman, drawn with a team of little atomies, over
mens noses as they lye asleep: Her waggon spokes
made of long spinners legs; the cover, of the wings
of grasshoppers; her trace of the smallest spider's web,
her collars of the moonshine's watry beams; her whip
of cricket's bone; the lash of film; her waggoner a
small gray-coated gnat, not half so big as a round lit-
tle worm, prickt from the lazy finger of a woman.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut, made by the joy-
ner squirrel or old grub, time out of mind, the fairies
coach-makers: And in this state she gallops night by
night, through lovers brains; and then they dream of
love

love. On countries knees, that dream on cushions
strait: O'er lawyers fingers, who strait dream on
fees: O'er ladies lips, who strait on kisses dream,
which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, be-
cause their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose, and then
dreams he of smelling out a suit: And some-
times comes she with a tith-pig's tail, tickling a
parson's nose as he lies asleep; then he dreams of ano-
ther benefice. Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's
neck, and then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
of breaches, ambuscadoes, *Spanish* blades; of healths
five fathom deep; and then anon drums in his ears,
at which he starts and wakes, and being thus frightened,
swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again. This is
that very Mab that plats the manes of horses in the
night, and bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
which once intangled, much misfortunes bodes.

This is the hag when maids lye on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she----

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more unconstant than the wind; who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence still hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But he that hath the steerage of my course,

Direct

Direct my suit : on, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

They march about the stage, and servants come forth with their Napkins.

1 Ser. Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away ? He shift a trencher ! He scrape a trencher !

2 Ser. When good manners shall lye in one or two mens hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Ser. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate : Good thou, save me a piece of march-pane ; and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthony*, and *Potpan*.

2 Ser. Ay, Boy, ready.

1 Ser. You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Ser. We cannot be here and there too ; chearly boys ; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[Exeunt.]

Enter all the guests and ladies to the maskers.

1 Cap. Welcome, gentlemen ;

Ladies that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will walk about with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deely to dance ? She that makes dainty,

She, I'll swear hath corns ; am I come near ye now ?

Welcome Gentlemen, I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please : 'Tis gone ; 'tis gone ; 'tis gone :

You are all welcome, gentlemen ; come musicians, play. *[Musick plays, and they dance.]*

A hall, hall ; give room, and foot it, girls :

More light ye knaves, and turn the tables up ;

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, firrah, this unlook'd for sport comes well :

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin *Capulet*,

For you and I are past our dancing days :

How long is't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask ?

2 Cap.

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² Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

¹ Cap. What, Man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much;

'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*.

Come pentecost, as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

² Cap. 'Tis more, his son is elder, sir:
His son is thirty.

¹ Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So she as a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows:
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it sight;
For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tib. This by his voice should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: What dares the slave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman,
Wherefore storm you so?

Tib. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all the town,

Here

Here in my house do him disparagement :
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
 It is my will, the which if thou respect,
 Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
 And ill becoming semblance of a feast.

Tib. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
 I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
 What Goodman-boy---I say he shall. Go to---
 Am I the master here, or you? Go to---
 You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,
 You'll make a mutiny among the guests:
 You will set cock-a-hoop? You'll be the man?

Tib. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to,
 You are a saucy boy---'tis so indeed---
 This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what,
 You must contrary me? --- marry 'tis time.
 Well said, my hearts; you are a princ Cox, go,
 Be quiet, or more light, for shame;
 I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
 Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I prophane with my unworthiest hand,
[To Juliet.]

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
 My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand.
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim.

You do wrong your hand too much,
 Which mannerly devotion shews in this,
 For saints have hands---the pilgrim's hands do touch,
 And palm to palm, is holy palmers' kisses.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,
 They pray (grant thou) lest faith turn to despair.

Jul.

Jul. Saints do not move,
Though grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect do
take :

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespass sweetly urg'd:
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kifs by th' book.

Nur. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nur. Marry, batchelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? why then, I thank you all.

I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night:

More torches here---come on, then let's to bed,

Ah, firrah, by my fay it waxes late.

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse.

What is yond' gentleman?

Nur. The son and heir of old *Tyberio*.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nur. Marry, that I think to be young *Petruchio*.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not
dance?

Nur. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The only son of our great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen, unknown, and known too late;

Prodigious

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nur. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*

Nur. Anon, anon:

Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Chorus.

NOW old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair, for which love groan'd fore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain.
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breath such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less,
To meet her new beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Tempting extremities with extream sweet.

SCENE II. The Street.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rem. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find my center out. [*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio with Mercurio.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo, Romeo.

Mer. He is wife,

And on my life hath stoln him home to bed.

Ben. He ran his way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good *Mercurio*.

Mer.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo, Humours, madam, passion, lover,
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one time, and I am satisfied.
Cry me but ay me! couple but love and day,
Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name for her parblind son and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true,
When king *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by *Rosaline's* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, streight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesns that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress's circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spight.
My invocation is fair and honest, and in his mistress's
name

I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars when they laugh alone:
O, *Romeo*, that she were, O that she were
An open---or thou a poprin pear;
Romeo, good night, I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain to seek him here,
That means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E III. *A Garden.**Enter Romeo.*

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound---
 But soft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and *Juliet* is the sun:

[Juliet appears above at a window.]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she,
 Be not her maid since she is envious.
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it, cast it off:
 It is my lady, O it is my love---O that she knew she
 were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
 Her eye discourtes, I will answer it---
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars of all the heaven,
 Having some business, do intreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head.
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven,
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night:
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek.

Jul. Ah me!*Rom.* She speaks.

Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou art
 As glorious to this Night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
 Unto the white upturned wondering eyes,
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo---wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my Love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy self, though not a *Mountague*.
What's *Mountague*? it is not Hand, nor Foot,
Nor Arm, nor Face—O be some other Name
Belonging to a Man.

What's in a Name? that which we call a Rose,
By any other Word would smell as sweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that Title; *Romeo*, doff thy Name,
And for that Name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my self.

Rom. I take thee at thy Word:
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What Man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in Night,
So stumblest on my Counsel?

Rom. By a Name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My Name, dear Saint, is hateful to my self,
Because it is an Enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the Word.

Jul. My Ears have yet not drunk a hundred Words
Of thy Tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither, fair Maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither,
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard Walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place Death, considering who thou art,
If any of my Kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With Love's light Wings did I o'er-perch these
Walls,
For stony Limits cannot hold Love out,
And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt:
Therefore thy Kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack there lies more peril in thine Eye,

B

Than

Than twenty of their Swords, look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their Enmity.

Jul. I would not for the World they saw thee here :

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their Eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here ;
My Life were better ended by their hate,
Than Death prorogued, wanting of thy Love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me Counsel, and I lent him Eyes :
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast Shore, wash with'd the farthest Sea,
I should adventure for such Merchandise.

Jul. Thou knowest the mask of Night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my Cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to Night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke ——— but farewell Complements :
Dost thou love ? O, I know thou wilt say, Ay,
And I will take thy Word ——— yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; at lover's Perjuries
They say *Jove* laughs ; oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo : but else not for the world.
In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'Haviour light :
But trust me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more Coining to be strange
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st ere I was ware,
My true Love's Passion ; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light Love,
Which the dark Night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moon I vow,
That tips with Silver all these Fruit-tree tops ———

Jul. O swear not by the Moon, th' unconstant Moon,
That monthly changes in her circled Orb.
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul.

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my Heart's dear love——

Jul. Well, do not swear——although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this Contract to Night?
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweet, good Night,
This bud of Love by Summers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous Flower when next we meet :
Good Night, good Night——as sweet Repose and Rest,
Come to thy Heart, as that within my Breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to Night?

Rom. Th'exchange of thy Love's faithful Vow of mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it?
For what purpose, Love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
My Bounty is as boundless as the Sea,
My Love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some Noise within; dear Love adieu.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

Anon, good Nurse——Sweet Mountague be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed Night, I am afraid,
Being in Night, all this is but a Dream,
Too flatt'ring sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three Words, dear Romeo,
And good Night indeed :
If that thy bent of Love be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me Word to Morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
And all my Fortunes at thy foot I'll lay.

And follow thee, my Lord, throughout the World.

[*Within*: Madam.]

I come, anon—but if thou meanest not well,

I do beseech thee—

[*Within*: Madam.]

By and by, I come—

To cease thy Strife, and leave me to my Grief.

To Morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my Soul.

Jul. A thousand times good Night.

[*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Love goes toward Love, as School-Boys from their Books,
But Love from Love, towards School with heavy Looks.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! *Romeo*, hift! O for a Falkner's Voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle back again—
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the Cave where Echo lyes,
And make her airy Tongue more hoarse—Then with
The Repetition of my *Romeo*—

Rom. It is my Soul that calls upon my Name.
How silver-sweet sound Lovers Tongues by Night,
Like softest Musick to attending Ears.

Jul. *Romeo.*

Rom. My Sweet.

Jul. What a Clock to Morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of Nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty Years 'till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy Company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget;
Forgetting any other Name but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost Morning, I would have thee gone.
And yet no further than a wanton's Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his Hand,
Like a poor Prisoner in his twisted Gyves,
And with a filken thread plucks it again,
So loving jealous of his Liberty.

Rom.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good Night, good Night.

Rom. Parting is such sweet Sorrow,
That I should say good Night 'till it be Morrow.

Jul. Sleep dwell upon thine Eyes, Peace in thy Breast,
Would I were sleep in Peace, so sweet to rest. [Exit.

Rom. The grey-ey'd Morn smiles on the frowning Night,
Check'ring the eastern Clouds with streaks of Light,
And Darknes's fleckell'd like a Drunkard reels,
From forth-days path-way, made by Titan's Wheels.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friar's close Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

S C E N E IV. *A Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a Basket.

Fri. Now ere the Sun advance his burning Eye,
The Day to chear, and Night's dank Dew to dry,
I must up-fill this Ofsier Cage of ours
With baleful Weeds, and precious juiced Flowers,
The Earth that's Nature's Mother, is her Tomb,
What is her burying Grave, that is her Womb;
And from her Womb Children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural Bosom find:
Many for many Virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerful Grace that lies
In Plants, Herbs, Stones, and their true Qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the Earth doth live,
But to the Earth some special good doth give.
Nor ought so good but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true Faith, stumbling on abuse;
Virtue it self turns vice, being misapplied,
And Vice sometime by Action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant Rind of this weak Flower,
Poison hath residence, and Medicine Power:
For this being smelt, with that Part cheers each Part;
Being tasted, slays all Senses, with the Heart.

Two such oppos'd Kinds encamp them still,
In Man, as well as Herbs, Grace and rude Will :
And where the worfer is predominant,
Full soon the Canker Death eats up that plant.

Rom. Good morrow, Father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early Tongue so sweet salutes mine Ear?
Young Son, it argues a distemper'd Head,
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy Bed :
Care keeps his Watch in every old Man's eye,
And where Care lodgeth, sleep will never lye ;
But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd Brain,
Doth couch his Limbs, there golden sleep doth reign ;
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd with some Distemperature ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon Sin ; wast thou with *Rosaline* ?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my Ghostly Father ? No.

I have forgot that Name, and that Name's Woe.

Fri. That's my good Son : But where hast thou been then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again ;

I have been feasting with mine Enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our Remedies
Within thy help and holy Physick lies ;
I bear no hatred, blessed Man, for lo
My intercession likewise steads my Foe.

Fri. Be plain, good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Ridling Confession finds but ridling Shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my Heart's dear Love is set
On the fair Daughter of rich *Capulet* ;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy Marriage : when and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made Exchange of Vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to Day.

Fri. Holy Saint *Francis*, what a Change is here ?
Is *Rosaline*, that thou didst love so dear,

Romeo *and* Juliet.

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So soon forsaken? young Mens Love then lyes
Not truly in their Hearts, but in their Eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of Brine

Hath washt thy fallow Cheeks for *Rosaline*?

How much salt Water thrown away in waste,

To season Love, that of it doth not taste?

The Sun not yet thy Sighs from Heaven clears,

Thy old Groans yet ring in my ancient Ears;

Lo here upon thy Cheek the Stain doth sit,

Of an old Tear that is not washt off yet.

If ere thou wast thy self, and these woes thine,

Thou and these Woes were all for *Rosaline*.

And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this Sentence then,

Women may fall, when there's no Strength in Men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury Love.

Fri. Not in a Grave.

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, here I love now

Doth Grace for Grace, and Love for Love allow:

The other did not so.

Fri. Oh she knew well,

Thy Love did read by rote, that cou'd not spell:

But come young Waverer, come go with me,

In one Respect I'll thy assistant be:

For this Alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your Household-rancour to pure Love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. The Street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Devil should this *Romeo* be? came he
not home to Night?

Ben. Not to his Father's, I spoke with his Man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted Wench that *Rosaline*,
torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the Kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a
Letter to his Father's House.

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Mer.

Mer. A Challenge on my Life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Any Man that can write, may answer a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will answer the Letter's Master how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poor *Romeo*, he is already dead, stabb'd with a white Wench's black Eye, run through the Ear with a Love-Song, the very Pin of his Heart cleft with the blind Bow-Boy's but-shaft; and is he a Man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More than Prince of Cats. Oh he's the Courageous Captain of Complements; he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minnum, one, two, and the third in your Bosom; the very Butcher of a silk Button, a Duellist, a Duellist; a Gentleman of the very first House of the first and second Cause; Ah the immortal Passado, the Punto reverso, the Hay—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting Phantasies, these new turners of Accent—Jesu, a very good blade, —a very tall Man—a very good Whore.—Why is not this a lamentable thing, Granfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange Flies, these Fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new Form that they cannot sit at ease on the old Bench. O their Bones, their Bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Herring. O Flesh, Flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the Numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his Lady was a Kitchen-wench; marry she had a better Love to berime her: *Dido* a Dowdy, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero* Hildings and Harlots: *Thisby* a gray Eye or so, but not to the Purpose. Signior *Romeo Bonj ur*, there's a *French* Salutation to your *French* sloop; you gave us the Counterfeit fairly last Night.

Rom. Good Morrow to you both, what Counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my Business was great, and in such a Case as mine, a Man may strain Curtlie.

Mer.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours
contrains a Man to bow in the Hams.

Rom. Meaning to Curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous Exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very Pink of Courtesie.

Rom. Pink for Flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure Wit—follow me this Jest, now tell thou
hast worn out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is
worn, the Jest may remain after the wearing, sole singu-
lar.

Rom. O single-sol'd Jest.

Solely singular, for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my Wit faints.

Rom. Swits and Spurs.

Swits and Spurs, or I'll cry a Match.

Mer. Nay, if our Wits run the Wild-goose Chase, I am
done: For thou hast more of the Wild-goose in one of thy
Wits, than I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I
with you there for the Goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any Thing, when
thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the Ear for that Jest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy Wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharp Sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd into a sweet Goose?

Mer. O here's a Wit of Cheverel, that stretches from an
Inch narrow, to an Ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that Word broad, which added
to the Goose, proves thee far and wide, broad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better, than groaning for Love?
Now thou art sociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou
what thou art, by Art, as well as by Nature; for this
driveling Love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up
and down to hide his Bauble in a Hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to to stop in my Tale against the
Hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy Tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short;
For I was come to the whole depth of my Tale, and meant
indeed to occupy the Argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her Man.

Rom. Here's goodly gear:
And sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nur. Peter.

Pet. Anon.

Nur. My Fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter*, to hide her Face;
For her Fan's the fairer Face.

Nur. God ye good-morrow, Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good-den, fair Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good-den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy Hand of
the Dial is now upon the Prick of Noon.

Nur. Out upon you; what a Man are you?

Rom. One, Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himself to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said: for himself to mar, quotha?
Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the
young *Romeo*.

Rom. I can tell you: But young *Romeo* will be older
when you have found him, than he was when you sought
him: I am the youngest of that Name, for fault of a
worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well?
Very well took, I'faith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he, Sir,
I desire some Confidence with you.

Ben. She will invite him to some Supper.

Mer. A Baud, a Baud, a Baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare, Sir, unless a Hare Sir, in a Lenten Pye;
that is something Stale and Hoar ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoar, and an old Hare hoar, is very good
Meat in *Lent*.

But a Hare that is hoar, is too much for a Score, when it
hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo,

Romeo, will you come to your Father's: We'll to Dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient Lady:

Farewel Lady, Lady, Lady. [*Ex. Mercutio, Benvolio.*]

Nur. I pray you, Sir, what saucy Merchant was this that was so full of his Roguery?

Rom. A Gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a Minute, than he will stand to in a Month.

Nur. And a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, and a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks: And if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy Knave, I am none of his Flirt-gils; I am none of his Skainsmates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every Knave to use me at his Pleasure. (*To her Man*)

Pet. I saw no Man use you at his Pleasure: If I had, my Weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another Man, if I see occasion in a good Quarrel, and the Law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every Part about me quivers—Scurvy Knave! Pray you, Sir, a Word: And as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to my self: But, first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into Fool's Paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of Behaviour, as they say, for the Gentlewoman is young; and therefore it you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady and Mistress, I protest unto thee——

Nur. Good Heart, and I'faith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful Woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou dost not mark me?

Nur. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some Means to come to Shrift, this And there she shall at Friar Lawrence's Cell, [afternoon; Be shriv'd and married: Here is for thy Pains.

Nur.

Nur. No, truly Sir, not a Penny.

Rom. Go to, I say you shall.

Nur. This Afternoon, Sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay thou, good Nurse, behind the Abby-wall,
Within this Hour my Man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my Joy,
Must be my Convoy in the secret Night.
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy Pains:
Farewel, commend me to thy Mistress.

Nur. Now God in Heav'n blest thee: Hark you, Sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?

Nur. Is your Man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep Counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my Man's as true as Steel.

Nur. Well, Sir, my Mistress is the sweetest Lady; Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing—O, there is a
Noble Man in Town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay
Knife aboard; but she, good Soul, had as lieve see a
Toad, a very Toad, as see him; I anger her sometimes,
and tell her that *Paris* is the properer Man; but I'll war-
rant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any Clout in
the versal World, doth not *Rosemary* and *Romeo* begin
both with a Letter?

Rom. Ay Nurse, what of that? both with an R.

Nur. Ah mocker! that's the Dog's name. R. is for the
no, I know it begins with no other Letter, and she hath
the prettiest sententious of it, of you and *Rosemary*, that
it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.— [Exit Romeo.]

Nur. A thousand times. *Peter*?

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before, and apace.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The Clock struck Nine, when I did send the Nurse:
In half an Hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him—That's not so—
Oh she is Lame. Love's Heralds should be thoughts,
Which

Which ten times faster glide than the Sun-beams,
Driving back Shadow over lowring Hills.
Therefore do nimble pinion'd Doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the Wind-swift *Cupid* Wings,
Now is the Sun upon the highmost Hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine 'till twelve——
Ay three long Hours—and yet she is not come;
Had she Affections and warm youthful Blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a Ball,
My Words would bandy her to my sweet Love,
And his to me;
But old Folks, many feign as they were Dead,
Unweildly, slow, heavy and pale as Lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God, she comes. O honey Nurse, what News?
Hast thou met with him? send thy Man away.

Nur. Peter, stay at the Gate.

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse——

O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Tho' News be sad, yet tell them merrily,
If good, thou sham'st the Musick of sweet News,
By playing it to me with so sower a Face.

Nur. I am a weary, give me leave a while;
Fy, how my Bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. I would thou hadst my Bones, and I thy News:
Nay, come, I pray thee speak—good Nurse speak.

Nur. Jesu! what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see how I am out of Breath?

Jul. How art thou out of Breath, when thou hast Breath
To say to me that thou art out of Breath?
The Excuse that thou doth make in this delay,
Is longer than the Tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy News good or bad? Answer to that,
Say either, and I'll stay the Circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is it good or bad?

Nur. Well, you have made a simple Choice; you know
not how to choose a Man: *Romeo*! no not he, though his
Face be better than any Man's, yet his Legs excel all Mens,
and for a Hand and a Foot, and a Baw-dy, tho' they be not
to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not
the Flower of Courtesie, but I warrant him as gentle a
Lamb—

Lamb—Go thy ways Wench, serve God : What, have you dined at home ?

Jul. No, no—But all this did I know before :
What says he of our Marriage ? What of that ?

Nur. Lord how my Head akes ! What a Head have I ?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My Back a t' other side—O my Back, my Back :
Besheiw your Heart for sending me about,
To catch my Death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I' faith I'm sorry that thou art so ill,
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what says my Love ?

Nur. Your Love says like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handson
And I warrant a virtuous—where is your Mother ?

Jul. Where is my Mother ? Why she is within,
Where should she be ? How odly thou reply' st !
Your Love says like an honest Gentleman :
Where is my Mother ? —————

Nur. O God's Lady dear,
Are you so hot ? marry come up I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking Bones ?
Hence-forward, do your Messages your self.

Jul. Here's such a coil ; come, what says Romeo ?

Nur. Have you got leave to go to shrift to Day ?

Jul. I have.

Nur. Then hie you hence to Frier Lawrence's Cell,
There stays a Husband to make you a Wife.
Now comes the wanton Blood up in your Cheeks,
They'll be in Searlet straight at any News :
Hie you to Church, I must another way,
To fetch a Ladder, by the which your Love
Must climb a Bird's Nest soon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your Delight,
But you shall bear the Burthen soon at Night.
Go, I'll to Dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high Fortune ; honest Nurse farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the Heaven's upon this holy Act,
That after Hours with Sorrow chide us not !

Rom.

Rom. Amen, Amen; but come what Sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of Joy,
That one short Minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our Hands with holy Words,
Then Love-devouring Death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent Delights have violent Ends,
And in their triumph die like Fire and Powder,
Which as they kill consume. The sweetest Honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the Appetite:
Therefore love moderately, long Love doth so,
Too swift arrives, as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. O so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting Flint;
A Lover may bestride the Gossamour,
That idles in the wanton Summer Air,
And yet not fall, so light is Vanity.

Jul. Good-even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee Daughter for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his Thanks too much.

Rom. Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy Joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy Breath
This Neighbour Air, and let rich Musick's Tongue
Unfold the imagin'd Happiness that both
Receive in either, by this dear Encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in Matter than in Words,
Braggs of his Substance, not of Ornament:
They are but Beggars that can count their Worth,
But my true Love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up some half of my Wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
Work,
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt,



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Servants.

Ben. **I** Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire,
The Day is hot, the *Capulet's* abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not scape a Brawl;
For now these hot Days is the mad Blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those Fellows, that when he enters the confines of a Tavern, claps his Sword upon the Table, and says, God send me no need of thee: And by the Operation of a second Cup, draws him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a Man that hath a Hair more, or a Hair less in his Beard than thou hast: Thou wilt quarrel with a Man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast *Hazel Eyes*; what Eye, but such an Eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy Head is as full of quarrels, as an Egg is full of Meat, and yet thy Head hath been beaten as addle as an Egg for quarrelling: Thou hast quarrell'd with a Man for Coughing in the Street, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath lain asleep in the Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a Taylor for wearing his new Doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new Shoes with old Ribband? And yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any Man should buy the Fee-simple of my Life for an Hour and a quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple?

Enter

Romeo and Juliet.

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Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my Head here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my Heel I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, Good-den, a Word with one of you.

Mer. And but one Word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a Word and a Blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, and you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, Thou consort'st with *Romeo*——

Mer. Comfort! What, dost thou make us Minstrels! And thou make Minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but Discords: Here's my Fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Come, Comfort. [*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of Men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your Grievances,
Or else depart; here all Eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens Eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no Man's Pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my Man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your Livery:
Marry go before to Field, he'll be your Follower,
Your worship in that Sense may call him Man.

Tyb. Romeo, the Love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this, thou art a Villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining Rage
To such a Greeting:

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the Injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But lov'd thee better than thou canst devise:
'Till thou shalt know the Reason of my Love.
And so good *Capulet*, which Name I tender
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm dishonourable, vile Submission!

Allastucatho

Allastucatho carries it away,

Tybalt, You Rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine Lives that I mean to make bold withal; and as you shall use me, hereafter dry beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the Ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your Ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your Passado. [*Mer. and Tyb. fight.*

Rom. Draw *Benvolio*—— beat down their Weapons——
Gentlemen——for shame forbear this Outrage——

Tybalt———*Mercutio*——— the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* Streets.

Hold *Tybalt*——— good *Mercutio*.

[*Exit Tybalt.*

Mer. I am hurt———

A Plague of both the Houses, I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a Scratch, a Scratch; marry 'tis enough.
Where is my Page? Go, Villain, fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage, Man, the Hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a Church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: Ask for me to Morrow, and you shall find me a Grave-Man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this World: A Plague of both your Houses. What? a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat, to scratch a Man to Death; a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villain, that fights by the Book of Arithmetick? Why the Devil came you between us? I was hurt under your Arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some House, *Benvolio*,
Or I shall faint; a Plague o' both your Houses,
They have made worms meat of me,
I have it, and soundly too—your Houses. [*Ex. Mer. Ben.*

Rom. This Gentleman, the Prince's near Allie,
My very Friend, hath got his mortal Hurt
In my behalf, my Reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slander; *Tybalt*, that an Hour

Hath

Hath been my Cousin: O sweet Juliet,
Thy Beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my Temper softned Valour's Steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead,
That gallant Spirit hath aspir'd the Clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the Earth.

Rom. This Day's black Fate, on more Days does depend,
This but begins the Woe, others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. He gone in Triumph, and Mercutio slain?
Away to Heav'n respective Lenity,
And Fire and Fury be my Conduct now:
Now, Tybalt, take the Villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's Soul
Is but a little way above our Heads,
Staying for thine to keep him Company:
Either thou or I, or both must go with him.

Tyb. Thou wretched Boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that. [*They fight, Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone:
The Citizens are up, and Tybalt slain——
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee Death,
If thou art taken: Hence be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortune's Fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt that Murthurer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lyes that Tybalt.

Cit. Up Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's Name obey.

Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, their Wives &c.

Prin. Where are the vile Beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal Brail:
There lies the Man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy Kinsman brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt my Cousin! O my Brother's Child,

O Prince, O Cousin, Husband, O the Blood is spill'd
Of my dear Kinsman — Prince, as thou art true,
For Blood of ours, shed Blood of *Mountague*.
O Cousin, Cousin.

Prin. *Benvolio*, who began this Fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here Slain, whom *Romeo*'s Hand did Slay:
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the Quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high Displeasure: All this uttered,
With gentle Breath, calm Look, Knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take Truce with the unruly Spleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to Peace, but that he Tilts
With piercing Steel at bold *Mercutio*'s Breast,
Who all as hot, turns deadly Point to Point,
And with a martial Scorn, with one hand beats
Cold Death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose Dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter than his Tongue,
His able Arm beats down their fatal Points,
And 'twixt them rustres, underneath whose Arm,
An envious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the Life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd Revenge,
And to't they go like Lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the Truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La Cap. He is a Kinsman to the *Mountagues*,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black Strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one Life.
I beg for Justice, which thou Prince must give;
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not Live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the Price of his dear Blood doth owe.

La. Cap. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s Friend,
His Fault concludes what the Law should end,
The Life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that Offence,

Immediately

Immediately we do exile him hence:
 I have an Interest in your Hearts Proceeding,
 My Blood for your rude Brawls doth lye a Bleeding,
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a Fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
 I will be deaf to Pleading and Excuses,
 Nor Tears, nor Prayers shall purchase our abuses,
 Therefore use none, let *Romeo* hence in haste,
 Else when he's found, that Hour is his last.
 Bear hence this Body, and attend our Will:
 Mercy but Murthers, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An Apartment in Capulet's House.*

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed Steeds,
 Toward *Phæbus* Lodging; such a Waggoner
 As *Phaeton* would whip you to the West,
 And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
 Spread thy close Curtain, Love-performing Night,
 That run-aways Eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
 Leap to these Arms, untalkt of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their Amorous Rites,
 By their own Beauties: or if Love be blind,
 It best agrees with Night; Come civil Night,
 Thou sober-suted Matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning Match,
 Play'd for a Pair of stainless Maidenheads,
 Hood my unmann'd Blood baiting in my Cheeks,
 With thy black Mantle, 'till strange Love grown bold,
 Thinks true Love acted simple Modesty:
 Come Night, come *Romeo*, come thou Day in Night,
 For thou wilt lye upon the Wings of Night,
 Whiter than Snow upon a Raven's back:
 Come gentle Night, come loving black-brow'd Night,
 Give me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die
 Take him and cut him out in little Stars,
 And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine,
 That all the World will be in love with Night,
 And pay no Worship to the Garish Sun.

O I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
But not posses'd it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this Day,
As is the Night before some Festival,
To an impatient Child that hath new Robes,
And may not wear them. O here comes my Nurse!

Enter Nurse with Cords.

And she brings News, and every Tongue that speaks
But Romeo's Name, speaks Heav'nly Eloquence,
Now Nurse, what News? what hast thou there?
The Cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nur. Ay, ay, the Cords.

Ful. Ay me, what News?

Why dost thou ring thy Hands?

Nur. A weladay he's dead, he's dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone —
Alack the Day he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Ful. Can Heaven be so envious?

Nur. Romeo can,
Though Heav'n cannot. O Romeo! Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it, Romeo?

Ful. What Devil art thou that dost torment me thus?
This Torture should be roar'd in dismal Hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but Ay;
And that bare Vowel Ay, shall poison more
Than the Death-darting Eye of Cockatrice;
I am not I, if there be such an Ay,
Or those Eyes short that makes the answer Ay,
If he be slain say Ay, or if not, No.
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nur. I saw the Wound, I saw it with mine Eyes,
God save the Mark, here on his manly Breast.
A piteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse;
Pale, pale as Ashes, all bedaub'd in Blood,
All in gore Blood, I swooned at the sight.

Ful. O break, my Heart —
Poor Bankrupt break at once;
To prison Eyes, ne'er look on Liberty,
Vile Earth to Earth resign, and motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy Bier.

Nur. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best Friend I had:

O courteous *Tybalt*, honest Gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee Dead.

Jul. What Storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cousin, and my dearer Lord?
The dreadful Trumpet sound the general Doom,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!
Did *Romeo's* Hand shed *Tybalt's* Blood?

Nur. It did, it did alas the day! it did.

Jul. O Serpent Heart hid with a flow'ring Face,
Did ever Dragon keep so fair a Cave?
Beautiful Tyrant, Fiend Angelical,
Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,
Wolvisb ravening-Lamb,
Despised Substance of divinest Show:
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.
A damned Saint, an honourable Villain:
O Nature! what hadst thou to do in Hell,
When thou didst bower the Spirit of a Fiend
In mortal Paradise of such sweet Flesh?
Was ever Book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Palace.

Nur. There's no Trust, no Faith, no honesty in Men,
All perjur'd; all Forsworn; all Naught; all Dissemblers;
Ah, where's my Man? Give me some *Aqua vite*—
These Griefs, these Woes, these Sorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Jul. Blister'd be thy Tongue
For such a Wish, he was not born to shame,
Upon his Brow Shame is ashamed to sit:
For 'tis a Throne where Honour may be Crown'd,
Sole Monarch of the universal Earth.
O what a Beast was I to chide him so?

Nur. Will you speak well of him
That kill'd your Cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my Husband?
Ah poor my Lord, what Tongue shall smooth thy Name,

When

When I thy three Hours Wife have mangled it!
 But wherefore Villain didst thou kill my Cousin?
 That Villain Cousin would have kill'd my Husband:
 Back foolish Tears, back to your native Spring;
 Your Tributary drops belong to Woe,
 Which you mistaking offer up to Joy.
 My Husband lives that *Tybalt* would have slain,
 And *Tybalt* dead that would have kill'd my Husband;
 All this is Comfort; wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was worser than *Tybalt's* Death
 That murdered me: I would forget it fain.
 But oh it presses to my Memory,
 Like damned guilty Deeds to Sinners Minds;
Tybalt is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
 That banished, that one word banished,
 Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt's* death
 Was woe enough if it had ended there:
 Or if sower Woe Delights in Fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other Griefs,
 Why follow'd not, when she said *Tybalt's* dead,
 Thy Father or thy Mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern Lamentation might have mov'd.
 But with a Rear-ward following *Tybalt's* Death,
Romeo is banished——to speak that word,
 Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*.
 All slain, all dead: *Romeo* is banished:
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death, no words can that woe sound,
 Where is my Father, and my Mother, Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt's* Coarse.
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. [Spent,

Jul. Wash they his wounds with Tears? mine shall be
 When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.
 Take up those Cords, poor Ropes you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I, for *Romeo* is exil'd:
 He made you for an Highway to my Bed,
 But I a Maid, die Maiden-widowed.
 Come Cord, come Nurse, I'll to my Wedding-bed,
 And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maiden-head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
 To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

Hark

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Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at Night;
I'll to him he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo*, come forth, come forth, thou fearful Man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy Parts;
And thou art wedded to Calamity.

Rom. Father, What News?
What is the Prince's Doom?
What Sorrow craves admittance at my Hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear Son in such sower Company.
I bring the Tydings of the Prince's Doom?

Rom. What, less than Dooms-day, is the Prince's Doom?

Fri. A gentle Judgment vanish'd from his Lips,
Not Body's Death, but Body's Banishment.

Rom. Ha, Banishment! Be merciful, say Death;
For Exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than Death: Do not say Banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the World is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no World without *Verona* Walls,
But Purgatory, Torture, Hell it self:
Hence banished, is banished from the World,
And World's Exile is Death. Then banished
Is Death mis-term'd, calling Death banished.
Thou cut'st my Head off with a Golden Ax,
And smil'st upon the stroak that murders me.

Fri. O deadly Sin! O rude Unthankfulness!
Thy Fault our Law calls Death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part hath rusht aside the Law,
And turn'd that black Word Death to Banishment.
That is dear Mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture, and not Mercy: Heav'n is here
Where *Juliet* lives, and every Cat and Dog,
And little Mouse, every unworthy thing

C

Lives

Lives here in Heaven, and may look on her,
 But *Romeo* may not. More Validity,
 More honourable State, more Courtship lives
 In Carrion Flies, than *Romeo*: They may seize
 On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* Hand,
 And steal immortal Blessings from her Lips,
 Who even in pure and vestal Modesty
 Still blush, and thinking their own Kisses sin.
 This may Flies do, when I from this must fly,
 And say'st thou yet, that Exile is not Death?
 But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

Hadst thou no Poison mixt, no sharp-ground Knife,
 No sudden mean of Death, tho' ne'er so mean,
 But banished to kill me? banished?
 O Friar, the damned use that Word in Hell;
 Howlings attend it, how hast thou the Heart,
 Being a Divine, a Ghostly Confessor,
 A Sin-Absolver, and my Friend profest,
 To mangle me with that Word banished?

Fri. Fond Mad-man, hear me speak.

Rom. O thou wilt speak again of Banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee Armour to keep off that Word,
 Adversity's sweet Milk, Philosophy,
 To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up Philosophy,
 Unless Philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
 Displant a Town, reverse a Prince's Doom,
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more

Fri. O then I see that mad Men have no Ears.

Rom. How shou'd they,
 When wise Men have no Eyes?

Fri. Let me despair with thee of thy Estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
 Wert thou as young as *Juliet* my Love,
 An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
 Dating like me, and like me banished,
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy Hair,
 And fall upon the Ground as I do now,
 Taking the Measure of an unmade Grave.

[Throwing himself on the Ground.

Fri. Arise, one knocks;

[Knocks within.
 Good

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Good *Romeo* hide thy self.

Rom. Not I,

Unless the Breath of Heart-sick Groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of Eyes.

[*Knock.*

Fri. Hark how they knock.

Who's there? ——— *Romeo*, arise,

Thou wilt be taken—stay a while—stand up;
Run to my Study—By and by—God's Will;

[*Knock.*

What Simplicity is this—I come, I come.

[*Knock.*

Who Knocks so hard?

Whence come you? what's your Will?

Nur. [*Within.*] Let me come in,

And you shall know my Errand:

I come from Lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nur. O holy Friar, O tell me holy Friar,
Where is my Lady's Lord? where's *Romeo*?

Fri. There, on the Ground,
With his own Tears made drunk.

Nur. O he is even in my Mistress's Case,
Just in her Case, O woful Sympathy!
Piteous Predicament, even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up, stand an you be a Man,
For *Juliet*'s sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deep an Oh! ———

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah Sir! Ah Sir! ——— Death's the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is't with her?
Doth not she think me an old Murtherer,
Now have I stain'd the Child-hood of our Joy
With Blood, removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how does she? and what says
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?

Nur. O she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her Bed, and then starts up,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that Name
Shot from the deadly level of a Gun

Did murder her, as that Names curst Hand
Murder'd her Kinsman. O tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vie Part of this Anatomy
Doth my Name lodge? tell me that I may sack
The hateful Mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate Hand:
Art thou a Man? Thy form cries out thou art.
Thy Tears are womanish, thy wild Acts do note
The unreasonable Fury of a Beast.
Unseemly Woman, in a seeming Man,
And ill beseeming Beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd:
Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? Wilt thou slay thy self?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy Life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thy self?
Why rail'st thou on thy Birth? the Heav'n and Earth?
Since Birth, and Heav'n and Earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Who like an Usurer abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a Form of Wax,
Digressing from the valour of a Man;
Thy dear Love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that Love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
Mil-shapen in the Conduct of them both,
Like Powder in a skill-less Soldier's Flask,
Is set a Fire by thine own Ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine own Defence.
What, rouse thee, Man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*; there art thou happy too.
The Law that threatned Death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to Exile; there art thou happy,
A pack of Blessings light upon thy Back,
Happiness courts thee in her best Array,
But like a mis-hav'd and a sullen Wench,

Thou

Thou puttest up thy Fortune and thy Love ;
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy Love, as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her :
But look thou stay not 'till the Watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
Than thou went'st forth in Lamentation.
Go before, Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the House to Bed,
Which heavy Sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have staid here all Night,
To hear good Counsel: Oh, what Learning is!
My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.

Nur. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir :
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my Comfort is reviv'd by this.

Fri. Go hence.

Good Night, and here stands all your State :
Either be gone before the Watch be set,
Or by the break of Day disguis'd, from hence,
Sojourn in *Mantua* ; I'll find out your Man,
And he shall signify from time to time,
Every good hap to you that chances here :
Give me thy Hand, 'tis late, farewell, good Night.

Rom. But that a Joy, past Joy, calls out on me,
It were a Grief, so brief to part with thee :
Farewel.

[*Exeant.*

SCENE IV. Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have falln out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our Daughter :
Look you, she lov'd her Kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,
And so did I ——— Well, we were born to die.

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to Night:

I promise you, but for your Company,

I would have been a bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of Woe afford no time to woo:

Madam, good night, commend me to your Daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her Mind early to Morrow;
To Night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender

Of my Child's Love: I think she will be rul'd

In all Respects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to Bed,

Acquaint her here of my Son *Paris*'s Love,

And bid her, mark you me, on *Wednesday* next —

But soft; what Day is this?

Par. *Monday*, my Lord.

Cap. *Monday*? ha! ha! well, *Wednesday* is too soon,

A *Thursday*: let it be: A *Thursday* tell her

She shall be married to this noble Earl:

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great a-do—a Friend or two —

For, hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our Kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen Friends,

And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday*?

Par. My Lord,

I would that *Thursday* were to Morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—a *Thursday* be it then:

Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [*To Lady Capulet.*]

Prepare her, Wife, against this Wedding day.

Farewel, my Lord——Light to my Chamber, ho!

'Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by.

Good Night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. The Garden.

*Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a Window; a Ladder of
Ropes set.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone?

It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine Ear;

Nightly

Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranate Tree:

Believe me Love, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
Do lace the severing Clouds in yonder East:
Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty Mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.

Jul. Yon Light is not Day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this Night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy Way to Mantua;
Therefore stay, yet thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to Death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the Morning's Eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* Brow,
Nor that is not the Lark whose Notes do beat
The vaulty Heav'ns so high above our Heads.
I have more Care to stay, than Will to go:

Come Death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.

How is't, my Soul? let's talk, it is not Day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away:

It is the Lark that sings so out of Tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and unpleasing Sharps.
Some say the Lark makes sweet Division;
This doth not so: For she divideth us.
Some say, the Lark and loathed Toad chang'd Eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voices too:
Since Arm from Arm, that Voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt-up to the Day.
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light, more dark and dark our Woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your Chamber:
The Day is broke, be wary, look about.

Jul. Then Window let Day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewell, one Kiss, and I'll descend.

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! Lord! ah Husband! Friend!

I must hear from thee every Hour in the Day,

[*Romeo comes down by the Ladder into the Garden.*]

For in a Minute there are many Days.

O by this Count I shall be much in Years,

Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewel:

I will omit no opportunity,

That may convey my Greetings, Love, to thee.

Jul. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these Woes shall serve
For sweet Discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill Divining Soul,

Methinks I see thee now, thou art so low,

As one dead in the bottom of a Tomb:

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, Love, in mine Eye so do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood, Adieu, adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Oh Fortune, Fortune, all Men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for Faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho Daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls; is it my Lady Mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd Cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your Cousin's Death!
What, wilt thou wash him from his Grave with Tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:
Therefore have done, some Grief shews much of Love,
But much of Grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep, for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the Friend
Which you weep for.

Jul.

Jul. Feeling so the loss.

I cannot chide but ever weep the Friend.

La. Cap. Well Girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, Madam?

La. Cap. That same Villain, *Romeo*.

Jul. Villain and he be many Miles asunder:
God pardon him, I do with all my Heart,
And yet no Man like he doth grieve my Heart.

La. Cap. That is because the Traitor lives.

Jul. Ay, Madam. from the reach of these my Hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cousin's Death.

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not;
Then weep no more, I'll send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banish'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd Dram,
That he shall soon keep *Tybalt* Company.
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied.
With *Romeo*, 'till I behold him ——— Dead
Is my poor Heart, so for a Kinsman vext:
Madam, If you could find out but a Man
To bear a Poison, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O how my Heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my Cousin *Tybalt*,
Upon his Body that hath slaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a Man
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings Girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your Ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful Father, Child;
One, who to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of Joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my Child, early next *Thursday* morn,
The gallant, young, and noble Gentleman,
The Count of *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful Bride.

Jul. Now by St. *Peter's* Church, and *Peter* too,
 He shall not make me there a joyful Bride,
 I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
 Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe.
 I pray you tell my Lord and Father, Madam,
 I will not marry yet, and when I do, I swear
 It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
 Rather than *Paris*. These are News indeed.

La. Cap. Here comes your Father, tell him so your self,
 And see how he will take it at your Hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the Earth doth drizzle Dew;
 But for the Sunset of my Brother's Son,
 It rains down-right.

How now a Conduit, Girl? What still in Tears?
 Evermore show'ring in one little Body?
 Thy Counterfeit's a Bark, a Sea, a Wind;
 For still thy Eyes, which I may call the Sea,
 Do ebb and flow with Tears, the Bark thy Body
 Sailing in this salt Flood, the Winds thy Sighs,
 Who raging with the Tears, and they with them,
 Without a sudden Calm will over-set
 Thy tempest-tossed Body. How now, Wife?
 Have you deliver'd to her our Decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir;
 But she will none, she gives you thanks:
 I would the Fool were married to her Grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, Wife,
 How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
 So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; But thankful, that you have.
 Proud can I never be of what I hate,
 But thankful even for Hate, that is meant Love.

Cap. How now?
 How now? chopt Logick? what is this?
 Proud? and I thank you! and I thank you not!
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
 But settle your fine Joins 'gainst *Thursday* next,
 To go with *Paris* to St. *Peter's* Church:

Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither,
Out you green-sickness Carrion, out you Baggage,
Out you Tallow face.

La. Cap. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Jul. Good Father, I beseech you on my Knees,
Hear me with Patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young Baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a *Thursday*,
Or never after look me in the Face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me,
My Fingers itch, Wife: we scarce thought us blest,
That God had lent us but this only Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a Curse in having her;
Out on her, Hilding.

Nur. God in Heav'n blefs her:
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my Lady Wisdom? hold your Tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your Gossip, go.

Nur. I speak no Treason,
O God-ye good-den——
May not one speak?

Cap. Peace you mumbling Fool,
Utter your Gravity o'er a Gossip's Bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's Bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, and play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd, and having now provided
A Gentleman of noble Parentage,
Of fair Demeans, Youthful, and nobly Allied,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable Parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would with a Man;
And then to have a wretched puling Fool,
A whinning Mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, I'll not pardon you—
Graze where you will, you shall not House with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near, lay Hand on Heart, advise,

And

And you be mine, I'll give you to my Friend:
 And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the Streets,
 For, by my Soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine, shall never do thee good:
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the Clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my Grief?

O sweet my Mother, cast me not away,
 Delay this Marriage for a Month, a Week,
 Or if you do not, make the bridal Bed
 In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a Word:
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.]

Jul. O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
 My Husband is on Earth, my Faith in Heav'n,
 How shall that Faith return again to Earth,
 Unless that Husband send it me from Heav'n,
 By leaving Earth? comfort me, counsel me,
 Alack, alack, that Heav'n should practise Stratagems
 Upon so soft a Subject as my self.
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy;
 Some Comfort, Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is:

Romeo is banish'd, and all the World to nothing
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:
 Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the Count,
 Oh he's a lovely Gentleman;
Romeo's a Dish-clout to him; an Eagle, Madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an Eye
 As *Paris* hath: beshrew my very Heart,
 I think you are happy in this second Match,
 For it excels your first: Or if it did not,
 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy Heart?

Nur. And from my Soul too,
 Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

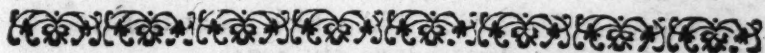
Nur.

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much:
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make Confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nur. Marry I will, and this is wisely done. [Exit.]

Jul. Ancient Damnation! O most wicked Fiend!
Is it more Sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same Tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? Go, Counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain:
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, my self have power to die. [Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE. *The Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

Fri. **O**N *Thursday*, Sir! the time is very short.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste,

Fri. You say you do not know the Lady's Mind:
Uneven is the Course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tybalt's* Death,
And therefore have I little talk of Love,
For *Venus* smiles not in a House of Tears:
Now, Sir, her Father counts it dangerous
That she should give her Sorrow so much sway;
And in his Wisdom, hastes our Marriage,
To stop the Inundation of her Tears,
Which too much minded by her self alone,
May be put from her by Society.
Now do you know the Reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd,
Look, Sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my Wife.

Jul.

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a Wife.

Par. That may be, must be, Love, on *Thursday* next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain Text.

Par. Come you to make Confession to this Father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confesse to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more Price,
Being spoke behind your Back, than to your Face.

Par. Poor Soul, thy Face is much abus'd with Tears.

Jul. The Tears have got small Victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than Tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no Slander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I speak, I speak it to my Face.

Par. Thy Face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy Father, now,

Or shall I come to you at Evening Mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, penfive Daughter, now.
My Lord, I must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield I should disturb Devotion:

Juliet, on *Thursday* early will I rowze ye,
'Till then adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [Exit Paris.

Jul. O shut the Door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy Grief,
It strains me past the compass of my Wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thursday* next be married to this Count.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If in thy Wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my Resolution wise,

And with this Knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my Heart and *Romeo's*, thou our Hands,

And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,

Shall be the Label to another Deed,

Or my true Heart, with treacherous Revolt,

Turn

Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore out of thy long experienc'd Time,
Give me some present Counsel, or behold
'Twixt my Extreame and me, this bloody Knife
Shall play the Umpire ; arbitrating that,
Which the Commission of thy Years and Art
Could to no issue of true Honour bring :
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of Remedy.

Fri. Hold, Daughter, I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an Execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou hast the Strength of Will to slay thy self,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like Death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with Death himself, to 'scape from it :
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walk in thievish Ways, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are : Chain me with roaring Bears,
Or hide me nightly in a charnel House,
O'er covered quite with dead Men's ratling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapsle's Skulls :
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead Man in his Grave,
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd Wife to my sweet Love.

Fri. Hold then. Go home, be merry, give consent,
To marry *Paris*. *Wednesday* is to-Morrow ;
To-Morrow Night look that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber :
Take thou this Viol being then in Bed,
And this distilling Liquor drink thou off.
When presently, through all thy Veins, shall run
A cold and drowsie Humour : For no Pulse
Shall keep his native Progress, but surcease :
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest ;
The Roses in thy Lips and Cheeks shall fade

To mealy Ashes, the Eyes Windows fall
 Like Death, when he shuts up the Day of Life;
 Each part depriv'd of supple Government,
 Shall stiff and stark, and cold appear like Death,
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk Death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty Hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant Sleep.
 Now when the Bridegroom in the Morning comes
 To rowse thee from thy Bed, there thou art Dead:
 Then as the manner of our Country is,
 In thy best Robes uncover'd on the Bier,
 Be born to Burial in thy Kindreds Grave:
 Thou shalt be born to that same ancient Vault,
 Where all the Kindred of the *Capulet's* lye.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our Drift,
 And hither shall he come; and that very Night
 Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*.
 And this shall free thee from this present Shame,
 If no unconstant Toy or Womanish fear,
 Abate thy Valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me, O tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve, I'll send a Friar with speed
 To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.

Jul. Love give me Strength, and Strength shall help afford.
 Farewel, dear Father.

S C E N E II. *Capulet's House.*

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three Servants.

Cap. So many Guests invite as here are writ:
 Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cooks.

Ser. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try whether
 they can lick their Fingers.

Cap. How can'st thou try them so?

Ser. Marry, Sir, it is an ill Cook that cannot lick his
 own Fingers: Therefore he that cannot lick his Fingers,
 goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. We shall be much unfurnish'd for
 this time: What, is my Daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence*?
Nur.

Nur. Ay forsooth.

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peevish self-will'd Harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from Shrift, with merry look.

Cap. How now, my Headstrong?
Where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the Sin,
Of disobedient Opposition,
To you and your behests, and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your Pardon: Pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Count, go, tell him of this,
I'll have this Knot knit up to-Morrow Morning.

Jul. I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gave him what becoming Love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand up,
This is as't should be, let me see the County:
Ay, marry, go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reverend Holy Friar,
All our whole City is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,
To help me sort such needful Ornaments,
As you think fit to furnish me-to-Morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thursday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go Nurse, go with her;
We'll to Church to-Morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our Provision;
'Tis now near Night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I'll warrant thee, Wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to Bed to Night, let me alone:
I'll play the Housewife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth; well I will walk my self
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Against to-Morrow. My Heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Lady Cap.*]

SCENE

SCENE III. *Juliet's Chamber.**Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

Jul. Ay, those Attires are best; but, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee leave me to my self to Night:
For I have need of many Orisons,
To move the Heav'ns to smile upon my State,
Which well thou know'st is cross and full of Sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What are you busie, ho? Need you my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd such Necessaries
As are behoveful for our State to-Morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this Night sit up with you;
For I am sure you have your Hands full all,
In this so sudden Busineſs.

La. Cap. Good Night,
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Farewel;
God knows, when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my Veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of Fire:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse——what should she do here?
My dismal Scene I needs must act alone:
Come Vial——what if this Mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married to-Morrow Morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it; lye thou there.

[Pointing to a Dagger.]

What if it be a Poison, which the Friar
Subtilly hath ministred to have me dead,
Lest in this Marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is, and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a Holy Man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tomb,
I wake before the time, that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful Point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,
To whose foul Mouth no healthsome Air breaths in,

And

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
 Or if I live, it is not very like,
 The horrible Conceit of Death and Night,
 Together with the Terror of the place,
 As in a Vault, an ancient Receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred Years, the Bones
 Of all my buried Ancestors are packt;
 Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in Earth,
 Lies festring in his Shrowd; where, as they say,
 At some Hours in the Night, Spirits resort —
 Alack, alack! is is not like that I
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like Mandrakes torn out of the Earth,
 That living Mortals, hearing them, run mad —
 Or if I walk, shall I not be distraught,
 Invironed with all these hideous Fears,
 And madly play with my Fore-fathers Joints,
 And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his Shrowd?
 And in this Rage, with some great Kinsman's Bone,
 As with a Club, dash out my desperate Brains?
 O look! methinks I see my Cousin's Ghost,
 Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his Body
 Upon his Rapier's Point: Stay, *Tybalt* stay!
Romeo! Romeo! Romeo! here's drink - I drink to thee. [Ex.]

SCENE IV. A Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Ia. Cap. Hold,
 Take these Keys and fetch more Spices, Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,
 The second Cock hath crow'd,
 The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a' Clock:
 Look to the bak'd Meats, good *Angelica*.
 Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go you cot-quean, go;
 Get you to bed; faith you'll be sick to morrow
 For this Night's watching.

Cap. No not a whit, I have watch'd ere now

All

All Night for a less Cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a Mouse hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood——
Now Fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with Spits, and Logs, and Baskets.

Ser. Things for the Cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste, Sirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a Head, Sir, that will find out Logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Mass and well said, a merry Horson, ha!
Thou shalt be Logger-head——good Faith, 'tis Day.

[*Play Musick.*]

The County will be here with Musick straight,
For so he said he would. I hear him near.

Nurse, Wife, what ho? What *Nurse* I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris*: Hie, make haste,
Make haste, I say. [*Exit Capulet.*]

S C E N E *draws and discovers Juliet on a Bed.*

Nur. Mistress, what Mistress! *Juliet*! — Fast I warrant
her,

Why Lamb —— why Lady —— Fie you slug-a-bed ——

Why Love, I say —— Madam, Sweet-heart —— Why Bride ——

What, not a Word! you take your Pennyworths now;

Sleep for a week, for the next Night I warrant,

The County *Paris* hath set up his rest,

That you should rest but little —— God forgive me ——

Marry and Amen —— How sound is she asleep?

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,

Ay, let the County take you in your Bed ——

He'll fright you up i' faith. Will it not be?

What drest, and in your Cloaths —— and down again!

I must needs awake you: Lady, Lady, Lady ——

Alas! alas! help! help! my Lady's dead.

O well a day, that ever I was born!

Some *Aqua-vite* ho! my Lord, my Lady!

Enter

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What Noise is here ?

Nur. O lamentable Day !

La. Cap. What is the Matter ?

Nur. Look, look——oh heavy Day !

La. Cap. O me, O me, my Child, my only Life !

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee :

Help, help, call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame bring Juliet forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. She's dead, Deceas'd, she's dead : Alack the Day.

La. Cap. Alack the Day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha ! Let me see her——Out alas, she's cold.

Her Blood is settled, and her Joints are Stiff,

Life and these Lips have long been seperated :

Death lies on her, like an untimely Frost

Upon the sweetest Flower of the Field.

Nur. O lamentable Day !

La. Cap. O woful time !

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my Tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O Son, the Night before the Wedding-day,

Hath Death lain with thy Wife : see, there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflower'd now by him :

Death is my Son-in-Law, Death is my Heir,

My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leave him all, Life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this Morning's Face,
And doth it give me such a fight as this ?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful Day,
Most miserable Hour, that time e'er saw

In lasting Labour of his Pilgrimage.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving Child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nur. O wo ! O woful, woful, woful, Day !

Most lamentable Day ! most woful Day !

That ever, ever, I did yet behold,

O Day ! O Day ! O Day ! O hateful Day !

Never

Never was seen so black a Day as this:

O woful Day: O woful Day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown——

O Love! O Life! not Life, but Love in Death.

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd——
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder our Solemnity?

O Child! O Child! my Soul, and not my Child!

Dead art thou——alack my Child is dead,

And with my Child, my Joys are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame——Confusions? Care lives not
In these Confusions. Heav'n and your self
Had part in this fair Maid, now Heav'n hath all.
And all the better is it for the Maid:

Your part in her, you could not keep from Death,
But Heav'n keeps his part in eternal Life:

The most you sought was her Promotion,
For 'twas your Heav'n that she should be advanc'd;

And weep you now, seeing she is advanc'd

Above the Clouds, as high as Heav'n it self?

O in this Love, you love your Child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well.

She's not well Married that lives married long,

But she's best Married that dies married young.

Dry up your Tears, and stick your Rosemary

On this fair Coarse, and as the Custom is,

All in her best Array, bear her to Church:

For tho' fond Nature bids us all lament,

Yet Nature's Tears are Reason's Merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained Festival,
Turn from their Office to black Funeral:

Our Instruments to melancholy Bells;

Our wedding Chear to a sad burial Feast;

Our solemn Hymns to sullen Dirges change;

Our Bridal Flowers, serve for a buried Coarse:

And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and Madam, go with him,

And go, Sir *Paris*, every one prepare

To follow this fair Coarse unto her Grave.

The Heav'ns do lowre upon you for some ill:
Move them no more, by crossing their high Will. [*Exeunt.*]

Mu. Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest good Fellows: Ah, put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitiful Case.

Mu. Ay, by my Troth, the Case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians: Oh Musicians,
Heart's ease, Heart's ease;
Oh, and you will have me live, play Heart's ease.

Mu. Why Heart's ease?

Pet. O Musicians,
Because my Heart it self Plays, my Heart is full.

Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mu. What will you give us?

Pet. No Mony on my Faith, but the Gleeck.

I will give you the Ministrel.

Mu. Then I will give you the serving Creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving Creature's Dagger on
your Pate. I will carry no Crotchets, I'll Re you, I'll
Fa you, do you Note me?

Mu. And you Re us and Fa us, you Note us.

2 *Mu.* Pray you put up your Dagger.

And put out your Wit.

Then have at you with my Wit.

Pet. I will dry-beat you with an Iron Wit.

And put up my Iron Dagger.

Answer me like Men:

When griping Grievs the Heart doth wound,

Then Musick with her silver sound——

Why silver sound? Why Musick with her silver sound?

What say you, *Simon Catling*!

Mu. Marry, Sir, because Silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pratest? what say you *Hugh Rebeck*?

2. *Mu.* I say Silver sound, because Musicians sound for sil-

Pet. Pratest too? what say you *James sound-Post*? [*ver.*]

3 *Mu.* Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will say for you, it is Musick with her silver sound,
 Because Musicians have no Gold for sounding:
 Then Musick with her silver Sound, with speedy help
 doth lend redress. [Exit.

Mu. What a pestilent Knave is this same?

2 *Mu.* Hang him, *Jack*, come, we'll in here, tarry for
 the Mourners, and stay Dinner. (Exit.



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Mantua.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. **I**F I may trust the flattering truth of Sleep,
 My Dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
 My Bosom's Lord sits lightly in his Throne,
 And all this winged, unaccustom'd Spirit,
 Lifts me above the Ground with cheerful Thoughts.
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
 (Strange Dream! that gives a dead Man leave to think)
 And breath'd such Life with Kisses in my Lips,
 That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is Love it self possess,
 When but Love's Shadows are so rich in Joy?

Enter Romeo's Man.

News from *Verona*—How now *Balthazar*?
 Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Friar?
 How doth my Lady? is my Father well?
 How doth my Lady *Juliet*? That I ask again,
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
 Her Body sleeps in *Capulet's* Monument,
 And her immortal part with Angels lives:
 I saw her laid low in her Kindreds Vault,
 And presently took Post to tell it you:
 O pardon me for bringing these ill News,
 Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so?—

Then I deny you Stars.

Thou knowest my Lodging, get me Ink and Paper,
 And hire Post-Horses. I will hence to Night.

Man.

Man. I do beseech you, Sir, have patience :
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some Misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Friar ?

Man. No, good my Lord.

Rom. No matter : Get thee gone,
And hire those Horses, I'll be with the strait. [*Exit Man.*
Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to Night ;
Let's see for means——O *Milchief* thou art swift
To enter in the Thought of desperate Men :
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,
Culling of Simples ; meager were his Looks,
Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones :
And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,
An Alligator stuft, and other Skins
Of ill-shap'd Fishes, and about his Shelves
A beggarly Account of empty Boxes ;
Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,
Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered to make up a shew.
Noting this Penury, to my self I said,
And if a Man did need a Poison now,
Whose sale is present Death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a Caitiff Wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy Man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the House,
Being holy-day, the Beggar's Shop is shut.
What ho ! Apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither Man, I see that thou art poor,
Hold, there is forty Ducats, let me have
A Dram of Poison, such soon speeding Geer,
As will disperse it self thro' all the Veins,
That the Life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunk may be discharg'd of Breath,

D

As

As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal Cannon's Womb.

Ap. Such mortal Drugs I have, but *Mantua's* Law
Is Death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of Wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppression stareth in thine Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back:
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;
The World affords no Law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my Will consents.

Rom. I pay thy Poverty, and not thy Will.

Ap. Put this in any Liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the Strength
Of twenty Men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy Gold, worse Poison to Mens Souls,
Doing more Murder in this loathsome World,
Than these poor Compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell the Poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel, buy Food, and get thy self in Flesh.
Come Cordial, and not Poison, go with me
To *Juliet's* Grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar John to Friar Lawrence.

John. Holy *Franciscan* Friar! Brother! ho!

Law. This same should be the Voice of *Friar John*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what says *Romeo*?
Or if his Mind be writ, give me his Letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot Brother out,
One of our Order, to associate me,
Here in this City visiting the Sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Town,
Suspecting that we both were in a House
Where the infectious Pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the Doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

John. I could not send it; here it is again,

Nor

Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of Infection.

Law. Unhappy Fortune ! by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice, but full of Charge,
Of dear Import, and the neglecting it
May do much Danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Unto my Cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three Hours will fair *Juliet* wake,
She will beshrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these Accidents :
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my Cell 'till *Romeo* come,
Poor living Coarse, clos'd in a dead Man's Tomb. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Church-yard, in it, a noble Monument belonging to the Capulets.*

Enter Paris and his Page, with a Light.

Par. Give me thy Torch, Boy; hence, and stand aloof:
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen :
Under yond' young Trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy Ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no Foot upon the Church-yard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of Graves,
But thou shalt hear it : Whistle then to me.
As Signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those Flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Pag. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*

Par. Sweet Flower, with Flowers thy bridal Bed I strew :
O Woe, thy Canopy is Dust and Stones.
Which with sweet Water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with Tears distill'd by Mones ;
The Obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy Grave and weep.

[*The Boy whistles.*

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach,—
What cursed Foot wanders this way to Night,

To cross my Obsequies, and true Lov's right?
 What with a Torch? Muffle me, Night, a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter with a Light.

Rom. Give me that Mattock, and the wrenching Iron.
 Hold, take this Letter, early in the Morning
 See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father.
 Give me the Light; upon thy Life I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my Course.
 Why I descend into this Bed of Death,
 Is partly to behold my Lady's Face:
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead Finger,
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear Employment, therefore hence be gone:
 But if thou, Jealous, dost return to Pry
 In what I further shall intend to do.
 By Heaven I will tear thee Joint by Joint,
 And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy Limbs;
 The Time and my Intents are savage wild,
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Pet. I will be gone Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me Friendship: Take thou that,
 Live and be prosperous, and farewell good Fellow.

Pet. For all this same, I'll hide me here about,
 His Looks I fear, and his Intents I doubt, [Exit.

Rom. Thou detestable Maw thou Womb of Death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest Morsel of the Earth:
 Thus I enforce thy rotten Jaws to open.

[Breaking open the Monument.]

And in despite, I'll cram thee with more Food.

Par. This is that banisht haughty Mountague
 That murdered my Love's Cousin; with which Grief,
 It is supposed the fair Creature died,
 And here is come to do some villainous Shame
 To the dead Bodies: I will apprehend him.
 Stop thy unhollowed Toil, vile Mountague:
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than Death?
 Condemned Villain, I do apprehend thee;
 Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither —

Good

Good gentle Youth, tempt not a desperate Man,
Fly hence and leave me, think upon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, Youth,
Pull not another Sin upon my Head,
By urging me to Fury. O be gone,
By Heav'n I love thee better than my self;
For I come hither arm'd against my self:
Stay not, be gone; Live, and hereafter say,
A mad Man's Mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do despise thy Commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Felton here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, Boy.

[*They fight, Paris falls.*]

Pag. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Par. O I am slain; if thou be Merciful,
Open the Tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In Faith I will: Let me peruse this Face —
Mercutio's Kinsman! Noble County *Paris*!
What said my Man, when my betroffed Soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me *Paris* should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet;
To think it was so? O give me thy Hand,
One writ with me in sour Misfortune's Book,
I'll bury thee in a Triumphant Grave.
A Grave? O no a Lanthorn, slaughter'd Youth:
For here lyes Juliet, and her Beauty makes
This Vault a Feasting Presence full of Light.
Death, lye thou there, by a dead Man interr'd.
How oft when Men are at the point of Death,
Have they been merry? Which their Keepers call
A Lightning before Death? Oh how may I
Call this a Lightning? O my Love, my Wife,
Death that hath suck'd the Honey of thy Breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy Beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, Beauty's Ensign yet
Is Crimson in thy Lips and in thy Cheeks,
And Death's pale Flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody Sheet?
O what more Favour can I do to thee,

Than

Than with that Hand that cut thy Youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thy Enemy?
 Forgive me Cousin. Ah dear *Juliet*,
 Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe,
 Shall I believe, that unsubstantial Death is Amorous?
 And that the lean abhorred Monster. keeps
 Thee here in Dark, to be his Paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim Night
 Depart again: Come lie thou in my Arms,
 Here's to thy Health, where-e'er thou tumblest in.
 A true Apothecary!
 Thy Drugs are quick. Thus with a Kiss I die,
 Depart again; here, here will I remain,
 With Worms that are thy Chamber-maids; Oh here
 Will I set up my Everlasting Rest;
 And shake the Yoke of inauspicious Stars
 From this World's wearied Flesh. Eyes look your last,
 Arms take your last embrace; and Lips, O you
 The Doors of Breath, seal with a righteous Kiss
 A dateless Bargain to engrossing Death:
 Come bitter Conduct, come unfavoury Guide,
 Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing Rocks thy Sea-sick weary Bark:
 Here's to my Love. O true Apothecary!
 Thy Drugs are quick. Thus with a Kiss I die.

Enter Friar Lawrence with Lanthorn, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. *Francis* be my Speed, how oft to Night
 Have my old Feet stumbled at Graves? Who's there?

Pet. Here's one, a Friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my Friend,
 What Torch is yond, that vainly lends his Light
 To Grubs and eyeless Sculls? As I discern,
 It burneth in the *Capulets* Monument.

Pet. It doth so, Holy Sir,
 And there's my Master, one that you Love.

Fri. Who is it?

Pet. *Romeo*.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Pet. Full half an Hour.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Pet.

Pet. I dare not, Sir.

My Master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with Death,
If I did stay to look on his Intents.

Fri. Stay, then I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Pet. As I did sleep under this young Tree here,
I dreamt my Master and another fought,
And that my Master slew him.

Fri. *Romeo!*

Alack, alack, what Blood is this which stains
The stony Entrance of this Sepulchre?
What mean these Masterless and Goary Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of Peace?

Romeo! oh pale! Who else? What *Paris* too?
And steep'd in Blood? Ah what an unkind Hour
Is guilty of this lamentable Chance?
The Lady stirs.

Jul. O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be?
And there I am! where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I hear some noise, Lady, come from that Nest
Of Death, Contagion, and unnatural Sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our Intents; come, come away,
Thy Husband in thy Bosom there lyes Dead,
And *Paris* too-- --Come, I'll dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of Holy Nuns.

Stay not to question, for the Watch is coming,
Come, go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer stay. [Exit.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A Cup clos'd in my true Love's Hand?
Poison I see hath been his timeless End.
O Churl, drink all, and left no Friendly drop,
To help me after? I will Kiss thy Lips,
Haply some Poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a Restorative.
Thy Lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?

Then I'll be brief. O happy Daggar,

Tis

'Tis in thy Sheath, there rust and let me die. [*Kills her self.*]

Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burn.

Watch. The Ground is bloody.
Search about the Church-yard,
Go some of you, who e'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two Days buried.
Go tell the Prince, run to the Capulets,
Raile up the Mountagues, some others search—
We see the Ground whereon these Woes do lye;
But the true Ground of all these pitious Woes
We cannot without Circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch with Romeo's Man.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's Man,
We found him in the Church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter Eriar and a third Watchman.

3 Watch. Here is a Friar that trembles, fights and weeps:
We took this Mattock and this Spade from him,
As he was coming from this Church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great Suspicion, stay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our Person from our Morning's Rest?

Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. O the People in the Street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run
With open out-cry toward our Monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your Ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County of Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search,
Seek, and know how this foul Murther comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's Man,
With Instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead Mens Tombs.

Cap. O Heav'n!

O Wife, look how our Daughter bleeds!
This Dagger hath mista'en, for loe his house
Is empty on the back of *Mountague*,
And is mis-sheathed in my Daughter's Bosom.

La. Cap. O me, this sight of Death is as a Bell.
That warns my old Age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy Son and Heir now early down.

Moun. Alas, my Liege, my Wife is dead to Night,
Grief of my Son's Exile hath stop'd her Breath:
What further Wo conspires against my Age?

Pri. Look, and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou untaught, what Manners is in this,
To press before thy Father to a Grave?

Pri. Seal up the mouth of Out-rage for a while,
'Till we can clear these Ambiguities,
And know their Spring, their Head, their true Descent;
And then will I be General of your Woes,
And lead you even to Death. Meantime forbear,
And let Mischance be Slave to Patience.
Bring forth the Parties of Suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the Time and Place
Doth make against me, of this direful Murther:
And here I stand both to Impeach and Purge
My self Condemned, and my self Excus'd.

Pri. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of Breath
Is not so long as is a tedious Tale.

Romeo, there dead, was Husband to that *Juliet*;
And she there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful Wife:
I Married them; and their stoln Marriage Day
Was *Tybalt's* Dooms-day, whose untimely Death
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroom from this City;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that Siege of Grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have Married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild Looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second Marriage,

Or

Or in my Cell there would she kill her self.
 Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my Art)
 A sleeping Potion, which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of Death. Mean time I write to *Romeo*,
 That he should hither come, as this dire Night,
 To help to take her from her borrowed Grave,
 Being the time the Potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my Letter, Friar *John*,
 Was staid by Accident and yesternight
 Return'd my Letter back; then all alone,
 At the prefixed Hour of her awaking,
 Came I to take her from her Kindreds Vault,
 Meaning to keep her closely at my Cell,
 'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
 But when I came (some Minute ere the time
 Of her awaking) here untimely lay
 The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
 She wakes? and I intreat her to come forth,
 And bear this Work of Heav'n with Patience:
 But then a Noise did scare me from the Tomb,
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did Violence on her self.
 All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is privy:
 If ought in this miscarried by my fault,
 Let my old Life be sacrific'd, some Hour before the time,
 Unto the Rigour of severest Law.

Pri. We still have known thee for an Holy Man.
 Where's *Romeo's* Man? What can he say to this?

Peter. I brought my Master News of *Juliet's* Death,
 And then in Post he came from *Mantua*
 To this same Place, to this same Monument.
 This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
 And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Pri. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
 Where is the County's Page that rais'd the Watch?
 Sirrah, what made your Master in this Place?

Page. He came with Flowers to strew his Lady's Grave,
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
 Anon comes one with Light to ope the Tomb.

And

And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Pri. This Letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their Course of Love, the Tidings of her Death :
And here he writes, that he did buy a Poison
Of a poor 'Pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this Vault to die, and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be these Enemies? *Capulet, Mountague*,
See what a Scourge is laid upon your Hate,
That Heav'n finds Means to kill your Joys with Love :
And I, for winking at your Discords too,
Have lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.

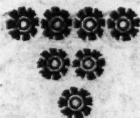
Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, give me thy Hand,
This is my Daughter's Jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That while *Verona* by that Name is known,
There shall no Figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lye,
Poor Sacrifices of our Enmity.

Pri. A gloomy Peace this Morning with it brings,
The Sun for Sorrow will not shew his Head;
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For never was a Story of more Woe,
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



PROLOGUE.

TWO Households, both alike in Dignity,
(In fair Verona, where we lay our Scene)

From ancient Grudge, break to Mutiny,

Where Civil Blood makes Civil Hands unclean:

From forth the fatal Loins of these two Foes,

A pair of Star-cross'd Lovers take their Life;

Whose mis-adventur'd pitious Overthrows,

Do, with their Death, bury their Parents Strife.

The fearful Passage of their Death-mark'd Love,

And the Continuance of their Parents Rage,

Which but their Childrens End nought could remove,

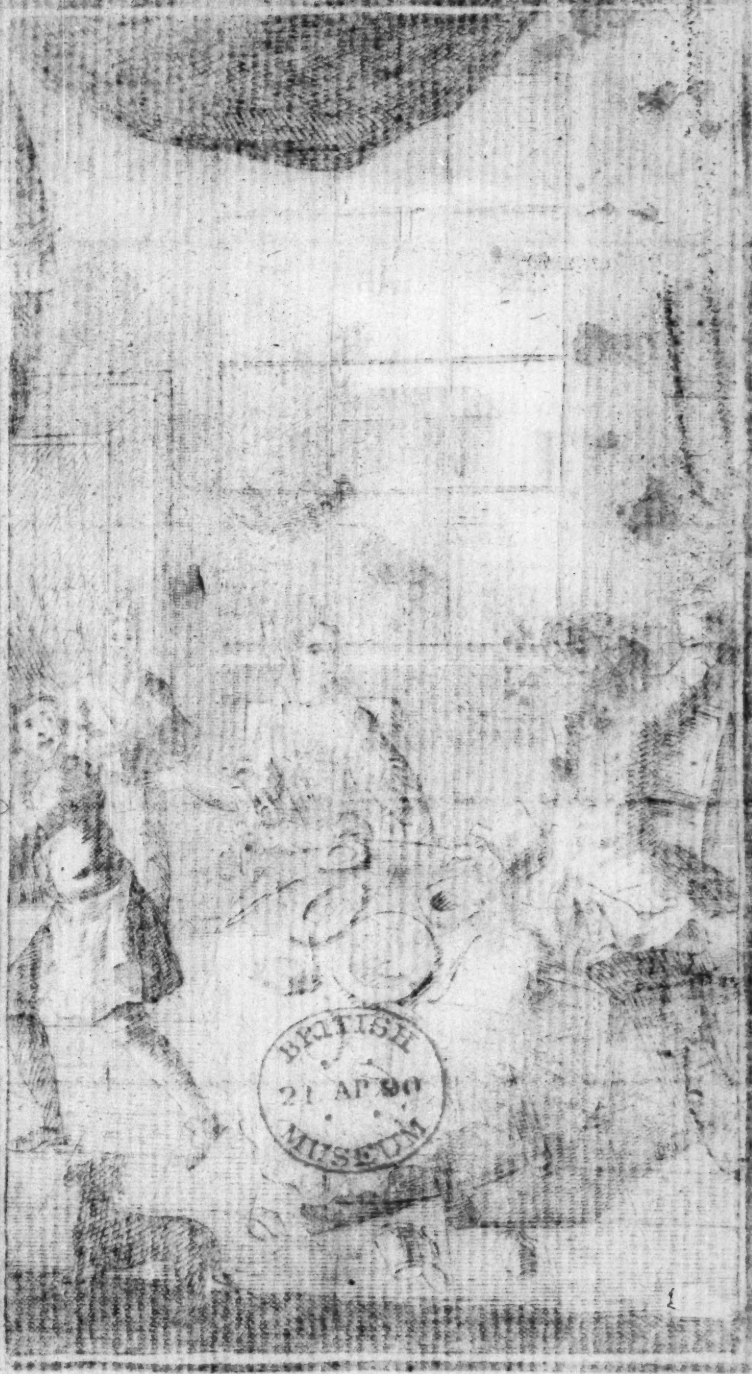
Is now the two Hours Traffick of our Stage.

The which, if you with patient Ears attend,

What here shall miss, our Toil shall strive to mend.

F I N I S.







THE
TAMING
OF THE
SHREW.
A
COMEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's Head* in
Turn-again-Lane, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had
at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's-Head*, in *Change-
Alley*, *Cornhill*.

M DCC XXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

A Lord, before whom the Play is suppos'd to be play'd.
Christopher Sly, a drunken Tinker.
Hostess.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

The Persons of the Play itself, are

Baptista, Father to Katharina and Biancha, very rich.
Vincentio, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

Lucentio, Son to Vincentio, in Love with Biancha.

Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Katharina.

Gremio, } Pretenders to Biancha.
Hortensio, }

Tranio, } Servants to Lucentio.
Biondello, }

Grumio, Servant to Petruchio.

Pedant, an old Fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

Katharina, the Shrew.

Biancha, her Sister.

Widow.

Taylor, Haberdashers, with Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE in the latter End of the third,
and beginning of the fourth Act, in Petru-
chio's House in the Country; for the rest of
the Play in Padua.



THE



THE
Taming of the Shrew.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

S L Y.



L L pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue:

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues. Look in the *Chronicles*, we came in with *Richard the Conqueror*; therefore *Paucus Pallabris* let the world slide: *Sessa*.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a deniere: go, by *St. Jeronimy*, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the headborough. [Exit.]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough. I'll answer him by law; I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]

Wind horns. Enter a lord from hunting with a train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds,

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is imboft,
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd brach.

A 2

Saw'st

Saw'st thou not, boy, how silver made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the meereft loss,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better d g.

Lord. Thou art a fool, if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all,
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd
with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapt in sweet cloaths? rings put upon his fingers;
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar than forget himself?

Hun. Believe me, sir, I think he cannot chuse.

Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he
wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatter'ing dream, or worthless fan-
Then take him up, and manage well the jest: (cy
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heav'nly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And with a low submissive reverence,
Say, what is it your honour will command:
Let one attend him with a silver bason
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers.

Another

The Taming of the Shrew.

5

Another bear the ewer ; a third a diaper,
And say, wilt please your lordship cool your hands ?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease ;
Persuade him that he hath been lunatick,
And when he says he's poor, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord :
This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs :
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you we'll play our
As he shall think by our true diligence, (part.
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take up gently, and to bed with him ;
And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Sound trumpets.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.
Belike some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Enter servant.

How now ? who is it ?

Ser. An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near :

Enter Players.

Now fellows you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night ?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remem-
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ; (ber,
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well :
I have forgot your name ; but sure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sim. I think 'twas *Soto* that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didst it excellent ;
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

A 3

There

6 *The Taming of the Shrew.*

There is a lord will hear you play to Night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him: For I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
Let them want nothing that the house affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,
And see him drest in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accomplished;
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say; what is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love?
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for these seven Years hath esteem'd himself
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar;
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst,
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Serv.*]
I know the boy will usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband,
And

The Taming of the Shrew.

7

And how my men will stay themselves from laugh-
When they do homage to this single peasant; (ter,
I'll in to counsel them: haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extreams.

*Enter Sly with attendants, some with apparel, bason and
ewer, and other appurtenances.*

Sly. For God's sake a Pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup
of sack?

2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these
conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to
day?

Sly. I am *Christophers Sly*, call not me honour, nor
lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life? and if you
give me any preserves, give me preserves of beef:
ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no
more doublets than backs, no more stockings than
legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes
more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look
through the over-leather.

Lord. Heav'n cease this idle humour in your ho-
Oh that a mighty man of such descent, (nour,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit.

Sly. What, would you make me mad? am not I
Christophers Sly, old *Sly's* son of *Burton-Heath*, by birth
a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmu-
tation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a
tinker? ask *Marrian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*,
if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen-
pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the
lying'st knave in christendom. What I am not be-
straught: here's-----

1 Man. Oh! this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Man. Oh this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. (house,
Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams :
 Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
 Each in his office ready at thy beck.
 Wilt thou have musick? hark, *Apollo* plays, [*Musick.*
 And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
 Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
 Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
 On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.
 Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrow the ground:
 Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
 Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
 Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt,
 Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,
 And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow the earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as
 As breathed stags; ay, fleetier than the roe. (*Swift*

2 *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
Adonis, painted by a running brook, (thee straight
 And *Citherea* all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,
 Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee *Io*, as she was a maid,
 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Man.* Or *Daphne* roaming thro' a thorny wood,
 Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
 And at the sight shall sad *Apollo* weep:
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful,
 Than any woman in this waining age.

1 *M.n.* And 'till the tears that she hath shed for
 Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face, (thee,
 She was the fairest creature in the world,
 And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
 Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
 I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
 I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things:
 Upon my life I am a lord indeed,

And

And not a tinker, nor *Christophero Sly*.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,
And once again a pot o'th' smallest ale.

2 Man. Will't please your mightiness to wash your
Oh how we joy to see your wits restor'd, (hands;
Oh that once more you knew but what you are?
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or when you wak'd, you wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly
But did I never speak of all that time? (nap;

1 Man. Oh yes, my lord, but very idle words.
For tho' you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail'd upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she bought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometime you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house,

3 Man. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up, (maid,
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Enter lady with attendants.

Sly. I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it.

Lady. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Lady. Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me lord, I am your good man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
I am your wife in all obedience. (band,

Sly. I know it well, what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam!

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so lords call la-

The Taming of the Shrew.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants leave me, and her alone:
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Lady. Thrice, noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two:

Or if not so, until the sun be set;

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed;

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long;
But I would be loath to fall into my dream again:
I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and
the blood.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amend-
Are come to play a pleasant comedy; (ment,
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing so much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the nurse of phrenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play, is it not a co-
monty, a *Christmas* gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household-stuff?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't:

Come, madam wife, sit by my side,

And let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had

To see fair *Padua*, nursery of arts,

I am arriv'd for fruitful *Lombardy*,

The pleasant garden of great *Italy*.

And by my father's love and leave am arm'd

With his good will, and thy good company.

Most

The Taming of the Shrew.

11

Most trusty servant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breath, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first
A merchant of great traffick thro' the world :
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio's son, brought up in *Florence*,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply to, that treats of happiness,
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind, for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plung him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me *Pardonato*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself ;
Glad, that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy :
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray ;
Or so devote to *Aristotle's* checks,
As *Ovid* be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk ;
Musick and poesie use to quicken you,
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
you :

No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en :
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well dost thou advise ;
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in *Padua* shall beget:
But stay a while, what company is this ?

Tra.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Tra. Master, some shew to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista with Katharina and Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio, Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me not farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you known :
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder :
If either of you both love *Katharina*,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me,
There, there, *Hortensio*, will you any wife ?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst those mates ?

Hor. Mates, maid, how mean you that ?
No mates, for you ;

Unless you were of gentler milder mould.

Kath. Ffaith, sir, you shall never need to fear,
I wis it is not half way to her heart :

But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good lord deliver us,

Gre. And me too, good lord.

Tra. Hush, master, here's some good pastime
toward,

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see,
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, *Tranio*

Tra. Well said, master, mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, *Bianca* get you in
And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee ne'er the less my girl.

Kath. A pretty Peat, it is best put finger in the eye.
And she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by my self.

Luc.

The Taming of the Shrew.

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Luc. Hearn, *Tranio*. thou maist hear *Minerva* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grief,

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptista*, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye, I am resolv'd:
Go in, *Bianca*.

And for I know she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry,
School-masters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, *Hortensia*,
Or signior *Gremio*, you know any such,
Prefer them hither, for to cunning men
I will be very kind and liberal,
To mine own children: in good bringing up,
And so farewell. *Katharina*, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*,

[*Ex.*

Kath. Why, I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed hours, as tho',
Belike, I knew what to take,
And what to leave? ha!

[*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts
are so good, here is none will hold you. Our love
is not so great, *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails
together and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dough on
both sides. Farewel; for the love I bear my sweet
Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to
teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him
to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior *Gremio*: but a word, I pray;
tho' the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd
parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both,
that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress,
and be happy rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and
effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre.

Gre. I say a devil. Think'st thou, *Hortensio*, tho' her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, *Gremio*; tho' it pass your patience and mine to endure her lewd alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whip'd at the high-crofs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples: come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so forth friendly maintain'd, 'till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet *Bianca*! happy man be his dole; he that runs fastest gets the ring; how say you, signior *Gremio*?

Gre. I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin the wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gre. and Hor. Manet Tra. and Lucen.*]

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should on a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness,
And now in plainness to confess to thee,

That art to me as secret and as dear
As *Anna* to the queen of *Carthage* was.

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo

Luc.

The Taming of the Shrew.

15

Luc. Gramercy, lad, go forward, this contents,
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm, (sister
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, than 'tis time to stir him from his trance:
I pray awake, sir; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wit to atchieve her. Thus it
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd, (stands:
That 'till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home,
And therefore has she closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning school-masters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay marry, am I, sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand.

Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be school-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. *Bassa*, content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house.
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,

For

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For man or master : then it follows thus.
 Thou shalt be master, *Tranio*, in my stead ;
 Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
 I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
 Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so : *Tranio*, at once
 Uncase thee : take my colour'd hat and cloak,
 When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee,
 But I will charm him first to keep his Tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am tied to be obedient,
 For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
 Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
 Altho', I think, 'twas in another sense,
 I am content to be *Lucentio*,
 Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio*, be so, because *Lucentio* loves :
 And let me be a slave t'atchieve that maid,
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been ? nay, how now, where are
 you ? master, has my fellow *Tranio* stoll'n your cloaths,
 or you stoll'n his, or both ? pray what's the news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither, 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow *Tranio* here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his :
 For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I kill'd a man, and fear I am descry'd :
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes ;
 While I make way from hence to save my Life.
 You understand me ?

Bion. Ay, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chain'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So would I, faith boy, to have the next wish af-
 ter, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptista's* youngest
 But

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But sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise you use your manners discreetly in all kind of Companies : when I am alone, why then I am *Tranio* ; but in all places else, your master *Lucentio* .

Luc. Tranio, let's go :

One thing more rests, that thy self execute,
To make one 'mong these wooers ; if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exe.*

The Presenters above speak.

1 Man. My lord, you nod, you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint *Anne*, do I ; a good matter surely.
Come's there any more of it ;

Lady. My lord, 'tis but begun,

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam
lady, would 'twere done. [*They sit and mark.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

P E T R U C H I O.

V *Erona*, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in *Padua* ; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio ; and I trow this is the house.

Here sirrah, *Grumio*, knock I say,

Grumio. Knock, sir ? whom should I knock ? is there
any man has rebus'd your worship ?

Petr. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Grumio. Knock you here, sir ? why, sir, what am I, sir,
That I should knock you here sir ?

Petr. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Grumio. My master is grown quarrelsome :
I should knock you first,
And then I know after, who comes by the worst.

Petr. Will it not be ?

'Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it,

Pl

18 *The Taming of the Shrew.*

I'll try how you can *Sol*, *Fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the Ears.*]

Gru. Help, mistress, help, my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you : sirrah, villain.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter ? my old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio* ! how do you all at *Verona*.

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray ?
Con tutti lo core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto multo honorato signior mio Petruchio.*

Rise, *Grumio*, we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir : he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his Master so, being perhaps, for ought I see, two and thirty, a Pip out ?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain. Good *Hortensio*,
I bid the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate ? O heav'ns ! spake you not these words plain ? sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ; and come you now with knocking at the gate.

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. *Petruchio*, patience, I am *Grumio*'s pledge :
Why this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient trusty pleasant servant *Grumio* ;
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona* ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
To seek their fortunes farther than at home, (world,
Where small experience grows but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceased,
And I must thrust my self into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive, at best I may :

Crowns

Cr owns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewed ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel,
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as us
Few words suffice; and therefore, if you know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife;
As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance;
Be she as foul as was *Florentius* love,
As old as *Sybil*, and as curst and shrewd
As *Socrates' Zantippe*, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affections edge in time. Where she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatick* seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is: why give him gold enough, and marry
him to a puppet, or an aglet baby, or an old trot
with ne'er a tooth in her head, tho' she have as ma-
ny diseases as two and fifty horses; why nothing
comes amiss, so many comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are steep thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest,
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intolerable curs'd,
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. *Hortensio*, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect;
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, tho' she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
 An affable and courteous Gentleman,
 Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
 Renowned in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, tho' I know not her,
 And he knew my deaceased father well :
 I will not sleep, *Hortensio*, 'till I see her,
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour
 lasts. O' my word and she knew him as well as I do,
 she would think scolding would do little good upon
 him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves,
 or so : why that's nothing ; and he begin once, he'll
 rail in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, and she
 stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her
 face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have
 no more eyes to see withal than a cat : you know
 him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
 For in *Baptista's* house my treasure is :
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
 And her with-holds he from me. Other more
 Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 For those defects I have before rehears'd.
 That ever *Katharina* will be woo'd ;
 Therefore this order hath *Baptista* ta'en,
 That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,
 'Till *Katharina* the curs'd have got a husband.

Gru. *Katharine* the curs'd,
 A title for maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
 And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
 The old *Baptista* as a school-master,
 Well seen in musick to instruct *Bianca*,
 That so I may by this device, at least,
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
 And unsuspected Court her by her self.

Enter

The Taming of the Shrew.

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Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguis'd.

Gru. Here's no knavery! see, to beguile the old
How the young folks lay their heads together [folks,
Master, look about you: who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace, *Grumio*, it is the rival of my love.

Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Gre. O very well, I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,
All books of love, see that at any hand;

And see you read no other lectures to her:

You understand me, over and beside

Signior *Baptista's* liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd,

For she is sweeter than perfume it self

To whom they go: what will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assured:

As firmly as your self were still in place,

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Gru. Oh this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. *Grumio*, mum! God save you, signior *Gremio*:

Gre. And you are well met, signior *Hortensio*.

Trow you whither I am going? to *Baptista Minola*;
I promis'd to enquire carefully

About a school master for the fair *Bianca*,

And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this young man: for learning and behaviour

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry,

And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine-musician to instruct our mistress,

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

Gre.

Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curs'd *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marry her, if her Dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well ;

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold ;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, sayest me so, friend ? what countryman ?

Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s son ;

My father's dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days, and long to see.

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife were strange ;
But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name,
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?

Think you a little din can daunt my ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field ?
And heav'ns artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched Battle heard
Loud Larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That give not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. *Hortensio*, hark :

This Gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe're.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior *Baptista Minola*?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he
you mean?

Tra. Even he, *Biondello*.

Gre. Hark you, sir, you mean not her to---

Tra. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?

Pet. Nor her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence? (no;

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you
hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,

That she's the choice love of signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen love of signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly, my masters: if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown,

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair *Leda's* daughter had a thousand wooers,

Then well may one more fair, *Bianca* have,

And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,

Tho' *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a
jade.

Pet.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour, to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more than *Alcides* twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the eldest sister first be wed:

The younger than is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you break the Ice, and do this feat,
Atchieve the Elder, set the younger free,
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack, in sign whereof,
Please ye, we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gre. Bien. O excellent motion: fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so,

Petruchio, I shall be your *Benvenuto*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your
To make a bondmaid and slave of me; [self,
That I disdain: but for these other goods,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off my self,
Yea, all my raiment, to my Petticoat,
Or what you will command me will I do;

So well I know my Duty to my Elders.

Kath. Of all thy Sutors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best: See thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me Sister, of all the Men alive
I never yet beheld that special Face,
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest; is it not *Hortensio*?

Bian. If you affect him, Sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you my self, but you shall have him.

Kath. Oh then belike you fancy Riches more,
You will have *Gremio* to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while;
I prithee, Sister *Kate*, untie my Hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence grows this Inso-
Bianca, stand aside; poor Girl, she weeps; [lence?
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.

For shame, thou Hilding of a devilish Spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her Silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*

Bap. What, in my sight? *Bianca*, get thee in. [*Ex. Bianca.*

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? nay, now I see
She is your Treasure, she must have a Husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her Wedding-day,
And for your Love to her lead Apes in Hell:

Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,
'Till I can find occasion of Revenge. [*Exit Kath.*

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the Habit of a mean Man, Petruchio with Hortensio like a Musician, Tranio and Bindello bearing a Lute and Books.

Gre. Good morrow, Neighbour *Baptista*.

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Bap. Good morrow, Neighbour *Gremio*: God save you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you, good Sir; Pray have you not a Daughter call'd *Katherina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a Daughter, Sir, call'd *Katharina*.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior *Gremio*, give me leave.

I am a Gentleman of *Verona*, Sir,
That hearing of her Beauty and her Wit,
Her Affability and bashful Modesty,
Her wondrous Qualities, and mild Behaviour,
Am bold to shew my self a forward Guest
Within your House, to make mine Eye the Witness
Of that Report, which I so oft have heard.
And for an entrance to my Entertainment, [*Presenting Hor.*
I do present you with a Man of mine,
Cunning in Musick, and the Mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those Sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His Name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. Y'are welcome, Sir, and he for your good sake,
But for my Daughter *Katharine*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my Grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my Company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.
Whence are you, Sir? What may I call your Name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my Name, *Antonio's* Son,
A Man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: You are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your Tale, *Petruchio*, I pray let us that
are poor Petitioners speak too. *Baccare*, you are mar-
vellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior *Gremio*, I would fain be
doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, Sir, but you will curse
Your wooing. Neighbours this is a Gift
Very grateful, I am sure of it: To express
The like kindness of my self, that have been

More

More kindly beholding to you than any:
Free leave give unto this young Scholar, that hath
Been long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning [*Presenting Luc.*
In Greek, Latin, and other Languages,
As the other in Musick and Mathematicks;
His Name is *Cambio*; pray accept his Service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior *Gremio*:
Welcome, good *Cambio*. But, gentle Sir,
Methinks you walk like a Stranger, [*To Tranio.*
May I be so bold, to know the Cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, Sir, the Boldness is mine own,
That being a Stranger in this City here,
Do make my self a Suitor to your Daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, Fair and Virtuous:
Nor is your firm Resolve unknown to me,
In the Preferment of the eldest Sister.

This Liberty is all that I request,
That upon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free Access and Favour as the rest.
And toward the Education of your Daughters,
I here bestow a simple Instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin Books.
If you accept them, then their Worth is great.

Bap. *Lucentio* is your Name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of *Pisa*, Sir, Son to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mighty Man of *Pisa*; by Report
I know him well; you are very welcome, Sir.
Take you the Lute, and you the Set of Books,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these Gentlemen
To my two Daughters, and then tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them use them well.
We will go walk a little in the Orchard,
And then to Dinner. You are passing Welcome,
And so I pray you all to think your selves.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my Business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You know my Father well, and in him me,
 Lett solely Heir to all his Lands and Goods,
 Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd ;
 Then tell me, if I get your Daughter's Love,
 What Dowry shall I have with her to Wife?

Bap. After my Death, the one half of my Lands,
 And in possession twenty thousand Crowns.

Pet. And for that Dowry, I'll assure her of
 Her Widowhood, be it that she survive me,
 In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever;
 Let Specialities be therefore drawn between us,
 That Covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
 That is, her Love : for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing : For I tell you, Father,
 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded.
 And where two raging Fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their Fury.
 Tho' little Fire grows great with little Wind,
 Yet extream Gusts will blow out Fire and all :
 So I to her, and so she yields to me,
 For I am rough, and woo not like a Babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed :
 But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as Mountains are for Winds,
 That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his Head broke.

Bap. How now my Friend, why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my Daughter prove a good Musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a Soldier ;

Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me;
 I did but tell her she mistook her Frets,
 And bow'd her Hand to teach her Fingering,
 When, with a most impatient devilish Spirit,
 Frets call you them? quoth she, I'll fume with them :
 And with that word she struck me on the Head,
 And through my Instrument my Pate made way,

And

And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillory, looking through the Lute;
While she did call me Rascal, Fidler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile Terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the World, it is a lusty Wench,
I love her ten times more than e'er I did;
Oh how I long to have some Chat with her.

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in Practice with my younger Daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns;
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my Daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you do. I will attend her here.

[*Exit. Bap. Manet Petruchio.*]

And woo her with some Spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As Morning Roses newly wash'd with Dew;
Say she be mute, and will not speak a Word,
Then I'll commend her Volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing Eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her Thanks,
Astho' she bid me stay by her a Week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the Day
When I shall ask the Banns, and when be married.
But here she comes, and now *Petruchio* speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good Morrow *Kate*, for that's your Name I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me *Katharine*, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the Curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendom,
Kate of *Kate-hall*, my Super-dainty *Kate*,
For Dainties are all *Kates*; and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my Consolation,
Hearing thy Mildness prais'd in every Town,

Thy Virtues spoke of, and thy Beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
My self am mov'd to woo thee for my Wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you
Remove you hence; I knew you at the first (hither,
You were a Moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a Moveable?

Kath. A join'd Stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; Come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such Jade, Sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light——

Kath. Too light for such a Swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be! should! buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a Buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shall a Buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a Turtle, as he takes a Buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you Wasp, I faith you are too an-
gry.

Kath. If I be waspish, 'best beware my Sting.

Pet. My Remedy is then to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the Fool could find it where it lyes.

Pet. Who knows not where a Wasp doth wear his Sting?
In his Tail.

Kath. In his Tongue.

Pet. Whose Tongue?

Kath. Yours if you talk of Tails, and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my Tongue in your Tail?

Nay, come again, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*]

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your Arms.

If you strike me you are no Gentleman,

And if no Gentleman, why then no Arms.

Pet. A Herald, *Kate*? Oh put me in thy Books.

Kath. What is your Crest, a Coxcomb?

Pet.

Pet. A combleſs Cock, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kath. No Cock of mine, you crow too like a Craven:

Pet. Nay, come *Kate*; come, you muſt not look ſo ſower.

Kath. It is my Faſhion when I ſee a Crab.

Pet. Why here's no Crab, and therefore look not ſower.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it me.

Kath. Had I a Glaſs I would.

Pet. What, you mean my Face?

Kath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.

Pet. Now, by *St. George* I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with Cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you *Kate*. Inſooth you 'ſcape not ſo.

Kath. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you paſſing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,

And now I find Report a very Liar,

For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,

But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time Flowers.

Thou can'ſt not frown, thou can'ſt not look aſcance,

Nor bite the Lip, as angry Wenches will,

Nor haſt thou Pleaſure to be croſs in Talk:

But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy Wooers,

With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.

Why doth the World report that *Kate* doth limp?

Oh ſland'rous World: *Kate*, like the Hazle Twig,

Is ſtrait, and ſlender, and as brown in hue

As Hazle Nuts, and ſweeter than the Kernels.

Oh let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.

Kath. Go Fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did even *Dian* ſo become a Grove.

As *Kate* this Chamber with her princely Gait?

O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful.

Kath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly Speech?

Pet. It is extempore from my Mother-wit.

Kath. A witty Mother, witleſſe her Son.

Pet. Am I not wiſe?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry so I mean, sweet *Katharine*, in thy Bed :
And therefore setting all this Chat aside,
Thus in plain Terms: Your Father hath consented
That you shall be my Wife; your Dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a Husband for your turn,
For by this Light, whereby I see thy Beauty,
Thy Beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no Man but me.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

For I am he am born to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild Cat to a *Kate*,
Conformable as other Household *Kates*;
Here comes your Father, never make Denial,
I must and will have *Katharine* to my Wife.

Bap. Now, Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with
my Daughter?

Pet. How but well, Sir? How but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why how now Daughter *Katharine*, in your
Dumps?

Kath. Call you me Daughter? Now I promise you
You have shew'd a tender fatherly Regard,
To wish me yed to one half Lunatick,
A madcap *Ruffian*, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with Oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; your self and all the World
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for Policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the Dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the Morn;
For Patience she will prove a second *Grissel*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her Chastity.
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding Day.

Kato. I'll see thee hang'd on *Sunday* first.

Gre. Hark: *Petruchio*, she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your Speeding? Nay, then good night our
part.

Pet.

Pet. Be patient, Gentlemen, I chuse her for my self,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain being alone,
That she shall still be curst in Company.

I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me; oh the kindest *Kate*!
She hung about my Neck, and kiss and kiss
She vy'd so fast, protesting Oath on Oath,
That in a twink she won me to her Love.

Oh you are Novices: 'tis a World to see
How tame, when Men and Women are alone,
A meacock Wretch can make the curstest Shrew;
Give me thy Hand, *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*,
To buy Apparel 'gainst the Wedding Day;
Provide the feast, Father, and bid the Guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your Hands,
God send you Joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a Match.

Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be Witnesses.

Pet. Father, and Wife, and Gentlemen, adieu,
I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace,
We will have Rings and Things, and fine Array,
And kiss me *Kate*, we will be married a *Sunday*.

[*Ex. Petruchio and Katharina.*]

Gre. Was ever Match clapt up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, Gentlemen, now I play a Merchant's Part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

Tra. 'Twas a Commodity lay fretting by you,
'I will bring you Gain, or perish on the Seas.

Bap. The Gain I seek, is quiet in the Match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet Catch:
But now *Baptista*, to your younger Daughter,
Now is the Day we have long looked for:
I am your Neighbour, and was Suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Than Wordscan witness, or your Thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so Dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard, thy Love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'Tis Age that nourisheth.

Tra. But Youth in ladies eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you Gentlemen, I will compound this Strife;

'Tis Deeds must win the Prize, and he of both
That can assure my Daughter greatest Dower,
Shall have *Bianca's* Love.

Say, Signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my House within the City
Is richly furnished with Plate and Gold,
Basons and Ewers to lave her dainty Hands:
My Hangings all of *Tyrian* Tapestry;
In Ivory Coffers I have stuf't my Crowns;
In Cypress Chests my Arras, Counterpanes,
Costly Apparel, Tents and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, *Turkey* Cushions boss'd with Pearl,
Vallens of *Venice* Gold, in Needle-work;
Pewt'r and Brass, and all things that belong
To House, or House-keeping: Then at my Farm
I have a hundred Milch-kine to the Pail,
Sixscore fat Oxen standing in my Stalls;
And all things answerable to this Portion.
My self am strook in Years, I must confess,
And if I die to Morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in: Sir, list to me;
I am my Father's Heir, and only Son;
If I may have your Daughter to my Wife,
I'll leave her Houses three or four as good,
Within rich *Pisa* Walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Besides two thousand Ducats by the Year
Of fruitful Land; all which shall be her Jointure.
What have I pinch'd you Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand Ducats by the Year of Land!
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides an *Argosie*
That now is lying in *Marsellies* Road.
What have I choak'd you with an *Argosie*?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis well known my Father hath no less
Than three great *Argosies*, besides two great *Galliaffes*,

And

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And twelve tight Gallies; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the Maid is mine from all the World
By your firm Promise? *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And let your Father make her the Assurance,
She is your own, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her Dower?

Tra. That's but a Cavil, he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young Men die as well as old?

Bap. Well, Gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd,
On *Sunday* next, you know,
My Daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the *Sunday* following shall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this Assurance;
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.

Gre. Adieu good Neighbour. Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young Gamester, your Father were a Fool
To give thee all; and in his waining Age
To set foot under thy Table: tut, a Toy;
An old *Italian* Fox is not so kind my Boy. [Exit.

Tra. A Vengeance on your crafty withered Hide;
Yet I have fac'd it with a Card of ten:
'Tis in my Head to do my Master good;
I see no Reason, but suppos'd *Lucentio*
May get a Father call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*;
And that's a Wonder; Fathers commonly
Do get their Children; but in this Case of wooing,
A Child shall get a Sire, if I fail not of my Cunning.
[Exit.

A C T.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. **F**idler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you so soon forgot the Entertainment
Her Sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withal?

Her. But wangling Pedant, this is
The Patroness of Heav'nly-Harmony;
Then give me leave to have Prerogative;
And when in Musick we have spent an Hour,
Your Lecture shall have Leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Ass, that never read so far,
To know the cause why Musick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the Mind of Man
After his Studies, or his usual Pain?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your Harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these Braves of thine.

Bian. Why, Gentlemen, you do me double Wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my Choice:
I am no breeching Scholar in the Schools;
I'll not be ty'd to Hours, nor pointed Times,
But learn my Lessons as I please my self;
And to cut off all Strife, here sit we down,
Take you your Instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Her. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in Tune?

Luc. That will be never: Tune your Instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, As I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, Son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your Love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my Man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my Port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

Her.

Hor. Madam, my Instrument's in tune,

Bian. Let's hear. O fie, the Treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the Hole, Man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the Base.

Hor. The Base is right; 'tis the base Knave that jars.
How fiery and froward our *Pedant* is!
Now for my Life that Knave doth court my Love;
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet :
Intime I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his Grandfather.
I must believe my Master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that Doubt;
But let it rest. Now *Licio* to you :

Good Masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while ;
My Lessons make no Musick in three Parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, Sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine Musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the Instrument.
To learn the Order of my Fingering,
I must begin with Rudiments of Art,
To teach you *Gamut* in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my Trade;
And there it is in Writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my *Gamut* long ago.

Hor. Yet read the *Gamut* of *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Gamut* I am, the Ground of all Accord,
Are, to plead *Hortensio's* Passion,
Beeme, *Bianca*, take him for thy Lord,
Claus, that loves thee with all Affection,
D sol re, one Cliff, two Notes have I,

Elami,

Elami. Show Pity, or I die.

Call you this *Gamut*? Tut, I like it not;
Old Fashions please me best; I am not so nice
To change true Rules for new Inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your Father prays you leave your Books,
And help to dress your Sister's Chamber up;
You know to Morrow is the Wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet Masters both; I must be gone. [*Ex.*

Luc. Faith Mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Ex.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this Pedant;
Methinks he looks as tho' he were in love:

Yet if Thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble
To cast thy wandering Eyes on every Stale;
Seize thee that list; if once I find thee ranging,

Hurtensio will be quit of thee by changing. [*Exit.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Lucentio,
Bianca, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed Day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married;
And yet we hear not of our Son-in-law.
What will be said? what Mockery will it be,
To want the Bridegroom when the Priest attends
To speak the ceremonial Rites of Marriage?
What says *Lucentio* to this Shame of ours?

Kath. No Shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my Hand oppos'd against my Heart,
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of Spleen.
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you I, he was a frantick Fool.
Hiding his bitter Jest in blunt Behaviour:
And to be noted for a merry Man,
He'll woo a thousand, point the Day of Marriage,
Make Friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the Banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the World point at poor *Katherine*,
And say, lo there is mad *Petruchio's* Wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Katherine*, and *Baptista* too;
Upon my Life *Petruchio* means but well,

What-

Whatever Fortune stays him from his word,
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would *Katherine* had never seen him tho'.

[*Exit weeping.*]

Bap. Go, Girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an Injury would vex a Saint,
Much more a Shrew of thy impatient Humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, Master, old News, and such News as
you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not News to hear of *Petruchio's* coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no Sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine old News?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is coming in a new Hat and an old Jerkin; a Pair of old Breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of Boots that have been Candle-Cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty Sword ta'en out of the Town-Armory, with a broken Hilt, and Chapelets, with two broken Points, his Horse hip'd with an old mothy Saddle, the Stirrops of no Kindred; besides possess'd with the Glanders, and like to mose in the Chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the Fashions, full of Windgalls, sped with Spavins, raied with the Yellows, past Cure of the Fives, stark spoiled with the Staggers, begnawn with the Bots, waid in the Back, and shoulder-shotten, near-leg'd before, and with a halt checkt Bit, and a Headstall of Sheep's Leather, which being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with Knots; one Girt six times piec'd, and a Woman's Crupper of Velure, which hath two Letters for her Name, fairly set down in Studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion.

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Bion. Oh Sir, his Lackey, for all the World caparison'd like the Horse, with a linnen Stocking on one Leg, and a kersey Boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue List, an old Hat, and the Humour of forty Fancies prickt up in it for a Feather: A Monster, a very Monster in Apparell, and not like a Christian Foot-boy, or Gentleman's Lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd Humour pricks him to this Fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean Apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why Sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, Sir; I say his Horse comes with him on his Back.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. *Jamy*, I hold you a Penny A Horse and a Man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these Gallants, who's at Home?

Bap. You are welcome, Sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well. Apparell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely Bride?

How does my Father? Gentles, methinks you frown,

And wherefore gaze this goodly Company,

As if they saw some wondrous Monument,

Some Comet, or unusual Prodigy?

Bap. Why, Sir, you know this is your Wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come,

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie, doff this Habit, shame to your Estate,

An Eye-sore to our solemn Festival.

Tra. And tell us what Occasion of Import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your Wife,

And sent you hither so unlike your self?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth I am come to keep my Word,

The

Tho' in some Part enforced to digress,
Which at more Leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her;
The Morning wears; 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent Robes;
Go to my Chamber, put on Cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I; believe me, thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with Words;

To me she's married, not unto my Clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor Accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.
But what a Fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good Morrow to my Bride,
And seal the Title with a lovely Kiss?

[*Exit.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to Church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the Event of this.

[*Exit.*

Tra. But, Sir, Love concerneth us to add
Her Father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As before I imparted to your Worship,
I am to get a Man, what e'er he be
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our Turn,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make Assurance here in *Padua*,
Of greater Sums than I have promised:
So shall you quietly enjoy your Hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with Consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow School-master
Doth watch *Bianca*'s Steps so narrowly,
'Twere good methinks to steal our Marriage;
Which once perform'd let all the World say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the World.

Tra. That by Degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our Vantage in this Business:
We'll over-reach the Gray-beard *Gremio*.

The

The narrow prying Father *Minola*,
 The quaint Musician amorous *Licio*;
 All for my Master's sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from School.

Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A Bridegroom say you? 'Tis a Groom indeed,
 A grumbling Groom, and that the Girl shall find.

Tra. Curlier than she? why tis impossible.

Gre. Why he's a Devil, a Devil, a very Fiend.

Tra. Why she's a Devil, a Devil, the Devil's Dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a Lamb, a Dove, a Fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*, when the Priest
 Should ask if *Katherine* should be his Wife?

Ay, by Gogs-woons, quoth he; and swore so loud,
 That, all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the Book;

And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 This mad-brain'd Bridegroom took him such a Cuff,
 That down fell Priest and Book, and Book and Priest.

Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the Wench, when he rose up again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
 As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many Ceremonies done,

He calls for Wine: A Health, quoth he; as if

He had been Aboard carowzing to his Mates

After a Storm; quast off the Muscadel,

And threw the Sops all in the Sexton's Face;

Having no other Reason, but that his Beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask

His Sops as he was drinking. This done, he took

The Bride about the Neck, and kist her Lips

With such a clamorous Smack, that at the Parting

All the Church did Eccho; and I seeing this,

Came thence for very Shame; and after me

I know the Rout is coming: Such a mad Marriage

Never was before. Hark, hark, I hear the Minstrels play.

[*Musick plays.*

Enter

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Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Hortensio, and Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and Friends, I thank you for your Pains:

I know you think to dine with me to Day,
And have prepar'd great Store of wedding Cheer;
But so it is, my Haste doth call me hence;
And therefore here I mean to take my Leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to Night?

Pet. I must away to Day, before Night come:
Make it no Wonder; if you knew my Businels,
You would intreat me rather go than stay.
And honest Company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my self
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous Wife:
Dine with my Father, drink a Health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after Dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my Horses.

Gr. Ay, Sir, they be ready; the Oatshave eaten the Horses.

Kath. Nay then

Do what thou canst, I will not go to Day;
No nor to Morrow, nor 'till I please my self:
The Door is open, Sir, there lyes your Way,
You may be jogging whiles your Boots are green,
For me, I'll not be gone 'till I please my self:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly Groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prethee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?
Father be quiet; he shall stay my Leasure.

Gre. Ay, marry Sir, now it begins to work.

Kath.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridal-dinner.
 I see a Woman may be made a Fool,
 If she had not a Spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy Command.
 Obey the Bride, you that attend on her:
 Go to the Feast, revel and domineer;
 Carowse full Measure to her Maiden-head;
 Be mad and merry, or go hang your selves;
 But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
 I will be Master of what is mine own;
 She is my Goods, my Chattles, she is my House,
 My Household Stuff, my Field, my Barn,
 My Horse, my Ox, my Ass, my any thing;
 And here she stands, touch her who ever dare;
 I'll bring my Action on the proudest he,
 That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,
 Draw forth thy Weapon; we are beset with Thieves;
 Rescue thy Mistress if thou be a Man:
 Fear not, sweet Wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate*;
 I'll buckler thee against a Million.

[*Exe. Pet. and Kath.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with Laughing.

Tra. Of all mad Matches, never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your Opinon of your Sister?

Bian. That being mad her self, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and Friends, tho' Bride and Bridegroom wants

For to supply the Places at the Table;

You know there wants no Junkets at the Feast:

Iucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroom's Place.

And let *Bianca* take her Sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practice how to Bride it?

Bap. She shall, *Iucentio*: Come, Gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Grumio.

Grumio. Fie, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Masters,
 and all foul ways: Was ever Man so beaten? was ever
 Man

Man so raide? was ever Man so weary? I am sent before to make a Fire, and they are coming after to warm them: Now were I not a little Pot, and soon hot, my very Lips might freeze to my Teeth, my Tongue to the Roof of my Mouth, my Heart in my Belly, ere I should come by a Fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the Fire shall warm my self; for considering the Weather, a taller Man than I will take cold: Holla, ho, *Curtis*!

Enter Curtis.

Cur. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Gru. A Piece of Ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my Shoulder to my Heel, with no greater a run but my head and my Neck. A Fire, good *Curtis*.

Curt. Is my Master and his Wife coming, *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore Fire, Fire, cast on no Water.

Curt. Is she so hot a Shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before the Frost; but thou know'st Winter tames Man, Woman and Beast, for it hath tam'd my old Master, and my new Mistress, and my self, fellow *Curtis*.

Curt. Away, you three inch'd Fool; I am no Beast.

Gru. Am I but three Inches? why thy Horn is a Foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a Fire, or shall I complain on thee to our Mistress, whose Hand, she being now at Hand, thou shalt soon feel to thy cold Comfort, being slow in thy hot Office.

Curt. I prethee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the World?

Gru. A cold World, *Curtis*, in every Office but thine; and therefore Fire: Do thy Duty, and have thy Duty; for my Master and Mistress are almost frozen to Death.

Curt. There's Fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the News.

Gru. Why, Jack Boy, ho Boy, and as much News as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of Conycatching.

Gru. Why therefore Fire; for I have caught extreame cold. Where's the Cook? Is Supper ready, the House trimm'd, Rushes strew'd, Cobwebs swept, the Serving-men

men in their new Fustian; their white Stockings, and every Officer his wedding Garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready: And therefore I pray thee what News?

Gru. First, know my Horse is tired, my Master and Mistress fall'n out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their Saddles into the Dirt; and thereby hangs a Tale.

Curt. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine Ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a Tale, not to hear a Tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible Tale: and this Cuff was but to knock at your Ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul Hill, my Master riding behind my Mistress.

Curt. Both on one Horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a Horse.

Gru. Tell thou the Tale. But hadst thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her Horse fell, and she under her Horse; thou should'st have heard in how miery a place, and how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the Horse upon her, how he beat me because her Horse stumbled, how she waded through the Dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd, how the Horses ran away, how her Bridle was burst, how I lost my Crupper; with many things of worthy Memory, which now shall lie in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy Grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more Shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joseph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugersop*, and the rest: Let their Heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue Coats brush'd, and their Garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsie with their left Legs, and not presume

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presume to touch a hair of my Master's Horse Tail, 'till they kiss their Hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear ho? You must meet my Master, to Countenance my Mistress.

Gru. Why she hath a Face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou it seems, that call'st for Company to Countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to Credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home, *Grumio*.

Phil. How now, *Grumio*?

Jos. What *Grumio*!

Nic. Fellow *Grumio*!

Nath. How now, old Lad.

Gru. Welcome you; how now you; what you; follow you; and thus much for Greeting. Now, my spruce Companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nat. All things are ready; how near is our Master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not——Cocks Passion, silence, I hear my Master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these Knaves? What, no Man at Door to hold my Stirrup, nor to take my Horse? Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?

All Ser. Here here, Sir, here, Sir.

Pet. Here Sir, here Sir, here Sir, here Sir? You loggerheaded and unpolish'd Grooms: What? no Attendance? no Regard? no Duty? Where is the foolish Knave I sent before?

Gru. Here Sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You Peasant Swain, you Whoreson, Malt-horse Drudge,

Did not I bid thee meet me in the Park,
And bring along the rascal Knaves with thee?

Gru. *Nathaniel's* Coat, Sir, was not fully made:
And *Gabriel's* Pumps were all unpin'd i' th' Heel:

There

There was no Link to colour *Peter's* Hat,
 And *Walter's* Dagger was not come from sheathing:
 There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*,
 The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly,
 Yet as they are, they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, Rascals, go and fetch my Supper in.

[*Exit Serv.*

Where is the Life that late I led?

Where are those? — Sit down *Kate*,
 And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter Servants with Supper.

Why then I say? Nay, good sweet *Kate* be merry.

Off with my Boots, you Rogue: You Villains when?

It was the Friar of Orders grey, [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way.

Out you Rogue, you pluck my Foot awry.

Take that, and mind the plucking off the other. [*Strikes him.*
 Be merry, *Kate*: Some Water here; what ho.

Enter one with Water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my Cousin *Ferdinand* come hither:

One, *Kate*, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.

Where are my Slippers? shall I have some Water?

Come *Kate*, and wash, and welcome heartily:

You whoreson Villain, will you let it Fall?

Kat. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flat-ear'd Knave:

Come, *Kate*, sit down, I know you have a Stomach.

Will you give Thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?

What's this, Mutton?

I Ser. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the Meat:

What Dogs are these? where is the rascal Cook?

How durst you, Villains, bring it from the Dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, Trenchers, Cups and all:

[*Throws the Meat, &c. about the Stage.*

You heedless Jolt-heads, and unmanner'd Slaves.

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kat.

Kat. I pray you, Husband, be not so dilquiet,
The Meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it :
For it engenders Choler, planteth Anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of our selves, our selves are Cholerick,
Than feed it with such over-roasted Flesh :
Be patient, to morrow't shall be mended,
And for this Night we'll fast for Company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy Bridal Chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. *Peter*, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own Humour.

Gru. Where is he ?

Enter Curtis, a Servant.

Curt. In her Chamber, making a Sermon of Continency
to her, and rails, and swears, and rates; and she, poor Soul,
knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak, and
sits as one new risen from a Dream. Away, away, for
he is coming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my Reign;
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
My Faucon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And 'till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her Lure.
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keeper's call :
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That bait and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no Meat to Day, nor none shall eat.
Last Night she slept not, nor to Night shall not :
As with the Meat, some undeserved Fault
I'll find about the making of the Bed.
And here I'll fling the Pillow, there the Bolster,
This way the Coverlet, another way the Sheets ;
Ay, and amid this hurly I'll pretend,
That all is done in reverend Care of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all Night,

C

And

And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the Clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a Wife with Kindness,
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong Humour.
 He that knows better how to tame a Shrew,
 Now let him speak, 'tis Charity to shew.

[Exit.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, Friend *Licio*, that Mistress *Bianca*
 Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*?

I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, Mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What Master read you first, resolve me that?

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art of Love.

Bian. And may you prove, Sir, Master of your Art.

Luc. While you, sweet Dear, prove Mistress of my Heart.

Hor. Quick Proceeders marry; now tell me I pray,
 you that durst swear that your Mistress *Bianca* lov'd none
 in the World so well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh despicable Love, unconstant Womankind!
 I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,
 Nor a Musician, as I seem to be,
 But one that scorn to live in this Disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a Gentleman,
 And makes a God of such a Cullion;
 Know, Sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
 Of your entire Affection to *Bianca*,
 And since mine Eyes are witness of her Lightness,
 I will with you, if you be so contented,
 Forswear *Bianca* and her Love for ever.

Hor. See how they kiss and court. Signior *Lucentio*,
 Here is my Hand, and here I firmly vow
 Never to woo her more, but do forswear her
 As one unworthy all the former Favours
 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

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Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned Oath,
Never to marry with her, tho' she would entreat.
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the World but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keep mine Oath, [her.
I will be married to a wealthy Widow,
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful Haggard.
And so farewell, Signior *Lucentio*.
Kindness in Women, nor their beauteous Looks,
Shall win my Love; and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit. *Hor.*

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such Grace,
As longeth to a Lover's blessed Case:
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio*, you jest: But have you both forsworn
me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio*.

Tra. I faith he'll have a lusty Widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him Joy.

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, *Tranio*.

Tra. Faith he is gone unto the taming School.

Bian. The taming School? What is there such a Place?

Tra. Ay, Mistress, and *Petruchio* is the Master,
That teacheth Tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a Shrew, and charm her chattering Tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, Master, I have watch'd so long,
That I am Dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient Angel coming down the Hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello*?

Bion. Master, a Marcantant, or a Pedant;
I know not what; but formal in Apparel;
In Gate and Countenance surly, like a Father.

Luc. And what of him, *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my Tale,
I'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,
And give Assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*:
Take me your Love, and then let me alone.

[*Ex. Luc. and Bian.*

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, Sir.

Tra. And you, Sir; you are welcome:
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a Week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as *Rome*;
And so to *Tripoly*, if God lend me Life.

Tra. What Countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua*, Sir? marry God forbid;
And come to *Padua*, careless of your Life?

Ped. My Life, Sir; how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis Death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*; know you not the Cause?
Your Ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke,
For private Quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, Sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have Bills for Money by Exchange
From *Florence*, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, Sir, to do you Courtesie,
This will I do, and this I will advise you;
First tell me, have you ever been at *Pisa*?

Ped. Ay, Sir, in *Pisa* have I often been;
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A Merchant of incomparable Wealth.

Tra. He is my Father, Sir; and sooth to say,
In Count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an Apple doth an Oyster, and all one.
[*Aside*

Tra. To save your Life in this Extremity,
This Favour will I do you for his sake;
And thinkit not the worst of all your Fortunes
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio* :
His Name and Credit shall you undertake,
And in my House you shall be friendly Lodg'd :
Look that you take upon you as you should.
You understand me, Sir : So shall you stay
'Till you have done your Business in the City.
If this be Court'sie, Sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, Sir, I do, and will repute you ever
The Patron of my Life and Liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good :
This by the way I let you understand,
My Father is here look'd for every Day,
To pass assurance of a Dowre in Marriage
'Twixt me and one *Baptista's* Daughter here :
In all these Circumstances I'll instruct you :
Go with me, Sir, to cloath you as becomes you. [*Exeunt*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Gru. **N**O, no, Forsooth, I dare not for my Life.

Kath. The more my Wrong ; the more his
Spite appears :

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my Father's Door,
Upon intreaty, have a present Alms ;
If not, elsewhere they meet with present Charity :
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed, that I should intreat.
Am starv'd for Meat, giddy for lack of Sleep ;
With Oaths kept waking, and with Brawling fed ;
And that which spights me more than all these Wants,

He does it under name of perfect Love ;
 As who would say, if I should sleep or eat
 'Twere deadly Sickness, or else present Death ;
 I prethee go, and get me some Repast ;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome Food.

Gru. What say you to a Neat's Foot ?

Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too Flegmatick a Meat :

How say you to a fat Tripe finely broil'd ?

Kath. I like it well ; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell, I fear it is Cholerick :

What say you to a piece of Beef and Mustard ?

Kath. A Dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then the Beef, and let the Mustard rest.

Gru. Nay then I will not ; you shall have the Mustard,
 Or else you get no Beef of *Grumio*.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the Mustard without the Beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding Slave,
 [Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of Meat :

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you

That triumph thus upon my Misery.

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with Meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, Sweeting, all amort ?

Her. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. 'Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy Spirits ; look cheerfully upon me ;
 Here Love, thou seest how diligent I am,
 To dress thy Meat my self, and bring it thee ;
 I am sure sweet Kate, this Kindness merits thanks.
 What, not a Word ? Nay then, thou lov'st it not :
 And all my Pains is sorted to no proof.
 Here take away the Dish.

Kath. I pray you let it stand.

Pet. The poorest Service is repaid with Thanks,
 And so shall mine before you touch the Meat.

Kate. I thank you, Sir.

Her.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie, you are to blame:
Come, Mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you Company.

Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me,
Much good do it unto thy gentle Heart;

Kate, eat apace. And now my honey Love,

Will we return unto thy Father's Houſe,

And Revel it as bravely as the beſt,

With ſilken Coats, and Caps, and golden Rings,

With Ruffs, and Cuffs, and Fardingals, and things:

With Scarfs, and Fans, and double change of Brav'ry,

With Amber Bracelets, Beads and all this Knav'ry.

What, haſt thou din'd? The Taylor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy Body with his ruſſing Treſure.

Enter Taylor.

Come, Taylor, let us ſee theſe Ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the Gown. What News with you, Sir?

Hab. Here is the Cap your Worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a Porrenger,

A Velvet Diſh; Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why 'tis a Cockle or a Walnut-shell,

A Knack, a Toy, a Trick, a Baby's Cap.

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,

And Gentlewomen wear ſuch Caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte.

Kath. Why, Sir, I truſt I may have leave to ſpeak,

And ſpeak I will. I am no Child, no Babe,

Your Betters have endur'd me ſay my Mind;

And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your Ears.

My Tongue will tell the Anger of my Heart,

Or elſe my Heart concealing it will break:

And rather than it ſhall, I will be free,

Even to the uttermoſt as I pleaſe in words.

Pet. Why thou ſay'ſt true, it is a paltry Cap,

A cuſtard Coſſin, a Bauble, a ſilken Pie,

I love thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.

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Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the Cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy Gown? why ay; come, Taylor, let us see't.
O mercy Heav'n, what masking Stuff is here?
What? this a Sleeve? 'tis like a Demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an Apple-Tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a Censer in a Barber's Shop:

Why what a Devil's name, Taylor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she's like to have neither Cap nor Gown:

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the Fashion of the Time.

Pet. Marry and did: But if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marr it to the Time.

Go hop me over every Kennel home,
For you shall hop without my Custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd Gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a Puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he means to make a Puppet of thee.

Tay. She says your Worship means to make a Puppet
of her.

Pet. Oh most monstrous Arrogance!
Thou lyest, thou Thread, thou Thimble,
Thou Yard, three Quarters, half Yard, Quarter, Nail,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter Cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own House with a Skein of Thread!
Away, thou Rag, thou Quantity, thou Remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy Yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her Gown.

Tay. Your Worship is deceiv'd, the Gown is made
Just as my Master had Direction.

Grumio gave Order how it should be done:

Gru. I gave him no Order, I gave him the Stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, Sir, with Needle and Thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it Cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tay.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: Thou hast brav'd many Men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the Gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou liest.

Tay. Why here is a note of the Fashion to testifie.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The Note lies in's Throat, if he say I did so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose bodied Gown.

Gru. Master, If ever I said loose-bodied Gown, sow me in the Skirts of it, and beat me to Death with a Bottom of brown Thread: I said a Gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. With a small compast Cape.

Gru. I confesse the Cape.

Tay. With a Trunk Sleeve.

Gru. I confesse two Sleeves.

Tay. The Sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the Villany.

Gru. Error i'th Bill, Sir, Error i'th Bill: I commanded the Sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, tho' thy little Finger be armed in a Thimble.

Tay. This is true that I say, and I had thee in Place where, thou should'st know it

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the Bill, give me thy mete Yard, and spare not me.

Her. God-a-mercy, *Grumio*, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, Sir, in brief the Gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th'right, Sir, 'tis for my Mistress.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy Master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy Life: Take up my Mistress's Gown for thy Master's use!

Pet. Why, Sir, what's your Conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, Sir, the Conceit is deeper than you think for; Take up my Mistress's Gown unto his Master's use? Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Taylor paid. [*Aside.* Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy Gown to morrow,
Take no unkindness of his hasty Words:
Away I say, commend me to thy Master. [*Exit Tayl.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your Father's,
Even in these honest mean Habilitments;
Our Purles shall be proud, our Garments poor;
For 'tis the Mind that makes the Body rich.
And as the Sun breaks through the darkest Clouds,
So Honour peereth in the meanest Habit.

What is the Jay more precious than the Lark,
Because his Feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the Adder better than the Eel,
Because his painted Skin contents the Eye?

Oh no good *Kate*, neither art thou the worse
For this poor Furniture, and mean Array.

If thou account'st it Shame, lay it on me;
And therefore Frolick, we will hence forthwith.
To Feast and Sport us at thy Father's House.

Go call my Men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our Horses unto *Long-Lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on Foot.

Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven a Clock,
And well we may come there by Dinner time.

Kath. I do assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two:
And 'twill be Supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to Horse:

Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it; Sirs, let's alone;

I will not go to day, and ere I do,

It shall be what a Clock I say it is.

Hor. Why so: this Gallant will command the Sun.

[*Exeunt Pet. Kath. and Hor.*

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the House, please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else, and but I be deceived,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Near twenty Years ago in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where we were Lodgers at the *Pegasus*:
'Tis well, and hold your own in any case
With such Austerity as longeth to a Father.

Enter

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Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, Sir, here comes your Boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him; Sirrah *Biondello*,
Now do your Duty thoroughly I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy Errand to *Baptista*?

Bion. I told him that your Father was in *Venice*.
And that you look'd for him in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall Fellow, hold thee that to drink,
Here comes *Baptista*, set your Countenance, Sir.

Enter *Baptista* and *Lucentio*.

Tra. Signior *Baptista*, you are happily met:
Sir, this is the Gentleman I told you of;
I pray you stand, good Father, to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my Patrimony.

Ped. Soft, Son, Sir, by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in some Debts, my Son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty Cause
Of Love between your Daughter and himself:
And for the good Report I hear of you,
And for the Love he beareth to your Daughter,
And she to him; to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good Father's Care
To have him match'd, and if you please to like
No worse than I, Sir, upon some Agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
Your Plainness and your Shortness please me well:
Right true it is, your Son *Lucentio* here
Doth love my Daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their Affections:
And therefore if you say no more than this,
That like a Father you will deal with him,
And pass my Daughter a sufficient Dowry,
The Match is made, and all is done,

Your

Your Son shall have my Daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, Sir, where then you do know best
Be we affied, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either Parts Agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my Houle, *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers have Ears, and I have many Servants?
Besides old *Gremio* is hearkning still,
And haply we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my Lodging, and it like you, Sir;
There doth my Father lye; and there this Night
We'll pass the Business privately and well:
Send for your Daughter by your Servant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender Pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.

Cambio, hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her ready
straight:

And if you will, tell what hath happen'd,
Lucentio's Father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentio's* Wife.

Luc. I pray the Gods she may with all my Heart. [*Ex.*

Tra. Dally not with the Gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one Mess is like to be your Cheer.
Come, Sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. You saw my Master wink and laugh upon you.

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but has left me here behind to
expound the Meaning or Moral of his Signs and Tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus, *Baptista* is false talking with the de-
ceiving Father of a deceitful Son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion.

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Bion. His Daughter is to be brought by you to the Supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old Priest at St. *Luke's* Church is at your Command at all Hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit Assurance; take you Assurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad Imprimendum solum*, to th' Church take the Priest, Clark, and some sufficient honest Witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, *Biondello*?

Bion. I cannot tarry; I knew a Wench married in an Afternoon as she went to the Garden for Parsley to stuff a Rabbit, and so may you, Sir: And so adieu, Sir; my Master hath appointed me to go St. *Luke's* to bid the Priest be ready to come, against you come with your Appendix. [Exit.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should we doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her.

It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her.

[Exit.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on a God's name, once more towards our Father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moon.

Kath. The Moon the Sun; it is not Moon-light now.

Pet. I say it is the Moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the Sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my Mother's Son, and that's my self, It shall be Moon or Star, or what I list,

O'er'er I journey to your Father's House:

Go on, and fetch our Horses back again.

Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward I pray, since we have come so far, And be it Moon, or Sun, or what you please:

And if you please to call it a Rush Candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet.

Pet. I say it is the Moon.

Kath. I know it is the Moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the blessed Sun.

Kath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed Sun.

But Sun it is not, when you say it is not,

And the Moon changes even as your Mind.

What will you have it nam'd, even that it is,

And so it shall be so, for *Katherine*.

Hor. *Petruchio* go thy way, the Field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the Bowl should run;

And not unluckily against the Bias :

But soft, Company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow, gentle Mistrefs, where away? [To *Vin.*

Tell me, sweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman :

Such war of white and red between her Cheeks :

What Stars do spangle Heav'n with such Beauty,

As those two Eyes become that heav'nly Face?

Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:

Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for Beauties sake.

Hor. He will make the Man mad to make a Woman of him.

Kath. Young budding Virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy Abode?

Happy the Parents of so fair a Child;

Happier the Man whom favourable Stars

Allots thee for his lovely Bedfellow.

Pet. Why, how now, *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad!

This is a Man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,

And not a Maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old Father, my mistaken Eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the Sun,

That every thing I look on seemeth green.

Now I perceive thou art a reverend Father:

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old Grandfir, and withal make known

Which way thou travellest; if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy Company.

Vin.

Vin. Fair Sir, and you merry Mistress,
That with your strange Encounter much amaz'd me :
My Name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visit
A Son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his Name?

Vin. *Lucentio*, Gentle Sir.

Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy Son ;
And now by Law, as well as reverend Age,
I may entitle thee my loving Father :
The Sister of my Wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd, she is of good Esteem,
Her Dowry wealthy, and of worthy Birth ;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseem
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest Son,
Who will of thy Arrival be full Joyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your Pleasure,
Like pleasant Travellers to break a Jest
Upon the Company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, Father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the Truth hereof.
For our first Merriment hath made thee jealous. [*Exeunt.*

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this hath put me in Heart,
Have to my Widow, and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. [*Exit.*
Enter Biondello, *Lucentio* and *Bianca*, *Gremio* walking
on one Side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly Sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, *Biondello*, but they may chance to need thee
at Home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, Faith, I'll see the Church o' your Back and
then come back to my Mistress as soon as I can. [*Exeunt.*

Gre. I marvel *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter *Petruchio*, *Katherina*, *Vincentio* and *Grumio*,
with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the Door, this is *Lucentio's* House,
My Father's bears more towards the Market-Place,

Thi-

Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelyhood some Cheer is toward. [Knock.

Gre. They're busie within, you were best knock louder.

[Pedant looks out at the Window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down
the Gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within, Sir?

Ped. He's within Sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a Man bring him a hundred Pound or
two to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred Pounds to your self, he shall
not need as long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your Son was belov'd in *Padua*;
do you hear, Sir, to leave frivolous Circumstances; I
pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from
Pisa, and is here at the Door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest, his Father is come from *Padua*, and
here looking out at the Window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. Ay, Sir, so his Mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, Gentleman! why, this is flat
Knavery to take upon you another Man's Name.

Ped. Lay Hands on the Villain, I believe he means to
cozen some Body in this City under my Countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the Church together. God
send them good Shipping: But who is here? Mine old
Master *Vincentio*? Now we are undone, and brought to
nothing.

Vin. Come hither, Crackhemp. [Seeing Biondello.

Bion. I hope I may chuse, Sir.

Vin. Come hither you Rogue, what have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no Sir: I could not forget you,
for I never saw you before in all my Life.

Vin. What, you notorious Villain, didst thou never
see thy Master's Father *Vincentio*?

Bion. What, my old worshipful old Master? Yes, mar-
ry, Sir, see where he looks out of the Window.

Vin.

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Vin. Is't so indeed?

[*He beats Biondello.*]

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a Mad-man will murder me.

Ped. Help, Son, help Signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Prethee, *Kate*, let's stand aside, and see the End of this Controversie.

Enter Pedant with Servants, Baptista and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my Servant?

Vin. What am I, Sir; nay, what are you, Sir? Oh Immortal Gods! Oh fine Villain, a filken Doublet, a velvet Hose, a scarlet Cloak and a copatain Hat: Oh I am undone, I am undone; while I play the good Husband at Home, my Son and my Servants spend all at the Univerfity.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the Man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient Gentleman by your Habit, but your Words shew you a Mad-man; why, Sir, what concerns it you, if I wear Pearl and Gold; I thank my good Father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy Father! Oh Villain, he is a Sail-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir; pray what do you think is his Name?

Vin. His Name, as if I knew not his Name: I have brought him up ever since he was three Years old, and his Name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Away, away mad Afs, his Name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine only Son, and Heir to the Lands of me Signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*! Oh he hath murdered his Master; lay hold on him I charge you in the Duke's Name; oh my Son, my Son, tell me, thou Villain, where is my Son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an Officer; carry this mad Knave to the Jail; Father *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to Jail?

Gre. Stay, Officer, he shall not go to Prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior *Gremio*: I say he shall go to Prison.

Gre.

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be Cony-catch'd in this Business; I dare swear this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the Dotard, to the Jail with him.

Enter Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus Strangers may be hal'd and abus'd; oh monstrous Villain,

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.*

Luc. Pardon, sweet Father,

[*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet Son?

Bion. Pardon, dear Father.

Bap. How hast thou offended? where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right Son to the right *Vincentio*, That have by Marriage made thy Daughter mine; While counterfeit Supposers bleer'd thine Eye.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damn'd Villain *Tranio*, That fac'd and brav'd me in this Matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these Miracles. *Bianca's* Love Made me exchange my State with *Tranio*.

While he did bear my Countenance in the Town;

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wish'd Haven of my Bliss;

What *Tranio* did, myself enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet Father, for my Sake.

Vin. I'll slit the Villain's Nose that would have sent me to the Jail.

Bap. But do you hear, Sir, have you married my Daughter without asking my good Will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptista*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this Villain. [Exit.

Bap. And I to sound the Depth of this Knavery. [Exit.

Luc.

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Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy Father will not frown.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gre. My Cake is Dough, but I'll among the rest,
Out of Hope of all, but my Share of the Feast. [*Exit.*]

Kath. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, *Kate*, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the Street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, Sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why then let's Home again: Come, Sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a Kiss; now pray thee Love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE. I.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant, Lucentio,
Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Katharina,
Grumio, Hortensio and Widow. Tranio's Servants
bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. **A**T last, tho' long, our jarring Notes agree;
And time it is when raging War is done,
To smile at 'Scapes and Perils over-blown.
My fair *Bianca*, bid my Father welcome,
While I with self-same Kindness welcome thine;
Brother *Petruchio*, Sister *Katharine*,
And thou *Hortensio*, with thy loving Widow;
Feast with the best, and welcome to my House,
My Banquet is to close our Stomachs up
After our great good Cheer: Pray you sit down,
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. *Padua* affords this Kindness, Son *Petruchio*.

Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our Sakes I would that Word were true.

Pet.

Pet. Now for my Life *Hortensio* fears his Widow.

Hor. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my Sense:
I mean *Hortensio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the World turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?

Hor. My Widow says, thus she conceives her Tale.

Pet. Very well mended, kifs him for that, good Widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the World turns round—
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your Husband being troubled with a Shrew,
Measure's my Husband's Sorrow by his Woe;
And now you know my Meaning.

Kath. A very mean Meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate.

Hor. To her, Widow.

Pet. A hundred Marks, my Kate do put her down.

Hor. That's my Office.

Pet. Spoke like an Officer; ha, to thee Lad.

[Drinks to *Hortensio*.]

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quick witted Folks?

Gre. Believe me, Sir, they butt Heads together we ll.

Bian. Head, and but? an hasty-witted Body
Would say, your Head and But were Head and Horn.

Vin. Ay, Mistress Bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll sleep
again.

Pet. Nay, that thou shall not since you have begun:
Have at you for a better Jest or two.

Bian. Am I your Bird: I mean to shift my Bush.
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.

You are welcome all. [Exit *Bianca*, *Kath.* and *Widow*.]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here Signior *Tranio*,
This Bird you aim'd at, tho' you hit it not,

There-

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Therefore a Health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, Sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his Master.

Pet. A good swift Simile, but something currrish.

Tra. 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for your self:

'Tis thought your Deer does hold you at a Bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that Gird, good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there?

Pet. He has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And as the Jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it main'd you two outright.

Bap. Now in good Sadness, Son *Petruchio*,
I think thou hast the veriest Shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore for Assurance,
Let's each one send unto his Wife,
And he whose Wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the Wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content, what's the Wager?

Luc. Twenty Crowns.

Pet. Twenty Crowns!

I'll venture so much on my Hawk or Hound,
But twenty times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, *Biondello*, bid your Mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[Exit.

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all my self.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what News?

Bion. Sir, my Mistress sends you Word
That she is busie, and cannot come.

Pet. How? she's busie, and cannot come: Is that an
Answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too.

Pray

Pray God, Sir, your Wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah *Biondello*, go and intreat my Wife to come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*]

Pet. Oh ho! intreat her! nay then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, Sir, do what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my Wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly Jest in Hand,
She will not come: She bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse, she will not come!

Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirrah *Grumio*, go to your Mistress,

Say I command her to come to me.

[*Exit Gru.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler Fortune mine, and there's an end.

Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my Hollidam, here comes *Katherine*.

Kath. What is your Will, Sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your Sister, and *Hortensio's* Wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the Parlour Fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their Husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit Kath.*]

Luc. Here is a Wonder, if you talk of a Wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.

Pet. Marry, Peace it boads, and Love, and quiet Life,
And awful Rule and right Supremacy:
And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio*;
The Wager thou hast won, and I will add
Unto their Losses twenty thousand Crowns,
Another Dowry to another Daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my Wager better yet,
And show more Sign of her Obedience.
Her new-built Virtue and Obedience.

Enter

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Enter Katharina, Bianca and Widow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives
As Prisoners to her womanly Persuasions:

Katharine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that Bauble, and throw it underfoot.

[She pulls off her Cap and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me have a Cause to sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

Bian. Fie, what a foolish Duty call you this?

Luc. I would your Duty were as foolish too:
The Wildom of your Duty, fair *Bianca*,
Hath cost me an hundred Crowns since Supper-time.

Bian. The more Fool you for laying on my Duty.

Pet. Katherine, I charge thee tell these headstrong Women,
What Duty they owe to their Lords and Husbands.

Wid. Come, come, your mocking; we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie, unknot that threatening unkind Brow,
And dart not scornful Glances from those Eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.
It blots thy Beauty, as Frosts bite the Meads,
Confounds thy Fame, as Whirlwinds shake fair Buds,
And in no Sense is meet or amiable.

A Woman mov'd is like a Fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill seeming, thick, bereft of Beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will dain to sip, or touch a drop of it.

Thy Husband is thy Lord, thy Life, thy Keeper,
Thy Head, thy Sovereign; one that cares for thee
And for thy Maintenance: Commits his Body
To painful Labour, both by Sea and Land;
To watch the Night in Storms, the Day in Cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other Tribute at thy Hands,
But Love, fair Looks, and true Obedience;
Too little Payment for so great a Debt.
Such Duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even such a Woman oweth to her Husband:

And

And when she is froward, peevish, fullen, fower,
 And not obedient to his honest Will;
 What is she but a foul contending Rebel,
 And graceless Traitor to her loving Lord?
 I am asham'd that Women are so simple,
 To offer War where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for Rule, Supremacy, and Sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our Bodies soft, and weak and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the World,
 But that our soft Conditions, and our Hearts,
 Should well agree with our external Parts?
 Come, come, you're froward and unable Worms,
 My Mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My Heart is great, my Reason haply more,
 To bandy Word for Word, and Frown for Frown;
 But now I see our Launces are but Straws,
 Our Strength is weak, our Weakness past compare,
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vale your Stomachs, for it is no Boot,
 And place your Hands below your Husband's Foot:
 In token of which Duty, if he please,
 My Hand is ready, may it do him Ease.

Pet. Why, there's a Wench: Come on, and kiss me
Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old Lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good Hearing when Children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh Hearing when Women are froward.

Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to Bed,

We two are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the Wager, tho' you hit the White,
 And being a Winner, God give you good Night.

[*Exit Petruchio and Kath.*

Hor. Now go thy Ways, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a Wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.







LOVE'S
Labour's Lost.
A
COMEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N:

Printed by R. WALKER at *Shakespear's Head* in *Turn-
again Lane*, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had at his
Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's Head*, in *Change-Alley*-
Cornhill.

M DCC XXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Ferdinand, *King of Navarre.*

Biron
Longaville,
Dumain,

} *Three Lords attending upon the King in
his Retirement.*

Boyet,
Macard,

} *Lords attending upon the Princess of
France.*

Don Adriana de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.

Nathaniel, a Curate.

Dull, a Constable.

Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.

Costard, a Clown.

Moth, Page to Don Adriana de Armado.

Princess of France.

Rosaline,
Maria,
Catherine,

} *Ladies attending on the Princess.*

Jaquenetta, a Country Wench.

*Officers and other Attendants upon the
King and Princess.*

SCENE the King of NAVARRE'S
Palace, and the Country near it.



Love's



Love's Labour's lost.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the King, Biron, Longavile and Dumain.

King.



ET Fame, that all hunt after in
their Lives,
Live registred upon our brazen
Tombs;
And then grace us in the Disgrace
of Death:

When spight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' Endeavour of this present Breath may buy
That Honour which shall bate his Sythe's keen Edge,
And make us Heirs of all Eternity.
Therefore brave Conquerors, for so you are,
That war against your own Affections,
And the huge Army of the World's Desires,
Our late Edict shall strongly stand in force;
Navarre shall be the Wonder of the World,
Our Court shall be a little Academy,
Still and contemplative in living Arts.
You three, *Biron, Dumain and Longavile*,
Have sworn for three Years Term to live with me
My Fellow Scholars, and to keep those Statutes
That are recorded in this Schedule here.
Your Oaths are past, and now subscribe your Names:
That his own Hand may strike his Honour down,
That violates the smallest Branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep Oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three Years Fast:

The Mind shall banquet, tho' the Body pine;
 Fat Paunches have lean Pates; and dainty Bits
 Make rich the Ribs, but bankrout quite the Wits.

Dum. My loving Lord, *Dumain* is mortify'd :
 The grosser manner of these World's Delights,
 He throws upon the gross World's baser Slaves:
 To Love, to Wealth, to Pomp, I pine and die;
 With all these living in Philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their Protestation over,
 So much (dear Liege) I have already sworn,
 That is, to live and study here three Years :
 But there are other strict Observances;
 As not to see a Woman in that Term,
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
 And one Day in a week to touch no Food;
 And but one Meal on every Day beside;
 The which I hope is not enrolled there.
 And then to sleep but three Hours in the Night,
 And not be seen to wink of all the Day :
 When I was wont to think no harm all Night,
 And make a dark night too of half the Day;
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
 O, these are barren Tasks; too hard to keep;
 Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your Oath is past to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my Liege, and if you please;
 I only swore to study with your Grace,
 And stay here in your Court for three Years space.

Long. You swore to that *Biron*, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay Sir, then I swore in jest.
 What is the end of Study, let me know?

King. Why that to know which else we should not
 know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common
 Sense.

King. Ay, that is Study's God-like Recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
 To know the Thing I am forbid to know;
 And thus to study where I well may dine;
 When I to fast expressly am forbid:
 Or study where to meet some Mistress fine,
 When Mistresses from common Sense are hid:

LOVE's Labour's lost.

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Or having sworn too hard a keeping Oath,
Study to break it, and not break my Troth.
If Study's Gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the Stops that hinder Study quite,
And train our Intellects to vain Delight.

Biron. Why? all Delights are vain, and that most vain,
Which with Pain purchas'd, doth inherit Pain;
As painfully to pore upon a Book,
To seek the Light of Truth, while Truth the while
Doth falsely blind the Eye-sight of his Look:
Light seeking Light, doth Light beguile;
So ere you find where Light in Darkness lyes,
Your Light grows dark by losing of your Eyes.
Study me how to please the Eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer Eye;
Who dazling so, that Eye shall be his heed,
And give him Light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the Heaven's glorious Sun,
That will not be deep search'd with sawcy Looks;
Small have continual Plodders ever won,
Save base Authority from other Books.
These earthly Godfathers of Heaven's Lights,
That give a Name to every fixed Star,
Have no more Profit of their Shining Nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but Fame;
And every Godfather can give a Name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Long. He weeds the Corn, and still lets grow the Weeding.

Biron. The Spring is near when Green Geese are a
breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his Place and Time.

Dum. In Reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in Rhime.

Long. *Biron* is like an envious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first-born Infants of the Spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds have any Cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive Birth?
 At *Christmas* I no more desire a Rose,
 Than wish a Snow in *May's* new-fangled Shows:
 But like of each thing that in Season grows.
 So you to study now it is too late,
 That were to climb o'er the House t'unlock the Gate.

King. Well, sit you out; go home *Biron*: Adieu.

Biron. No, my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you,
 And though I have for Barbarism spoke more,
 Than for that Angel Knowledge you can say,
 Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
 And bide the Penance of each three Years Day,
 Give me the Paper, let me read the same,
 And to the strictest Decrees I'll write my Name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from Shame.

Biron. *Item*, That no Woman shall come within a Mile
 of my Court.

Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four Days ago.

Biron. Let's see the Penalty.

On Pain of losing her Tongue!

Who devis'd this Penalty?

Long. Marry that did I.

Biron. Sweet Lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread Penalty;
 A dangerous Law against Gentility.

Item, If any Man be seen to talk with a Woman within
 the Term of three Years, he shall endure such publick
 Shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly devise.

Biron. This Article my Liege your self must break,
 For well you know here comes in Embassy
 The *French King's* Daughter, with your self to speak,
 A Maid of Grace and compleat Majesty,
 About Surrender up of *Aquitain*
 To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid Father:
 Therefore the Article is made in vain,
 Or vainly comes the admired Princess hither.

King. What say you, Lords?

Why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot,
 While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the Thing it should :
And when it hath the Thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as Towns with Fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must of Force dispence with this Decree,
She must lye here on meer Necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand Times within this three Years space :
For every Man with his Affects is born:
Not by Might master'd, but by special Grace.
If I break Faith, this Word shall break for me,
I am forsworn on meer Necessity.

So to the Laws at large I write my Name,
And he that breaks them in the least Degree,
Stands in Attainder of eternal Shame,

Suggestions are to others as to me;
But I believe although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his Oath.
But is there no quick Recreation granted?

King. Ay that there is; our Court you know is haunted,
With a conceited Traveller of *Spain*,

A Man in all the World's new Fashions Planted,
That hath a Mint of Phrases in his Brain:
One whom the Musick of his own vain Tongue,
Doth ravish like inchanting Harmony:

A Man of Complements, whom Right and Wrong
Have chose an Umpire of their Mutiny.

This Child of Fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim of our Studies, shall relate
In high-born Words the worth of many a Knight:

From tawny *Spain* lost in the World's Debate,
How you delight my Lords, I know not, I;

But I protest I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my Minstrelsie.

Biron. *Armado* is a most illustrious Wight,
A Man of Fire, new Words, Fashion's own Knight.

Long. *Costard* the Swain, and he, shall be our Sport;
And so to study, three Years is but short.

Enter Dull and Costard with a Letter.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own Person?

Biron. This, Fellow, what would'st?

Dull. I my self reprehend his own Person, for I am his
Grace's Tharlborough: but I would see his own Person in
Flesh and Blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you.

There's villainy abroad; this Letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A Letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Biron. How low soever the Matter, I hope in God for high Words.

Long. A high Hope for a low Heav'n; God grant us Patience.

Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing.

Long. To hear meekly, Sir, to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.

Biron. Well Sir, be it as the Stile shall give us cause to climb in the Merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me Sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta*, The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form, following, Sir, all those three. I was seen with her in the Mannor-house, sitting with her upon the Form, and taken following her into the Park; which put together, is in manner and form following. Now Sir, for the manner: In the manner of a Man to speak to a Woman; for the form, in some form.

Biron. For the following, Sir.

Cost. As it shall follow in my Correction, and God defend the right.

King. Will you hear this Letter with Attention?

Biron. As we would hear an Oracle.

Cost. Such is the Simplicity of Man to hearken after the Flesh.

King *Reat Deputy, the Welkin's Vicegerent, and sole reads.* **G** Dominator of Navarre, my Soul's Earth's God, ana Body's fisting Patron——

Cost. Not a Word of *Costard* yet.

King. So it is——

Cost. It may be so; but if he says it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

King. Peace,——

Cost. Be to me, and every Man that dares not fight.

King. No Words.

Cost. Of other Mens Secrets I beseech you.

King.

King. So it is, besieged with sable coloured Melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing Humour to the most wholesome Physick of thy Health-giving Air; and as I am a Gentleman, betook my self to walk: The Time when? about the sixth Hour, when Beasts most graze, birds best peck, and Men sit down to that Nourishment which is call'd Supper. So much for the Time when. Now for the Ground which: which I mean I walk'd upon; it is cyleped, thy Park. Then for the Place where, where I mean I did incounter that obscene and most preposterous Event that draweth my snow-white Pen the Ebon-colour'd Ink, which heretbou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the Place where: It standeth North North East and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted Garden. There did I see that low spirited Swain, that base Minnow of thy Mirth, (*Cost.* Me?) that unlettered small-knowing Soul, (*Cost.* Me?) that shallow Vassal, (*Cost.* Still me?) which as I remember, hight Costard, (*Cost.* O me!) sorted and comforted contrary to thy established proclaimed Edict and continent Canon: Which with—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Cost. With a Wench.

King. With a Child of our Grandmother Eve, a Female; or for thy more understanding, a Woman; him, I (as my ever esteem'd Duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of Punishment by thy sweet Grace's Officer, Anthony Dull, a Man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker Vessel call'd) which I apprehend with the aforesaid Swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy Laws fury, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice bring her to a Trial. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of Duty.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay the best for the worst. But Sirrah, What say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confesse the Wench.

King. Did you hear the Proclamation?

Cof. I do confefs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a years imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

Cof. I was taken with none, Sir, I was taken with a Damofel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed Damofel.

Cof. This was no Damofel, neither, Sir, ſhe was a Virgin

King. It is ſo va ied too, for it was proclaim'd Virgin.

Cof. If it were, I deny her Virginity: I was taken with a Maid.

King. This Maid will not ſerve your turn, Sir.

Cof. This Maid will ſerve my turn, Sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce Sentence; you ſhall faſt a Week with Bran and Water.

Cof. I had rather pray a Month with Mutton and Porridge.

King. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your Keeper.

My Lord *Biron*, ſee him deliver'd o'er,

And go we Lords to put in practice that

Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn. [*Exeunt.*]

Biron. I'll lay my Head to any good Man's Hat;
Theſe Oaths and Laws will prove an idle Scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Cof. I ſuffer for the Truth, Sir: For true it is, I was taken with *Faquetta*, and *Faquetta* is a true Girl; and therefore welcome the ſower Cup of Proſperity: Affliction may one Day ſmile again, and until then ſit down Sorrow.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what Sign is it when a Man of great Spirit grows melancholy.

Moth. A great Sign, Sir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why? Sadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear Imp.

Moth. No, no, O Lord, Sir, no.

Arm. How canſt thou part Sadneſs and Melancholy, my tender Juvenile?

Moth. By a familiar Demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Arm. Why tough Signior, why tough Signior?

Moth. Why tender Juvenile? Why tender Juvenile?

Arm.

LOVE'S *Labour's* lost.

II

Arm. I spoke it tender *Juvenile*, as a congruent Epitheton, appertaining to thy young Days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent Title to your old time, which we may term tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, Sir, I pretty, and my Saying apt? or I apt, and my Saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my Praise, Master?

Arm. In thy condign Praise.

Moth. I will praise an Eel with the same Praise.

Arm. What? that an Eel is ingenious.

Moth. That an Eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in Answers. Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, Sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross.

Moth. He speaks the clean contrary, crosses Love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to study three Years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, Sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the Spirit of a Tapster.

Moth. You are a Gentleman and a Gamester.

Arm. I confess both, they are both the Varnish of a compleat Man.

Moth. Then I am sure you know how much the gross Sum of deuce:ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, Sir, is this such a Piece of Study? Now here's three studied ere you'll thrice wink; and how easie it is to put Years to the Word three; and study three Years in two Words, the Dancing-horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine Figure.

Moth. To prove you a Cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in Love; and as it is base for a Soldier to Love; so am I in love with a base
Wench.

LOVE'S *Labour's* lost.

Wench. If drawing my Sword against the Humour of Affection, would deliver me from the reprobate Thought of it, I would take Desire Prisoner, and ransom him to any *French* Courtier for a new devis'd Curtsey. I think Scorn to figh, methinks I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me, Boy: What great Men have been in Love?

Moth. Hercules, Master.

Arm. Most sweet *Hercules*! More Authority, dear Boy. Name more; and sweet my Child, let them be Men of good Repute and Carriage.

Moth. *Sampson*, Master, he was a Man of good Carriage, great Carriage; for he carried the Town Gates on his Back like a Porter, and he was in Love.

Arm. O well knit *Sampson*, strong-jointed *Sampson*; I do excel thee in my Rapier, as much as thou did'st me in carying Gates. I am in Love too. Who was *Sampson's* Love, my dear *Moth*?

Moth. A Woman, Master.

Arm. Of what Complection?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what Complection?

Moth. Of the Sea-water Green, Sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four Completions?

Moth. As I have read, Sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the Colour of Lovers; but to have a Love of that Colour, methinks, *Sampson* had small Reason for it. He surely affected her for her Wit.

Moth. It was so, Sir, she had a Green Wit.

Arm. My Love is most immaculate White and Red.

Moth. Most immaculate Thoughts, Master, are mask'd under such Colours.

Arm. Define, Define, well educated Infant.

Moth. My Father's Wit, and my Mother's Tongue assist me.

Arm. Sweet Invocation of a Child, most pretty and patheticall.!

Moth. If she be made of White and Red,
Her Faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing Cheeks by Faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shewn;
Then if she fear, or be too blame,

By

By this you shall not know,
For still her Cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous Rhime, Master, against the Reason of White
and red.

Arm. Is there not a Ballad, Boy, of the King and the
Beggar?

Moth. The World was guilty of such a Ballad some
three Ages since, but I think now 'tis not to be found; or
if it were, it would neither serve for the Writing, nor
the Tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er that I
may example my digression by some mighty President.
Boy, I do love that Country Girl that I took in the
Park with the Rational Hind *Costard*; she deserves
well.

Moth. To be whipp'd, and yet a better Love than my
Master.

Arm. Sing Boy, my Spirits grows heavy in Love.

Moth. And that's great Marvel, loving a light Wench.

Arm. I say sing.

Moth. Forbear 'till this Company be past.

Enter Costard, Dull, Jaquenetta and Maid.

Dull. Sir, the Duke's Pleasure is, that you keep *Costard*
safe, and you must let him take no Delight, nor no Pe-
nance, but he must fast three Days a Week; for this Dam-
sel, I must keep her at the Park, she is allow'd for the
Day-woman. Fare you well. [Exit.

Arm. I do betray my self with blushing: Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Jaq. That's here by.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee Wonders.

Jaq. With that Face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Maid. Fair Weather after you,
Come *Jaquenetta*, away.

[Exeunt.

Arm. Villain thou shalt fast for thy Offence ere thou be
pardoned.

Cost.

Cof. Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full Stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punish'd.

Cof. I am more bound to you than your Fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this Villain, shut him up.

Moth. Come you transgressing slave, away.

Cof. Let me not be pent up, Sir, I will be fast being loose.

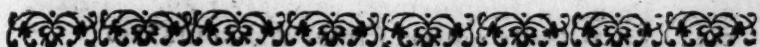
Moth. No, Sir, that were fast and loose; thou shalt to Prison.

Cof. Well, if ever I do see the merry Days of Desolation that I have seen, some shall see ———

Moth. What shall some see?

Cof. Nay, nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for Prisoners to be silent in their Words, and therefore I will say nothing; I thank God, I have as little Patience as another Man, and therefore I can be quiet. [Exit.

Arm. I do affect the very ground (which is base) where her Shoe (which is baser) guided by her Foot (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great Argument of Falshood, if I Love. And how can that be true Love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Devil; there is no evil Angel but Love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent Strength; yet was *Solomon* so seduced, and he had a very good Wit. *Cupid's* But-shaft is too hard for *Hercules's* Club, and therefore too much odds for a *Spaniard's* Rapier; the first and second Cause will not serve my turn; the *Passado* he respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be call'd Boy; but his Glory is to subdue Men. Adieu Valour, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your Manager is in Love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal God of Rhime, for I am sure I shall turn Sonnet. Devise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole Volumes in Folio.



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Catherine,
Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boyet. **N**OW, Madam, summon up your dearest Spirits,
Consider whom the King your Father sends;
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassy.
Your self, held precious in the World's Esteem,
To parley with the sole Inheritor
Of all Perfections that a Man may owe,
Matchless *Navarre*; the Plea of no less weight
Than *Aquitain*, a Dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear Grace,
As nature was in making Graces dear,
When she did starve the general World beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord *Boyet*, my Beauty though but mean,
Need not the painted flourish of your Praise;
Beauty is bought by Judgment of the Eye,
Not utter'd by base Sale of Chapmens Tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my Worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending thus your Wit in Praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker; good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling Fame
Doth noise abroad. *Navarre* hath made a Vow,
'Till painful Study shall out-wear three Years,
No Woman may approach his silent Court;
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden Gates,
To know his Pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your Worthiness, we fingle you
As our best moving fair Solicitor.
Tell him the Daughter of the King of *France*,
On serious Business, craving quick Dispatch,
Importunes personal Conference with his Grace.
Haste, signifie so much, while we attend,

Like humble visag'd Suitors, his high Will.

Bevet. Proud of Employment willingly I go. [Exit.

Prin. All Pride is willing Pride, and yours is so;
Who are the Votaries, my loving Lords,
That are vow-Fellows to this virtuous Duke?

Lor. *Longavile* is one.

Prin. Know you the Man?

Mar. I knew him, Madam, at a Marriage Feast,
Between Lord *Perigot*, and the beauteous Heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* solemnized.

In *Normandy* saw I this *Longavile*,
A Man of Sovereign Parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the Arts, glorious in Arms,
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well,
The only Soil of his fair Virtue's Glos,
(If Virtue's Glos will stain with any Soil,)
Is a sharp Wit match'd with too blunt a Will;
Whose Edge hath Power to cut, whose Will still wills
It should spare none that come within his Power.

Prin. Some merry-mocking Lord belike, is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his Humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd Wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Cath. The young *Dumain*, a well accomplish'd Youth,
Of all that Virtue love, for Virtue lov'd.
Most Power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath Wit to make an ill-shape good,
And Shape to win Grace, tho' he had no Wit.
I saw him at the Duke of *Alançon's* once,
And much too little of that Good I saw,
Is my Report to his great Worthiness.

Rosa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I have heard a Truth:
Biron they call him: but a merrier Man,
Within the Limit of becoming Mirth,
I never spent an Hour's Talk withal.
His Eyes begets occasion for Wit,
For every Object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a Mirth-moving Jest.
Which his fair Tongue (Conceit's Expofitor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious Words,
That aged Years play Truant to his Tales,

And

And younger Hearings are quite ravished :
So sweet and valuable is his Discourse.

Prin. God bleſs my Ladies, are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garniſhed,
With ſuch bedecking Ornaments of Praise?

Mar. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what Admittance, Lord?

Boyet. *Navarre* had Notice of your fair Approach ;
And he and his Competitors in Oath,
Were all addreſt to meet you, gentle Lady,
Before I came : Marry thus I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the Field,
Like one that comes here to beſiege his Court,
Than ſeek a Diſpenſation for his Oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled Houſe.
Here comes *Navarre*.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendant's.

King. Fair Princeſs, welcome to the Court of *Navarre*.

Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I have
not yet : The Roof of this Court is too high to be yours,
and welcome to the wide Fields, too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, Madam, to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then ; conſult me thither.

King. Hear me, dear Lady, I have ſworn an Oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my Lord, he'll be forſworn.

King. Not for the World, fair Madam, by my Will.

Prin. Why, will ſhall break its will, and nothing elſe.

King. Your Ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his Ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his Knowledge muſt prove Ignorance,
I hear your Grace hath ſworn out Houſe-keeping :
'Tis deadly Sin to keep that Oath, my Lord :

And Sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beſeemeth me ;
Vouchſafe to read the Purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my Suit.

King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.

Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me ſtay.

Biron.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Biron. I know you did.

Rosa. How needleſs was it then to ask the Question?

Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.

Rosa. 'Tis long of you that ſpur me with ſuch Questions.

Biron. Your Wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.

Rosa. Not 'till it leave the Rider in the Mire.

Biron. What Time a Day?

Rosa. The Hour that Fools ſhould aſk.

Biron. Now Fair befall your Mask.

Rosa. Fair fall the Face it covers.

Biron. And ſend you many Lovers.

Rosa. Amen, ſo you be none.

Biron. Nay then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your Father here doth intimate
The Payment of a hundred thouſand Crowns;
Being but th' one half of an intire Sum,
Diſburſed by my Father in his Wars.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither have,
Receiv'd that Sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in Surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the Money's worth.
If then the King your Father will reſtore
But that one Half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our Right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair Friendſhip with his Maſteſty:
But that it ſeems he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand Crowns, and not remembers
One Payment of an hundred thouſand Crowns,
To have his Title live in *Aquitain*;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the Money by our Father lent,
Than *Aquitain*, ſo gueldded as it is.
Dear Princeſs, were not his Requeſt ſo far
From Reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make,
A yielding 'gainſt ſome Reaſon in my Breſt,
And go well ſatisfied to *France* again.

Prin. You do the King my Father too much Wrong,
And wrong the Reputation of your Name,

In so unseemingly to confess Receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain*.

Prin. We arrest your Word:

Boyet, you can produce Acquittances
For such a Sum, from special Officers
Of *Charles* his Father.

King. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the Packet is not come,
Where that and other Specialties are bound:
To Morrow you shall have a Sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which Interview,
All liberal Reason would I yield unto:
Mean time receive such welcome at my Hand,
As Honour, without Breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true Worthiness.
You may not come, fair Princess, in my Gates,
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem your self lodg'd in my Heart,
Tho' so deny'd farther Harbour in my House:
Your own good Thoughts excuse me, and farewell;
To Morrow we shall visit you again.

Prin. Sweet Health and fair Desires comfort your Grace.

King. Thy own Wish, wish I thee, in every Place. [*Exit.*]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own Heart.

Rosa. Pray you do my Commendations;
I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Rosa. Is the Soul sick?

Biron. Sick at the Heart.

Rosa. Alack, let it Blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Rosa. My Physick says ay.

Biron. Will you prick't with your Eye.

Rosa. No poynt, with my Knife.

Biron. Now God save thy Life.

Rosa. And yours from long living.

Biron. I cannot stay Thanksgiving.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Dumain.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a Word; What Lady is that came?

Biron.

LOVE'S Labour's lost.

Biron. The Heir of *Alanson*, *Rosaline* her Name.

Dum. A gallant Lady; Monsieur fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Longaville.

Long. I beseech you a Word: What is she in white?

Boyet. A Woman sometimes, if you saw her in the Light.

Long. Perchance Light in the Light: I desire her Name.

Boyet. She hath but one for her self;

To desire that were a Shame.

Long. Pray you Sir, whose Daughter?

Boyet. Her Mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's Blessing on your Beard.

Boyet. Good Sir, be not offended.

She is an Heir of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my Choller is ended:

She is a most sweet Lady.

Boyet. Not unlike Sir, that may be.

[*Exit Long.*

Enter Biron.

Biron. What's her Name in the Cap?

Boyet. *Katherine* by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her Will, Sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome Sir: Adieu. [*Exit Biron.*

Boyet. Farewel to me Sir, and welcome to you.

Mar. That last is *Biron*, the merry Mad-cap Lord;

Not a Word with him but a Jest.

Boyet. And every Jest but a Word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Mar. Two hot Sheeps, marry;

Boyet. And wherefore not Ships?

No Sheep (sweet Lamb) unless we feed on your Lips.

Mar. You Sheep, and I Pasture; shall that finish the Jest?

Boyet. So you grant Pasture for me.

Mar. Not so, gentle Beast;

My Lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my Fortunes and me.

Prin. Good Wits will be jangling; but Gentles agree.

This Civil War of Wits were much better us'd

On *Navarre* and his Book-Men; for here 'tis abus'd.

Boyet. If my Observation (which very seldom lyes,
By the Heart's still Rhetorick, disclosed with Eyes)

Deceive

Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your Reason?

Boyet. Why all his Behaviours do make their Retire
To the Court of his Eye, peeping thorough Desire:
His Heart like an Agat with your Print impressed;
Proud with his Form, in his Eye Pride expressed:
His Tongue all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his Eye-sight to be:
All Senses to that Sense did made their Repair,
To feel only looking on Fairest of fair;
Methought all his Senses were lock'd in his Eye,
As Jewels in Chrystal for some Prince to buy:
Who tendring their own Worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you past. [glast,
His Faces own Margent did quote such Amazes,
That all Eyes saw his Eyes enchanted with Gazes:
I'll give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake but one loving Kifs.

Prin. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyet* is dispos'd.

Boyet. But to speak that in Words which his Eye hath
I only have made a Mouth of his Eye, [disclos'd;
By adding a Tongue which I know will not lie.

Rosa. Thou art an old Love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

Mar. He is *Cupid's* Grandfather, and learns News of him.

Rosa. Then was *Venus* like her Mother, for her Father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad Wenches?

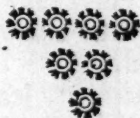
Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Rosa. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[Exeunt.





A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Armado and Moth.

S O N G.

Arm. **W**Arble Child, make passionate my Sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel. —

Arm. Sweet Air; go Tenderness of Years; take this Key, give Inlargement to the Swain; bring him festinately hither: I must imploy him in a Letter to my Love.

Moth. Will you win your Love with a *French* Braul?

Arm. How mean'st thou, brauling in *French*.

Moth. No my compleat Master, but to Jig off a Tune at the Tongue's End, canary to it with the Feet, humour it with turning up your Eye; sigh a Note and sing a Note, sometimes through the Throat: If you swallow'd Love with Singing, love sometime through the Nose, as if you snust up Love by smelling Love, with your Hat Penthouse-like o'er the Shop of your Eyes, with your Arms crost on your thinbelly Doublet, (like a Rabbet on a Spit) or your Hands in your Pocket, like a Man after the old Painting, and keep not too long in one Tune, but a Snip and away: These are Complements, these are Humours, these betray nice Wenches that would be betray'd without these, and make them Men of Note: Do you note, Men that most are affected to these?

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this Experience?

Moth. By my Pen of Observation.

Arm. But Oh, but O —

Moth. The Hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Call'st thou my Love Hobby-horse.

Moth. No, Master, the Hobby-Horse is but a Colt, and your Love perhaps a Hackney:
But have you forgot your Love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent Student, learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, Boy.

Moth. And out of Heart, Master: All those three I will prove.

Arm.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A Man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without upon the Instant: In Heart you love her, because your Heart is in love with her; and out of Heart you love her, being out of Heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three Times as much more; and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the Swain, he must marry me a Letter.

Moth. A Message well sympathiz'd; a Horse to be Embassador for an As.

Arm. Ha, ha; what say'st thou?

Moth. Marry Sir, you must send the As upon the Horse, for he is very slow gated: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as Lead, Sir.

Arm. Thy Meaning, pretty Ingenious? is not Lead a Metal heavy, dull and slow?

Moth. Minime honest Master, or rather Master no.

Arm. I say Lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift Sir, to say so.

Is that Lead slow, Sir, which is fir'd from a Gun?

Arm. Sweet Smoak of Rhetorick;

He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he: I shoot thee at the Swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I fly.

[Exit.

Arm. A most acute *Juvenile*, voluble and free of Grace; By thy Favour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy Face. Most rude Melancholy, Valour gives thee Place. My Herald is return'd.

Enter Moth and Costard.

Moth. A Wonder, Master, here's a *Costard* broken in a Shin.

Arm. Some Enigma, some Riddle, no *Lenvoy*, begin.

Cost. No Egma, no Riddle, no *Lenvoy*, no Slave, in the Male, Sir. O Sir, Plantan, a plain-Plantan; no *Lenvoy*, no *Lenvoy*, or Salve, Sir, but Plantan.

Arm. By Vertue thou inforcest Laughter, thy silly Thought, my Spleen, the heaving of my Lungs provokes me to ridiculous Smiling: O pardon me my Stars, doth the

the inconsiderate take Salve for *Lenvoy*, and the word *Lenvoy* for a Salve?

Moth. Do the Wise think them other, is not *Lenvoy* a Salve? [plain

Arm. No Page, it is an Epilogue or Discourse, to make Some obscure Precedence that hath tofore been fain. Now will I begin your Moral, and do you follow with my *Lenvoy*.

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the Goose came out of Door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

A good *Lenvoy*, ending in the Goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The Boy hath sold him a Bargain, a Goose that's flat,
Sir your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a Bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.
Let me see a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither;
How did this Argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a Shin.
Then call'd you for a *Lenvoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a Plantan;
Thus came your Argument in;
Then the Boys fat *Lenvoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And He ended the Market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken in a Shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*,
I will speak that *Lenvoy*.

I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the Threshold, and broke my Shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this Matter.

Cost. 'Till there be more Matter in the Shin.

Arm. Sirrah, *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Cost. O, Marry me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Lenvoy*,
some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet Soul, I mean setting thee at Liberty.
Enfreedoming thy Person; thou wert immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true, and now you will be my Purgation,
and let me loose.

Arm.

Arm. I give thee thy Liberty, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this; bear this significant to the Country-Maid *Faquetta*; there is Remuneration, for the best ward of mine Honours is rewarding my Dependants. *Moth*, follow.—— [Exit.

Moth. Like the Sequel I.
Signior *Costard* adieu.

[Exit.

Cost. My sweet Ounce of Man's Flesh, my in-cony Jew: Now will I look to his Remuneration.

Remuneration, O, that's the Latin Word for three Farthings: Three Farthings Remuneration, What's the Price of this Inle? a Penny. No, I'll give you a Remuneration: Why? It carries its Remuneration: Why? It is a fairer Name than a French-Crown. I will never buy and sell out of this Word.

Enter *Biron*.

Biron. O my good Knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you Sir, how much Carnation Ribbon may a Man buy for a Remuneration?

Biron. What is a Remuneration?

Cost. Marry Sir, half-penny Farthing.

Biron. O, why then three Farthings worth of Silk.

Cost. I thank your Worship, God be with you.

Biron. O stay Slave, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my Favour, my good Knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall intreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, Sir?

Biron. O this Afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it Sir: Fare you well,

Biron. O thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why Villain thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your Worship to Morrow Morning.

Biron. It must be done this Afternoon.

Hark Slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the Park:

And in her Train there is a gentle Lady;

When Tongues speak sweetly, then they name her Name,

And *Rosaline* they call her; ask for her,

And to her white Hand see thou do commend

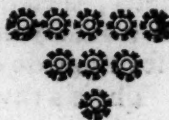
This seal'd up Counsel. There's thy Guerdon; go.

Cost. Guerdon, O sweet Guerdon, better than Remu-
B
neration,

neration, eleven Pence Farthing better : Most sweet Guerdon. I will do it, Sir, in Print. Guerdon, Remuneration.

[Exit.

Biron. O! and I forsooth in Love,
 I that have been Love's Whip;
 A very Beadle to a humerous Sigh: A Critick;
 Nay, a Night-watch Constable.
 A domineering Pedant o'er the Boy,
 Than whom no Mortal more magnificent.
 This whimp'd, whining, purblind wayward Boy,
 This Signior *Juno's* Giant Dwarf, Don *Cupid*,
 Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded Arms,
 Th' anointed Sovereign of Sighs and Groans:
 Liege of all Loyterers, and Malecontents:
 Dread Prince of Plackets, King of Codpieces.
 Sole Imperator, and Great General
 Of trotting Parators (O my little Heart!)
 And I to be a Corporal of his Field,
 And wear his Colours like a Tumbler's Hoop!
 What? I love! I sue! I seek a Wife,
 A Woman, that is like a *German* Clock,
 Still a-repairing; ever out of Frame,
 And never going aright, being but a Watch,
 But being watch'd, that it may still go right.
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:
 And among three, to love the worst of all,
 A whitely Wanton with a Velvet Brow,
 With two pitch Balls stuck in her Face for Eyes,
 Ay, and by Heav'n, one that will do the Deed,
 Tho' *Argus* were her Eunuch and her Guard;
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! go too: It is a Plague
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty, dreadful, little Might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan,
 Some Men must love my Lady, and some *Jean*. [Exit.



A C T.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Catherine, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. **W**AS that the King that spur'd his Horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the Hill?

Bejet. I know not, but I think it was not he.

Prin. Who e'er he was, he shew'd a mounting Mind.
Well Lords, to Day we shall have our dispatch,
On *Saturday* we will return to *France*.

Then *Forester*, my Friend, where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the Murtherer in?

For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my Beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? First praise me, then again say no.
O short-liv'd Pride! Not Fair? alack for wo!

For. Yes Madam, Fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now,
Where Fair is not, Praise cannot mend the Brow.
Here, good my Glass, take this for telling true;
Fair Payment for foul Words is more than due.

For. Nothing but Fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my Beauty will be sav'd by Merit.
O Heresie in fair, fit for these Days,
A giving Hand, though foul, shall have fair Praise.
But come, the Bow; now Mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my Credit in the shoot,
Not wounding, Pity would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my Skill,
That more for Praise than Purpose meant to kill.
And out of Question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested Crimes,
When for Fame's sake to praise an outward Part,
We bend to that, the working of the Heart.

As I for Praise alone now seek to spill
The poor Deer's Blood, that my Heart means no Ill.

Boyet. Do not curst Wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for Praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their Lords?

Prin. Only for Praise, and Praise we may afford
To any Lady that subdues her Lord.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a Member of the Common-wealth.

Cest. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
Lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, Fellow, by the rest that
have no Heads.

Cest. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cest. The thickest and the tallest? It is so, truth is truth,
And your Waste, Mistress, were as slender as my Wit,
One a these Maids Girdles for your Waste should be fit.
Are not you the chief Woman? You are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, Sir? what's your will?

Cest. I have a Letter from Monsieur *Biron*,
To one Lady *Rosaline*.

Prin. O thy Letter, thy Letter : He's a good Friend
Stand aside, good Bearer. (of mine.)

Boyet. you can carve,
Break up this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This Letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the Neck of the Wax, and every one give Ear.

Boyet reads.

BY Heaven, that thou art Fair, is most infallible; true
that thou art Beauteous; Truth it self that thou art
Lovely; more fairer than Fair, beautiful than Beauteous,
truer than Truth it self; have Commiseration on thy he-
roical Vassal, the magnanimous and most illustrate King
Cyphetua set Eye upon the pernicious and indubitate
Beggar *Zenelophon*; and he it was that might rightly say,
Veni, vidi, vici; which to Anatomize in the Vulgar, (O
base and obscure Vulgar!) *Videlicet*, he came, saw and
overcame; he came one, saw two, overcame three.
Who

Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the Beggar. What saw he? the Beggar. Who overcame he? the Beggar. The Conclusion is Victory; On whose side? the King's; the Captive is enrich'd: On whose side? the beggar's. The Catastrophe is a Nuptial: On whose side? the King's? No, on both in one, or one in both: I am the King, (for so stands the Comparison) thou the Beggar, for so witnesseth thy Lowliness. Shall I command thy Love? I may. Shall I enforce thy Love? I could. Shall I entreat thy Love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for Rags? Robes; for Tittles? Titles; for thy self? me. Thus expecting thy Reply, I prophane my Lips on thy Foot, my Eyes on thy Picture, and my Heart on thy every Part.

Thine in the dearest design of Industry.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Thus dost thou near the *Nemean* Lion roar
'Gainst thee thou Lamb, that standest as his Prey:
Submissive fall his princely Feet before,
And he from Forage will incline to play.

But if thou strive (poor Soul) what art thou then?
Food for his Rage, Repasture for his Den.

Prin. What Plume of Feather is he that indited this Letter? what Vane? what weathercock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the Stile.

Prin. Else your Memory is bad, going o'er it ere while.

Boyet. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in Court,
A Phantasme, a Monarcho, and one that makes Sport
To the Prince and his Book-mates.

Prin. Thou Fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this Letter?

Cost. I told you, my Lord.

Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?

Cost. From my Lord to my Lady.

Prin. From which Lord to which Lady?

Cost. From my Lord *Berown*, a good Master of mine,
To a Lady of France that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his Letter. Come Lords away.
Here Sweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another Day.

[*Exeunt.*

Boyet. Who is the Shooter? who is the Shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my Continent of Beauty.

Rosa. Why she that bears the Bow. *Finely put off.*

Boyet. My Lady goes to kill Horns; but if thou marry,
Hang me by the Neck, if Horns that Year miscarry.
Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the Shooter.

Boyet. And who is your Deer?

Rosa. If we chuse by Horns, your self; come not near.
Finely put on indeed.

Mar. You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she strikes
at the Brow.

Boyet. But she her self is hit lower.

Have I hit her now?

Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old Saying, that
was a Man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little Boy,
as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was
a Woman, when Queen *Guinover* of *Britain* was a little
Wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou can'st not hit it, hit it, hit it.
Thou can'st not hit it, my good Man.

Boyet. I cannot, cannot, cannot.

And I cannot another can.

[*Exit Rosa.*

Cost. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A Mark maryellous well shot; for they both did
hit it.

Boyet. A Mark, O mark but that Mark! a Mark, says
my Lady:

Let the Mark have a Prick in't, to meet at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o'th bow Hand, i'faith your Hand is out.

Cost. Indeed a'must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the
Clout.

Boyet. And if my Hand be out, then belike your Hand
is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the Pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your Lips grow
scul.

Cost.

Cost. She's too hard for you at Pricks, Sir, challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing, good night, my good Owl.

Cost. By my Soul a Swain, a most simple Clown,
Lord, Lord ! how the Ladies and I have put him down
O' my troth most sweet Jest, most incony vulgar Wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,
so fit.

Armado o'th' one side, O a most dainty Man,
To see him walk before a Lady, and to bear her Fan.
To see him kiss his Hand, and how most sweetly he will
swear :

And his Page o' t'other side, that handful of Wit,
Ah Heav'ns ! it is a most pathological Nit.

Sowla, Sowla !

[*Exeunt.*]

Shout within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverent Sport truly, and done in the Testimony of a good Conscience.

Hol. The Deer was (as you know) *sanguis* in Blood, ripe as a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Jewel in the Ear of *Cælo* the Sky, the Welkin, the Heav'n, and anon falleth like a Crab on the Face of *Terra*, the Soil, the Land, the Earth.

Nath. Truly Master *Holofernes*, the Epithetes are sweetly varied like a Scholar at the least : But, Sir, I assure ye, it was a Buck of the first Head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *baud credo*.

Dull. 'I was not a *baud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous Intimation ; yet a kind of Insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of Explication *facere*, as it were Replication, or rather *O'entare*, to show as it were his Inclination after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed Fashion, to insert again my *baud credo* for a Deer.

Dull. I said the Deer was not a *baud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod Simplicity, *bis coctus* ; O thou Monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look ?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the Dainties that are bred in a Book.

He hath not eat Paper as it were;

He hath not drunk Ink.

His Intellect is not replenished, he is only an Animal, only sensible in the duller parts; and such barren Plants are set before us, that we thankful should be; which we taste, and feeling, are for those Parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a Fool;

So were there a Patch set on Learning, to see him in a School.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Father's Mind, Many can brook the Weather, that love not the Wind.

Dull. You two are Book-men; Can you tell by your Wit, what was a Month old at *Caius* Birth, that's not five Weeks old as yet?

Hol. *Distinna* Good-man *Dull*, *Distinna* Good-man *Dull*.

Dull. What is *Distinna*?

Nath. A Title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon*.

Hol. The Moon was a Month old when *Adam* was no more.

And wrought not to five Weeks when he came to fivescore. Th' Allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy Capacity, I say the Allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dull. And I say the Pollution holds in the Exchange? for the Moon is never but a Month old; and I say beside 'twas a Pricket that the Princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporal Epitaph on the Death of the Deer, and to humour the Ignorant, I have call'd the Deer the Princess kill'd a Pricket.

Nath. *Perge* good Master *Holofernes*, *Perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate Scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the Letter, for it argues Facility.

*The praisesul Princess pierc'd and prickt
a pretty pleasing Pricket.*

*Some say a Sore, but not a Sore,
'till now made sore with shooting*

The

*The Dogs did yell, put Ell to Sore,
then Sorrel jumps from Thicket;
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the People fall a booting.
If Sore be Sore, then Ell to Sore,
make fifty Sores, O Sorell!
Of one Sore I an hundred make,
by adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare Talent,

Dull. If a Talent be a Claw, look how he claws him with a Talent.

Hol. This is a Gift that I have, simple, simple; foolish extravagant Spirit, full of Forms, Figures, Shapes, Objects, Ideas, Apprehensions, Motions, Revolutions. These are begot in the Ventricle of Memory, nourish'd in the Womb of *Pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of Occasion; but the Gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my Parishioners, for their Sons are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you; you are a good Member of the Common-wealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, If their Sons be ingenuous, they shall want no Instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*, a Soul Feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good Morrow, Master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, *quasi* Person. And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry Master School-master, he that is likest to a Hogthead.

Hol. Of piercing a Hogthead, a good Cluster of Conceit in a Turf of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearl enough for a Swine: 'Tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good Master Parson be so good as read me this Letter; it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*. I beseech you read it.

Nath. *Fausse precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbrâ ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old Mantuan, I may speak of thee as the Traveller doth of *Venice*; *Vene-*

chi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piaecb. Old Mantuan, old Mantuan. Who understandeth thee not, *ut res la mi fa.*

Hol. Under pardon, Sir, What are the Contents? or rather, as *Horace* says in his: What! my Soul! Verses!

Nath. Ay Sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a Staff, a Stanza, a Verse; *Lege Decime.*

Nath. If Love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to Love?

Ah, never Faith could hold, if not to Beauty vow'd;
Though to my self forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove,
Those Thoughts to me were Oaks, to thee like Osiers
bow'd.

Study his bias Leaves, and makes his Book thine Eyes;
Where all those Pleasures live, that Art would comprehend,
If Knowledge be the Mark, to know thee shall suffice,
Well learned is that Tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that Soul, that sees thee without Wonder:
Which is to me some Praise, that I thy Parts admire;
Thy Eye *Jove's* Lightning bears, thy Voice is dreadful
Thunder;

Which not to Anger bent, is Musick, and sweet Fire.
Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon, Love, this Wrong,
That sings Heav'n's Praise with such an Earthly Tongue.

Hol. You find not the *Apostrophes*, and so miss the Accent. Let me supervise the Cangenet.

Nath. Here are only Numbers ratify'd, but for the Elegancy, Facility, and golden Cadence of Poésie caret: *Ovidius Naso* was the Man. And why indeed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous Flowers of Fancy? The Jerks of Invention imitary is nothing: so doth the Hound his Master, the Ape his Keeper, the tir'd Horse his Rider: But *Damofella Virgin*, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay Sir, from one Monsieur *Biron*, one of the strange Queen's Lords.

Nath. I will overglance the Superscript.
To the Snow-white Hand of the most beauteous Lady, *Rosaline*. I will look again on the Intellect of the Letter, for the Nomination of the Party writing, to the Person written unto.

Your Ladyship's in all desir'd Employment, *Biron*.

Dull.

Dull. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Biron* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath fram'd a Letter to a Sequent of the stranger Queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of Progression, hath miscarry'd. Trip and go my sweet; deliver this Paper into the Hand of the King, it may concern much; stay not thy Complement; I forgive thy Duty: Adieu.

Jaq. Good *Costard* go with me.
Sir, God save your Life.

Cost. Have with thee my Girl. [*Exe. Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have dore this in the Fear of God, very Religiously; and as a certain Father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the Father, I do fear colourable Colours. But to return to the Verses: Did they please you, Sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marvellous well for the Pen.

Hol. I do dine to Day at the Fathers of a certain Pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the Table with a Grace: I will on my Priviledge I have with the Parents of the foresaid Child or Pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*, where will I prove those Verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of Poetry, Wit or Invention. I beseech your Society.

Nath. And thank you too: for Society (saith the Text) is the Happiness of Life.

Hol. And certes the Text most infallibly concludes it. Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *Pausa verba.*

Away, the Gentiles are at their Game, and we will to our Recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Biron with a Paper in his Hand, alone.

Biron. The King is hunting the Deer.
I am cursing my self.

They have pitcht a Toyl, I am toyling in a Pitch, Pitch that defiles; defile, a foul Word: Well, set thee down Sorrow; for so they say the Fool said, and so say I, and I the Fool. Well prov'd Wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills Sheep, it kills me, I a Sheep. Well prov'd again on my Side. I will not love; If I do hang me: I saith I will not. O but her Eye: By this Light, but for her Eye, I would not love; yes, for her two Eyes. Well I do nothing in the World but lie, and lie in my Throat.

Throat. By Heav'n I do love, and it hath taught me to Rhime, and to be melancholly; and here is part of my Rhime, and here my Melancholly. Well she hath one o' my Sonnets already; the Clown bore it, the Fool sent it, and the Lady hath it: Sweet Clown, sweeter Fool, sweetest Lady! By the World, I would not care a Pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a Paper; God give him Grace to groan. *[He stands aside.]*

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. Shot, by Heaven! Proceed, sweet *Cupid*; thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt under the left Pap: In faith Secrets.

King. So sweet a Kiss the golden Sun gives not,
To those fresh Morning Drops upon the Rose,
As thy Eye-beams when their fresh Rays have smote
The Night of Dew that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver Moon one half so bright,
Through the transparent Bosom of the Deep,
As doth thy Face through Tears of mine give Light;
Thou shin'st in every Tear that I do weep;
No Drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my Woe.
Do but behold the Tears that swell in me,
And they thy Glory through my Grief will shew;
But do not love thy self, then thou wilt keep
My Tears from Glasses, and still make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excel!
No Thought can think, nor Tongue of Mortal tell.
How she shall know my Griefs; I'll drop the Paper;
Sweet Leaves shade Folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter Longavile. [The King steps aside.]

What! *Longavile*! and reading: Listen Ear.

Biron. Now in thy Likeness one more Fool appears.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn.

Biron. Why he comes in like a perjurd, wearing Papers.

King. In Love I hope, sweet Fellowship in shame.

King. One Drunkard loves another of the Name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjurd so? (know;

Biron. I could put thee in comfort: Not by two that I
Thou make'st the Triumvir, the three Corner cap of
Society,

The

The Shape of Loves Tiburn, that hangs up Simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn Lines lack Power to move:
O sweet *Maria*, Empress of my Love.

These Numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O Rhimes are Guards on wanton *Cupid's* Hose:
Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall go.

[*He reads the Sonnet.*]

*Did not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine Eye
Gainst whom the World cannot b. ld Argument;
Perswade my Heart to this false Perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not Punishment:
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthy, thou a heav'nly Love:
Thy Grace being gain'd, cures all Disgrace in me.
Vows are but Breath, and Breath a Vapour is,
Then thou fair Sun, which on my Earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this Vapour-Vow; in thee it is;
If broken then, it is no Fault of mine;
If by me broke, what Fool is not so wise,
To lose an Oath to win a Paradise?*

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes Flesh a Deity:
A green Goose a Goddess, pure, pure Idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this! (Company?) Stay.

Biron. All hid, all hid, an old infant Play;
Like a Demy God, here fit I in the Sky:
And wretched Fools Secrets headfully o'er eye:
More Sacks to the Mill! O Heav'ns I have my wish,
Dumain transform'd; four woodcocks in a Dish.

Dum. O most Divine Kate!

Biron. O most prophane Coxcomb!

Dum. By Heav'n the wonder of a mortal Eye!

Biron. By Earth she is not; Corporal, there you lie.

Dum. Her Amber Hairs for Foul have Amber coted.

Biron. An Amber-colour'd Raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the Cedar.

Biron. Stoop I say, her Shoulder is with Child.

Dum. As fair as Day.

Biron.

Biron. Ay as some Days; but then no Sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my With!

Long. And I had mine.

King. And I mine too, good Lord.

Biron. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good Word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Fever she
Reigns in my Blood, and will remembred be.

Biron. A Fever in your Blood! Why then Incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet Misprision.

Dum. Once more I'll read the Ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how Love can vary Wit.

Dumain reads his Sonnet.

On a Day, alack the Day:

Love, whose Month is every May,

Spy'd a Blossom passing fair,

Playing in the wanton Air:

Through the Velvet Leaves, the Wind,

All unseen, can Passage find,

That the Lover sick to Death,

Wish'd himself the Heav'n's Breath.

Air (quoth he) thy Cheeks may blow,

Air, would I might triumph so.

But alack my Hand is sworn,

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy Thorn.

Vow alack for Youth unmeet,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it Sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee.

Thou for whom ev'n Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiop were.

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy Love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,

That shall express my true Love's fasting Pain:

O would the King, *Biron* and *Longaville*,

Were Lover too, ill to example ill

Would from my Fore-head wipe a perjur'd Note:

For none offend, were all alike do dote.

Long. *Dumain*, thy Love is far from Charity,

That

That in Loves Grief desir'st Society : [*Coming forward.*
You may look pale, but I should blush I know,
To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, Sir, you blush ; as his, your Case is such,
[*Coming forward.*

You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love *Maria*, *Longatille*
Did never Sonnet for her sake compile ?
Nor never laid his wreathed Arms athwart
His loving Bosom, to keep down his Heart ?
I have been closely shrowded in a Bush
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rhimes, observ'd your Fashion ;
Saw Sighs reek from you, noted well your Passion.
Ay me ! says one ; O *Jove* ! the other cries ;
Her Hairs were Gold, Crystal the others Eyes.
You would for Paradise break faith and troth.
And *Jove* for your Love would infringe an Oath.
What will *Biron* say, when that he shall hear
A Faith infringed, which such Zeal did swear ?
How will he scorn ? how will he spend his Wit ?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it ?
For all the Wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip Hypocrisie.
Ay good my Liege, I pray thee pardon me. [*Coming forward.*
Good heart, what Grace hast thou thus to reprove
These Worms for loving, that art most in love ?
Your Eyes do make no Coaches in your Tears,
There is no certain Princess that appears ?
You'll not be Perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing ;
Tush ; none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd ? Nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot ?
You found his Mote, the King your Mote did see :
But I a Beam do find in each of three.
O what a Scene of Fool'ry have I seen,
Of Sighs, or Groans, of Sorrow, and of Teen ?
O me, with what strict Patience have I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat ?
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigg,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a Jigg ?

And

And *Nestor* play at Push-pin with the Boys,
 And *Critick Tymon* laugh at idle Toys,
 Where lies thy Grief? O tell me good *Dumain*;
 And gentle *Longaville*, where lies thy Pain?
 And where my Liege's? all about the Breast.
 A Candle hoa!

King. Too bitter is thy Jest,
 Are we betray'd thus to thy Over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you.
 I that am honest, I that hold it Sin,
 To break the Vow I am engag'd in.
 I am betray'd by keeping company
 With Men, like Men of strange Inconstancy.
 When shall you see me write a thing in Rhime?
 Or groan for *Joan*? or spend a Minute's time
 In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
 Will praise a Hand, a Foot, a Face, an Eye,
 A Gate, a State, a Brow, a Breast, a Waste,
 A Leg, a Limb?

King. Soft, whither away so fast?
 A true Man or a Thief, that gallops so.

Biron. I post from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God blest the King.

King. What Present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain Treason.

King. What makes Treason here?

Cost. Nay it makes nothing, Sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
 The Treason and you go in Peace together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this Letter be read,
 Our Parson misdoubts it: it was Treason he said.

King. *Biron*, read it over [He reads the Letter.
 Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of *Costard*.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

King. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A Toy, my Liege, a Toy: Your Grace needs
 not fear it.

Long. It did move him to Passion, and therefore let's
 hear it.

Dum.

Dum. It is *Biron's* Writing, and here is his Name.

Biron. Ah you whoreson Loggerhead, you were born to do me shame.

Guilty, my Lord guilty, I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three Fools lackt me Fool to make up the mess.

He, he, and you : and you my Liege, and I,
Are Pick-purses in Love, and we deserve to die.

O dismiss this Audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the Number is even.

Biron. True, true, we are four :

Will these Turtles be gone?

King. Hence, Sirs, away.

Cofi. Walk aside the true folk, and let the Traitors stay.

Biron. Sweet Lords, sweet Lovers, O let us imbrace :

As true we are as Flesh and Blood can be.

The Sea will ebb and flow, Heav'n will shew his Face :

Young Blood doth not obey an old Decree.

We cannot cross the Cause why we were born :

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rentlines shew some Love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline.

That (like a rude and savage Man of *Inde*)

At the first opening of the gorgeous East,

Bows not his vassal Head, and stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient Breast?

What peremptory Eagle-sighted Eye

Dares look upon the Heav'n of her Brow,

That is not blinded by her Majesty?

King. What Zeal, what Fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My Love (her Mistress) is a gracious Moon,

She (an attending Star) scarce seen a Light.

Biron. My Eyes are then no Eyes, nor I a *Biron*.

O but for my Love, Day would turn to Night,

Of all Complexions the cull'd Sovereignty,

Do meet as at a Fair in her fair Cheek;

Where several Worthies make one Dignity,

Where nothing wants that Want itself doth seek.

Lend me the Flowrish of all gentle Tongues;

Fie

Fie painted Rhetorick, O she needs it not :
 To Things of Sale, a Seller's Praise belongs :
 She passes Praise, then Praise too short doth blot :
 A wither'd Hermit, fivescore Winters worn,
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her Eye :
 Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new born,
 And gives the Crutch the Cradle's Infancy.
 O 'tis the Sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By Heaven thy Love is Black as Ebony.

Biron. Is Ebony like her? O Word Divine!

A Wife of such Wood were Felicity.
 O who can give an Oath? Where is a Book?
 That I may swear Beauty doth Beauty lack,
 If that she learn not of her Eye to look :
 No Face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O Paradox, black is the Badge of Hell;
 The Hue of Dungeons, and the School of Night;
 And Beauty's Crest becomes the Heavens well.

Liron. Devils soonest tempt resembling Spirits of Light :
 O, if in black my Lady's Brow be deckt :
 It mourns, that painting and usurping Hair
 Should ravish Doters with a false Aspect :
 And therefore is she born to make black fair.
 Her Favour turns the Fashion of the Days,
 For native blood is counted Painting now ;
 And therefore red that wou'd avoid Dispraise,
 Paints it self black, to imitate her Brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimney-Sweepers black.

Long. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Ethiops* of their sweet Complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for Dark is Light.

Biron. Your Mistresses dare never come in Rain,
 For fear their Colours should be washt away.

King. 'Twere good yours did : for, Sir, to tell you plain,
 I'll find a fairer Face not washt to Day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till Doom's-day here.

King. No Devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew Man hold vile Stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy Love, my Foot and her Face see.

Biron. O if the Streets were paved with thine Eyes,
 Her Feet were much too dainty for such Tread.

Dum. O vile ! then as she goes, what upward lyes

The

The Street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this, are we not all in Love?

Biron. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this Chat, and good *Biron* now prove
Our loving lawful, and our Faith not torn.

Dum. Ay marry there, some Flattery for this Evil.

Long. O some Authority how to proceed,
Some Tricks, some Quillets, how to cheat the Devil.

Dum. Some Salve for Perjury.

Biron. O 'tis more than need,
Have at you then Affections, Men at Arms,
Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no Woman;
Flat Treason 'gainst the kingly State of Youth.
Say, can you fast? your Stomachs are too young:
And Abstinence ingenders Maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study (Lords)
In that each of you hath forsworn his Book.
Can you still dream and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the Ground of Study's Excellence,
Without the Beauty of a Woman's Face?
From Women's Eyes this Doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Books, the Academes.
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* Fire:
Why, universal Plodding poisons up
The nimble Spirits in the Arteries;
As Motion and long during Action tires
The sinew vigour of the Traveller.
Now for not looking on a Woman's Face,
You have in that forsworn the use of Eyes:
And Study too, the Caufer of your Vow.
For where is any Author in the World,
Teaches such Beauty as a Woman's Eye?
Learning is but an Adjunct to our self,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
Then when our selves we see in Ladies Eyes,
Do we not likewise see our Learning there?
O, we have made a Vow to Study, Lords,
And in that Vow we have forsworn our Books:
For when would you, my Liege, or you, or you,
In leaden Contemplation have found out

Such

Such fiery numbers as the prompting Eyes
 Of Beauty's Tutors have enrich'd you with ?
 Other slow Arts entirely keep the Brain ;
 And therefore finding barren Practisers,
 Scarce shew a Harvest of their heavy Toil.
 But Love first learned in a Lady's Eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the Brain :
 But with the Motion of all Elements,
 Courses as swift as Thought in every Power,
 And gives to every Power, a double Power,
 Above their Functions and their Offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the Eye :
 A Lover's Eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.
 A Lover's Ear will hear the lowest Sound,
 When the suspicious Head of Theft is stopt.
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Than are the tender Horns of cockled Snails.
 Love's Tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in Taste ;
 For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules* ?
 Still climbing Trees in the *Hesperides*.
 Subtle as a *Sphinx*, as sweet and musical
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his Hair :
 And when Love speaks, the Voice of all the Gods,
 Make Heav'n drowsie with the Harmony.
 Never durst Poet touch a Pen to write,
 Until his Ink were temper'd with Love's Sighs ;
 Or then his Lines would ravish Savage Ears,
 And plant in Tyrants mild Humility.
 From Women's Eyes this Doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right *Promethean* Fire,
 They are the Books, the Arts, the Academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the World ;
 Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
 Then Fools you were, these Women to forswear :
 Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove Fools.
 For Wisdom's Sake (a Word that all Men love)
 Or for Love's sake, a Word that loves all Men :
 Or for Men's sake, the Author of these Women,
 Or Women's sake, by whom we Men are Men ;
 Let us once lose our Oaths, to find our selves ;
 Or else we lose our selves, to keep our Oaths.
 It is Religion to be thus forsworn.

For

For Charity it self fulfils the Law;
And who can sever Love from Charity?

King. Saint *Cupid* then, and Soldiers to the Field!

Biron. Advance your Standards, and upon them, Lords;
Pell, mell, down with them: But be first advis'd,
In Conflict that you get the Sun of them.

Long. Now to Plain-dealing, lay these Glosses by,
Shall we resolve to woo these Girls of *France*?

King. And win them too; therefore let us devise
Some Entertainment for them in their Tents.

Biron. First from the Park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every Man attach the Hand
Of his fair Mistress; in the Afternoon
We will with some strange Pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape:
For Revels, Dances, Masks, and merry Hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her Way with Flowers.

King. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Alone, alone sowed Cockel, reap'd no Corn,
And Justice always whirls in equal Measure:
Light Wenches may prove Plagues to Men forsworn,
If so, our Copper Buys no better Treasure. [Exeunt.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. *S* *Atis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir, your Reasons at
Dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without
Scurrility, witty without Affectation, audacious without
Impudency, learned without Opinion, and strange with-
out Heresie: I did converse this *quendam*-Day with a
Companion of the King's, which is intituled, nominated,
or called, *Don Adriana de Armado*.

Hol. *Nevi hominem tanquem te.* His Humour is lofty,
his Discourse peremptory, his Tongue filed, his Eye am-
bitious, his Gate majestic, and his general Behaviour
vain, ridiculous, and Thraasonical. He is too picked, too
spruce,

spruce too affected, too odd as it were, to peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice Epithet.

[*Draws out his Table-Book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the Thread of his Verbosity finer than the Staple of his Argument. I abhor such phantastical Phantasms, such insociable and point devise Companions, such Rackers of Orthography, as do speak dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not det: He clepeth a Calf, Cauf: half, hauf: Neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne; This is abominable, which we would call abhominable: It insinuateth me of Infamy: *Ne intelligis Domine*, to make Frantick, Lunatick?

Nath. *Laus deo, bene inte'igo.*

Hol. *Bome boon for boon prescian!* a little search, 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth and Costard.

Nath. *Vides ne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, & gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra.

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not Sirra?

Arm. Men of Peace well incountred.

Hol. Most Military Sir, Salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great Feast of Languages, and stole the Scraps.

Cost. O they have liv'd long on the Alms-basket of Words. I marvel thy Master hath not eaten thee for a Word, for thou art not so long by the Head as *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*: Thou art easier swallow'd than a Flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace, the Peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches Boys the Horn-book: What is A B spelt backward with the Horn on his Head?

Hol. *Ba, pueritia*, with a Horn added.

Moth. *Ba*, most silly Sheep with a Horn. You hear is Learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou Consonant?

Moth. The last of the five Vowels, if you repeat them, or the fifth if I.

Hol. I will repeat them a e I _____

Moth. The Sheep; the other two concludes it o u.

Arm.

Arm. Now by the salt Wave of the *Mediterraneum*, a sweet touch, a quick Venew of Wit; snip, snap, quick and home, it rejoiceth my Intellect; true Wit.

Meth. Offer'd by a Child to an old Man: which is Wit-old.

Hol. What is the Figure? what is the Figure?

Meth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an Infant; go, whip thy Gigg

Meth. Lend me your Horn to make one, and I will whip about your Infamy *unum cita*, a Gigg of a Cuck-old's Horn.

Cost. And I had but one Penny in the World, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger-bread; Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Master, thou Half-penny Purse of Wit, thou Pidgeon-egg of Discretion. O, and the Heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard! What a joyful Father wouldst thou make me? Go too, thou hast it *ad Dunghil*, as the Finger's ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false Latin, *dunghil* for *unguem*.

Arm. Artf-man, *preambula*; we will be singled from the Barbarous. Do you not educate Youth at the Charge-house on the Top of the Mountain.

Hol. Or *Mons* the Hill.

Arm. At your sweet Pleasure for the Mountain.

Hol. I do *sans question*.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet Pleasure and Affection, to congratulate the Princess at her Pavillion, in the *posteriors* of this Day, which the rude Multitude call the Afternoon.

Hol. The *Posterior* of the Day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the Afternoon: The Word is well cull'd, choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my Familiar, I do assure ye, my very good Friend, for what is inward between us, let it pass—I do beseech thee, remember thy Curtesie—I beseech thee Apparel thy Head, and among other importunate and most serious Designs, and of great Import indeed too——But let that pass, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the World) sometime to lean upon my poor Shoulder, and with his Royal
Finger

Finger thus dally with my Excrement, with my Mustachio; but sweet Heart, let that pass. But the World I recount no Fable; some certain special Honours it pleaseth his Greatness to impart to *Armado* a Soldier, a Man of Travel, that hath seen the World; but let that pass---the very all of all is-----But sweet Heart, I do implore Secresy----- that the King would have me present the Princess (sweet Chuck) with some delightful Ostentation, or Show, or Pageant, or Antick, or Fire-work. Now understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such Eruptions, and sudden breaking out of Mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your Assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some Entertainment of Time, some Show in the *Posterior* of this Day, to be rendered by our Assistants at the King's Command, and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princess: I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find Men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. *Jesua*, your self, this gallant Gentleman *Judas Machabeus*, this Swain, (because of his great Limb or Joint) shall pass *Pompey the Great*, and the Page *Hercules*.

Arm. Pardon, Sir Error: He is not Quantity enough for that Worthy's Thumb; he is not so big as the End of his Club.

Hol. Shall I have Audience? He shall present *Hercules* in Minority: His *Enter* and *Exit* shall be strangling a Snake; and I will have an Apology for that Purpose.

Moth. An excellent Device: So if any of the Audience hiss, you may cry: Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an Offence gracious, tho' few have the Grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?

Hol. I will play three my self.

Moth. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Hol. *Via* good-man Dull, thou hast spoken no Word all this while.

Dull.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, Sir. —

Hol. Alons, we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a Dance, or so: Or I will p'lay on the Taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the Hay.

Hol. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. [Exit.

Enter Princess and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If Fairings come thus plentifully in.

A Lady wall'd about with Diamonds! look you what I have from the King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much Love in Rhime, As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper, Writ on both sides the leaf, Margent and all, That he was fain to seal on *Cupid's* Name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his God-head wax, For he hath been five thousand Years a Boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy Gallows too.

Rosa. You'll ne'er be Friends with him, he kill'd your Sister.

Kath. He made her melancholly, sad and heavy, And so she died; had she been light like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring Spirit, She might have been a Grandam ere she dy'd. And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Rosa. What's your dark Meaning, Mause, of this light Word?

Kath. A light Condition, in a Beauty dark.

Rosa. We need more Light to find your Meaning out.

Kath. You'll marr the Light by taking it in Snuff: Therefore I'll darkly end the Argument.

Rosa. Look what you do, you do it still i'th dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Rosa. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not, O that's, you care not for me.

Rosa. Great Reason; for past Care, is still past Cure.

Prin. Well handled both; a Set of Wit well play'd. But *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too? Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa. I would you knew. And if my Face were but as fair as yours,

My Favour were as great, be witness this.

Nay, I have Verses too, I thank *Biron*.

The Numbers true, and were the numbring too,

I were the fairest Goddess on the Ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand Fairies.

O he hath drawn my Picture in his Letter.

Prin. Any thing like?

Rosa. Much in the Letters, nothing in the Praise.

Prin. Beauteous Ink; a good Conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a Text B in a Copy-book.

Rosa. Ware Pencils. How? Let me not die your Debter,
My red Dominical, my golden Letter.

O that your Face were full of Oes.

Prin. A Pox of that Jest, and I bestrew all Shrews:
But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From fair *Dumain*?

Kath. Madam, this Glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, Madam; and moreover,
Some thousand Verses of a faithful Lover.
A huge Translation of hypocrisy,
Vildly compil'd, profound Simplicity.

Mar. This, and these Pearls to me sent *Longaville*.
The Letter is too long by half a Mile.

Prin. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in Heart
The Chain were longer, and the Letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise Girls to mock our Lovers so.

Rosa. They are worse Fools to purchase Mocking so.
That same *Biron* I'll torture ere I go.

O that I knew he were but in by th' Week,
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the Season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal Wits in bootless Rimes,
And shape his Service all to my Behests,
And make him proud to make me proud with Jest,
So pertaunt like would I o'erstay his State,
That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As Wit turn'd Fool; a Folly in Wisdom hatch'd
Hath Wisdom's Warrant, and the help of School,
And Wit's own Grace to grace a learned Fool.

Rosa.

Rosa. The Blood of Youth burns not in such Excess,
As Gravities revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in Fools bears not so strange a Note,
As Fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote.
Since all the Power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in Simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and Mirth in his Face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with Laughter, Where's her Grace?

Prin. Thy News, *Boyet*?

Boyet. Prepare, Madam, prepare.

Arm Wenches, arm, Incounters mounted are
Against your Peace, Love doth approach, disguis'd,
Armed in Arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.

Muste your Wits, stand in your own Defence,
Or hide your Heads like Cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to Saint *Cupid*; What are they
That charge their Breath against us? Say, Scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool Shade of a Sycamore,
I thought to close mine Eyes some half an hour;
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade, I might behold, addrest.
The King and his Companions; warily
I stole into a Neighbour Thicket by,
And over-heard, what you shall over-hear:
That by and by disguis'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his Embassage.
Action and Accent did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy Body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence Majestical would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an Angel shalt thou see,
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, an Angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag with their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his Elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before.
Another with his Finger, and his Thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will do't, come what will come.

The third he caper'd and cry'd, All goes well,
 The fourth turn'd on the Toe, and down he fell;
 With that they all did tumble on the Ground,
 With such a zealous Laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their Folly passions, solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
 Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I guess.

Their purpose is to parley, court, and dance,
 And every one his Love-feat will advance
 Upon his several Mistress; which they'll know
 By favours sev'ral, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt;
 For Ladies, we will every one be maskt:
 And not a Man of them shall have the Grace,
 Despight of Sute to see a Lady's Face.

Hold *Rosaline*, this Favour thou shalt wear,
 And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
 Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall *Biron* take me for *Rosaline*.

And change your Favours too, so shall your Loves
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these Removes.

Rosa. Come on then, wear the Favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing, what is your Intent?

Prin. The Effect of my Intent is to cross theirs;
 They do it but in mocking Merriment,
 And Mock for Mock 'is only my Intent.
 Their several Councils they unbosom shall
 To Loves mistook, and so be mockt withal:
 Upon the next Occasion that we meet
 With Visages display'd to talk and greet.

Rosa. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No, to the Death we will not move a Foot,
 Nor to their pen'd speech render we no Grace:
 But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her Face.

Boyet. Why that attempt will kill the Keeper's heart,
 And quite divorce his Memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it, and make no doubt
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
 There's no such Sport, as Sport by Sport o'erthrown;
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;

So

So shall we stay mocking intended Game,
And they well mockt, depart away with Shame. [*Sound.*

Boyet. The Trumpet sounds, be maskt, the Maskers come.
Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, Dumain, and Attendants, d'sguiz'd like Muscovites. Moth with Musick, as for a Masquerade.

Moth. All hail the richest beauties on the Earth.

Biron. Beauties no richer than rich Taffata.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest Dames that ever turn'd
their backs to mortal Views. [*The Ladies turn their
Backs to him.*

Biron. Their Eyes, Villain, their Eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their Eyes to mortal Views. Out—

Biron. True; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your Favours heav'nly Spirit, vouchsafe not
to behold.

Biron. Once to behold, Rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your Sun-beamed Eyes ———
With your Sun-beamed Eyes ———

Biron. They will not answer to that Epithete;
You were best call it Daughter-beam'd Eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your Perfectness? Begone, you Rogue.

Reisa. What would these Strangers?

Know their Minds, *Boyet.*

If they do speak our Language, 'tis our Will

That some plain Man recount their purposes

Know what they would?

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Biron. Nothing but Peace and gentle Visitation.

Reisa. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but Peace and gentle Visitation.

Reisa. Why that they have, and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her we have measur'd many Miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the Grass.

Boyet. They say they have measur'd many a Mile,
To tread a Measure with you on the Grass.

Reisa. It is not so. Ask them how many Inches
Is in one Mile? If they have measur'd many
The Measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd Miles,

And many Miles; the Princess bids you tell,
How many Inches doth fill up one Mile;

Birn. Tell her we measure them by weary Steps.

Boyet. She hears her self.

Rosa. How many weary Steps
Of many weary Miles you have o'er-gone,
Are numbred in the Travel of one Mile?

Birn. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our Duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without Accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the Sunshine of your Face,
That we (like Savages) may worship it.

Rosa. My Face is but a Moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are Clouds, to do as such Clouds do.
Vouchsafe, bright Moon, on these thy Stars to shine
(Those Clouds remov'd) upon our watery Eyne.

Rosa. O vain Petitioner, beg a greater Matter;
Thou now requests but Moon-shine in the Water.

King. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one Change;
Thou bid'st me beg. this Begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play Musick then; nay you must do it soon.
Not yet, no Dance; thus change I like the Moon.

King. Will you not dance, how come you thus estrang'd?

Rosa. You took the Moon at full, but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the Moon, and I the Man.

Rosa. The Musick plays, vouchsafe some Motion to it:
Our Ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your Legs should do it.

Rosa. Since you are Strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice; take Hands, we will not dance.

King. Why take you Hands then!

Rosa. Only to part Friends.

Curse sweet Hearts, and so the Measure ends.

King. More Measure of this Measure; be not nice.

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a Price.

King. Prize your selves then; what buys your Company.

Rosa. Your Absence only.

King. That can never be.

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu;
Twice to your Visor, and halt once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more Chat.

Rosa.

Rosa. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Bir. n. White-handed Mitrels, one sweet Word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and Milk, and Sugar ; there is three.

Birn. Nay then two Treys; and if you grow so nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well run Dice :
There's half a dozen Sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet adieu,
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Birn. One Word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Birn. Thou griev'st my Gall.

Prin. Gall, bitter.

Birn. Therefore meet.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a Word ?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair Lady.

Mar. Say you so ? fair Lord :
Take you that for your fair Lady.

Dum. Please it you ;

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

Kath. What, was your Vizard made without a Tongue ?

Long. I know the Reason, Lady, why you ask.

Kath. O for your Reason, quickly Sir, I long.

Long. You have a double Tongue within your Mask,
And would afford my speechless Vizard half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the *Dutch* Man; is not Veal a Calf ?

Long. A Calf, fair Lady ?

Kath. No, a fair Lord Calf.

Long. Let's part the Word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your Half;
Take all and wean it; it may prove an Ox.

Long. Look how you but your self in these sharp
Mocks !

Will you give Horns, chaste Lady ? Do not so.

Kath. Then die a Calf before your Horns do grow.

Long. One Word in private with you ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the Butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The Tongue of mocking Wenches are as keen
As is the Razor's Edge invifible.
Cutting a smaller Hair than may be seen,

Above the Sense of Sense so sensible,
Seemeth their Conference, their Conceits have Wings,
Fleeter, than Arrows, Bullets, Wind, Thought, swifter things.

Rosa. Not one Word more my Maids, break off, break off.

Biron. By Heav'n all dry beaten with pure Scoff.

King. Farewell, mad Wenches, you have simple Wits.
[*Exeunt.*

Prin. Twenty Adieus, my frozen *Muscovites*.
Are these the Breed of Wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet Breaths puffed out.

Rosa. Well-liking Wits they have, gross, gross, fat, fat.

Prin. O Poverty in Wit, Kingly poor stout:
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to Night?
Or ever but in Vizards shew their Faces?

This pert *Biron* was out of Count'nance quite.

Rosa. O! they were all in lamentable Cases.
The King was weeping-ripe for a good Word.

Prin. *Biron* did swear himself out of all Suit.

Mar. *Dumain* was at my Service, and his Sword:
No Point (quoth I;) my Servant strait was mute,

Kath. Lord *Longaville* said, I came o'er his Heart;
And trow you what he call'd me!

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good Faith.

Prin. Go Sickness as thou art.

Rosa. Well, better Wits have worn plain Statute Caps.

But will you hear; the King is my Love sworn.

Prin. And quick *Biron* hath plighted Faith to me.

Kath. And *Longaville* was for my Service born.

Mar. *Dumain* is mine as sure as Bark on Tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty Mistresses give Ear,
Immediately they will again be here

In their own Shapes? for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh Indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for Joy, though they are lame with Blows:

Therefore change Favours, and when they repair,

Blow like sweet Roses in this Summer Air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet.

Boyet. Fair Ladies maskt, are Roses in their Bud :
Dismaskt, their damask sweet Comixture shown,
Are Angels vailing Clouds, or Roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt Perplexity ! What shall we do ?
If they return in their own Shapes to woo ?

Ros. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still as well known as disguis'd.
Let us complain to them what Fools were here,
Disguis'd like *Muscovites* in shapless Gear ;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their Shallow Shows, and Prologue vilely pen'd,
And their rough Carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the Gallants are at Hand.

Prin. Whip to our Tents, as Roes run o'er the land. [*Exe.*
*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their
own Habits.*

King. Fair Sir, God save you. Where's the Princess ?

Boyet. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Majesty command me any Service to her ?

King. That she vouchsafe me Audience for one Word.

Boyet. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This Fellow picks up Wit as Pigeon Peas,
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please :

He is Wits Pedlar, and retails his Wares

At Wakes and Wassals, Meetings, Markets, Fairs :

And we that sell by Gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the Grace to grace it with such Show.

This Gallant pins the Wenches on his Sleeve ;

Had he been *Adam* he had tempted *Eve*.

He can carve too, and lisp : Why this is he,

That kist away his Hand in Courtesie.

This is the Ape of Fortune, Monsieur the nice,

That when he plays at Tables, chides the Dice.

In honourable Terms : Nay, he can sing

A Mean most-manly, and in ushering

Mend him who can ; the Ladies call him sweet ;

The Stairs as he treads on them kifs his Feet.

This is the Flower that smiles on every one,

To shew his Teeth as white as Whale his Bone.

And Consciences that will not die in Debt,

Pay him the Duty of Honey-tongu'd *Boyet*.

King. A Blister on his sweet Tongue with my Heart.

That put *Armado's* Page out of his Part.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katherine, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes, Behaviour what wert thou,
'Till this Mad-man shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet Madam, and fair time of Day,

Prin. Fair in all Hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my Speeches better if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This Field shall hold me, and so hold your Vow :
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd Men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;
The Virtue of your Eye must break my Oath.

Prin. You nick-name Virtue : Vice you should have spoke.
For Virtue's Office never breaks Mens Troth.

Now, by my Maiden Honour, yet as pure
As the unsully'd Lilly, I protest,
A World of Torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your House's Guest :
So much I hate a breaking Cause to be
Of heav'nly Oaths, vow'd with Integrity.

King. O you have liv'd in Desolation here,
Unseen unvisited, much to our Shame.

Prin. Not so my Lord, it is not so I swear,
We have had Pastimes here, and pleasant Game.
A Mese of *Russians* left us but of late.

King. How, Madam, *Russians* ?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my Lord ;
Trim Gallants, full of Courtship, and of State.
Rosa. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my Lord :
My Lady (to the Manner of the Days)
In Courtesie gives undeserving Praise.

We four indeed, confronted were with four,
In *Russian* Habit: Here they staid an Hour,
And talk'd apace, and in that Hour, my Lord,
They did not bless us with one happy Word.
I dare not call them Fools ; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, Fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This Jest is dry to me, fair, gentle sweets,
Your Wit makes wise Things foolish ; when we greet,
With Eyes best seeing, Heaven's fiery Eye,

By

By Light we lose Light ; your Capacity
Is of that Nature, as to your huge Store,
Wife things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Rosa. This proves you wise and rich ; for in my Eye—

Biron. I am a Fool, and full of Poverty,

Rosa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a Fault to snatch Words from my Tongue.

Biron. O I am yours, and all that I possess.

Rosa. All the Fool mine.

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Rosa. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore ?

Biron. Where ? When ? What Vizard ?

Why demand you this ?

Rosa. There, then, that Vizard, that superfluous Case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better Face.

King. We are descried,

They'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a Jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my Lord, why looks your Highness sad ?

Rosa. Help, hold his Brows, he'll swoon : Why look
you pale ?

Sea sick I think, coming from *Muscovy*.

Biron. Thus pour the Stars down Plagues for Perjury.

Can any Face of Brass hold longer out ?

Here stand I, Lady, dart thy Skill at me,

Bruise me with Scorn, confound me with a Flout,

Thrust thy sharp Wit quite through my Ignorance ;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen Conceit ;

And I will shew thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in *Russian* Habit wait.

O ! never will I trust to Speeches pen'd,

Nor to the Motion of a School-boy's Tongue,

Nor never come in Vizard to my Friend,

Nor woo in Time like a blind Harper's Song ;

Taffata Phrases, silken Terms precise,

Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce Affectation,

Figures pedantical, these Summer Flies,

Have blown me full of Maggot Ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I here protest,

By this white Glove (how white the Hand God knows)

Henceforth my wooing Mind shall be express'd

In Ruffet Yeas, and honest Kersie Noes :

And to begin, Wench, so God help me Law,

My

My Love to thee is sound, *Sans* crack or flaw.

Rosa. *Sans, Sans*, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a Trick

Of the old Rage: Bear with me I am Sick.

I'll leave it by Degrees: Soft, let us see,

Write *Lerd have mercy on us*, and those three,

They are infected, in their Hearts it lyes,

They have the Plague, and caught it of your Eyes.

These Lords are visited, you are not free;

For the Lord's Tokens on you both I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these Tokens to us.

Biron. Our States are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Rosa. It is not so; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Biron. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Rosa. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for your selves, my Wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude Transgression,
Some fair Excuse.

Prin. The fairest is Confession.

Were you not here but even now disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was:

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair Madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your Lady's Ear?

King. That more than all the World I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine Honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:

Your Oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I break this Oath of mine.

Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Rosaline,*

What did the *Russian* whisper in your Ear?

Rosa. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

As precious Eye-sight, and did value me

Above this World; adding thereunto moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my Lover.

Prin. God give thee Joy of him; the noble Lord

Most honourably doth uphold his Word.

King. What mean you, Madam? By my Life my
broth,

I never swore this Lady such an Oath.

Rosa.

Rosa. By Heav'n you did, and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: But take it, Sir, again.

King. My Faith and this, to th' Princess I did give,
I knew her by this Jewel on her Sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, Sir, this Jewel did she wear:
And Lord *Biron*, I thank him, is my Dear.

What? will you have me, or your Pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either, I remit both twain,
I see the Trick on't; Here was a Consent,
Knowing aforehand of our Merriment,
To dash it like a *Christmas* Comedy.

Some Carry-tale, some Please-man, some slight Zany,
Some Mumble-news, some Trencher-knight, some *Dick*,
That smiles his Cheek in Years, and knows the Trick
To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,
Told our Intents before; which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Favours, and then we
Following the Signs, woo'd but the Sign of she:
Now to our Perjury, to add more Terror,
We are again forsworn in Will and Error.

Much upon this it is. And might not you [To Boyet.]
Forestal our Sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my Lady's Foot by th' Square,
And laugh upon the Apple of her Eye.

And stand between her Back, Sir, and the Fire,
Holding a Trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our Page out: Go, you are allow'd,
Die when you will, a Smock shall be your Shrowd.

You leer upon me, do you? There's an Eye
Wounds like a Leaden Sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Brave Manager, hath this Career been run:

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome pure Wit, thou part'st a fair Fray.

Cost. O Lord, Sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, Sir, but 'tis very fine;
For every one presents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine?

Cost. Not so Sir, under Correction Sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us Sir, I can assure you Sir, we know
what

what we know : I hope three times thrice Sir——

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under Correction Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By *Jove* I always took three Threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord Sir, it were pity you should get your Living by reckoning, Sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord Sir, the Parties themselves, the Actors Sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one Man in one poor Man, *Pompion* the Great, Sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of *Pompion* the Great : For mine own part, I know not the Degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some care.

King. *Biron*, they will shame us; [Exit *Cost.*
Let them not approach.

Biron. We are Shame-proof, my Lord; and 'tis some Policy to have one Show worse than the King and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Prin. Nay my good Lord; let me o'er-rule you now; That Sport best pleases, that doth least know how. Where Zeal strives to content, and the Contents Dies in the Zeal of that which it presents; Their Form confounded, makes most form in Mirth. When great Things labouring perish in their Birth.

Biron. A right Description of our Sport, my Lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much Expende of thy Royal sweet Breath, as will utter a Brace of Words.

Prin. Doth this Man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a Man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair sweet honey Monarch, for I protest the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical : Too too vain, too too vain : But we will put it, as they say, to *Fortuna delaguar*. I wish you the Peace of Mind, most Royal Supplement.

King. Here is like to be a good Presence of Worthies : He presents *Hector of Troy*, the Swain *Pampey* the Great, the

the Parish-Curate *Alexander*, *Armado's* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Judas Machabeus*;

And if these four worthies in their first Shew thrive,
These four will change Habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There are five in the first Shew.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the Fool, and the Boy.

A bare throw at Novum, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in's Vein.

King. The Ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter Costard for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am.

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am.

Boyet. With *Libbard's* Head on Knee.

Biron. Well said old Mocker,
I must needs be Friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big.

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is great, Sir; Pompey, surnam'd the Great;
That oft in Field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my Foe to sweat:

And travelling along this Coast, I here am come by Chance.
And lay my Arms before the Legs of this sweet Lass of France;
If your ladyship would say Thanks Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great Thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect.
I made a little Fault in great.

Biron. My Hat to a Half-penny, Pompey proves the best
Worthy.

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. When in the World I liv'd, I was the World's Com-
mander.

By East, West, North and South, I spread my conquering
Might:

My Escutcheon plain declares that I am Alifander.

Boyet. Your Nose says no, you are not;
For it stands not right.

Biron. Your Nose smells no, in this most tender smell-
ing Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is dismaid;
Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath.

Nath. *When in the World I liv'd I was the World's Commander.*

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so *Alisander*.

Biron. *Pompey the Great.*

— Cost. Your Servant and *Cistard*.

Biron. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*.

Cost. O Sir, you have overthrown *Alisander* the Conqueror. [to Nath.] You will be scrap'd out of the painted Cloth for this; your Lion that holds the Poll-ax sitting on a Closestool, will be given to *Ajax*; he will be then the ninth worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? Run away for Shame, *Alisander*. There an't shall please you; a foolish mild Man, an honest Man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good Neighbour insooth, and a very good Bowler; but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little o'er-parted: But there are worthies a coming will speak their Mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good *Pompey*.

Enter *Holofernes* for *Judas*, and *Moth* for *Hercules*.

Hol. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Imp,
Whose Club kill'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canis*;
And when he was a Babe, a Child, a Shrimp,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in *Minority*;
Ergo, I come with this Apology.

Keep some State in thy *Exit*, and vanish. [Exit *Moth*]

Hol. *Judas I am.*

Dum. A *Judas*.

Hol. Not *Isariot*, Sir;

Judas I am, yelipped *Machabeus*.

Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plain *Judas*.

Biron. A kissing Traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas*?

Hol. *Judas I am.*

Dum. The more Shame for you, *Judas*.

Hol. What mean you, Sir?

Boyet. To make *Judas* hang himself.

Hol. Begin Sir, you are my Elder.

Biron. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of Countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no Face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A Cittern Head.

Dum. The Head of a Bodkin.

Biron.

Biron. A Death's Face in the Ring.

Long. The Face of an old Roman Coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The Pummel of *C-sar's* Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone Face on a Flask.

Biron. St. *George's* half Cheek in a Broch.

Dum. Ay, and in a Broch of Lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the Cap of a Tooth-drawer;
And now forward, for we have put thee in Countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of Countenance.

Biron. False, we have given thee Faces.

Hol. But you have out fac'd them all.

Biron. And thou wert a Lion we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore as he is an *Ass*, let him go;
And so adieu sweet *Jude*; Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his Name.

Biron. For the *Ass* to the *Jude*; give it him. *Jud* as
away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A Light for Monsieur *Judas*, it grows dark, he
may stumble.

Prin. Alas poor *Machabeus*, how he hath been baited.

Enter Armado.

Biron. Hide thy Head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in
Arms.

Dum. Tho' my Mocks come home by me, I will now
be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this *Hector*.

King. I think *Hector* was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His Legs is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd in the Small.

Biron. This can't be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes Faces.

Arm. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the Almighty,
gave *Hector* a Gift.

Dum. A gilt Nutmeg.

Biron. A Lemon.

Long. Stuck with Cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the Almighty,
Gave *Hector* a Gift the Heir of *Ilion*;

LOVE'S Labour's lost.

*A Man so breathed, that certain he would fight ye
From Morn'till Night out of his Pavillion.*

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Arm. Sweet Lord *Longavile* rein thy tougue.

Long. I must rather give it the Rein; for it runs against
Hector.

Dum. Ay, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;
Sweet Chucks, beat not the Bones of the bury'd:
But I will forward with my Device;

Sweet Royalty bestow on me the Sense of Hearing.

Prin. Speak brave *Hector*; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet Grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the Foot.

Dum. He may not by the Yard.

Arm. This *Hector* far surmounted *Hannibal*.

The Party is gone.

Coff. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two Months on
her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Coff. Faith unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor
wench is cast away; she's quick, the Child brags in her
belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Do'st thou insamonize me among Potentates?
Thou shalt die.

Coff. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta*, that is
quick by him; and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by
him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*!

Boyet. Renown'd *Pompey*!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great *Pompey*!
Pompey the huge!

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

Biron. *Pompey* is mov'd, more *Ates*, more *Ates*, stir
them on, stir them on.

Dum. *Hector* will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more Man's blood in's belly
than will sup a Flea.

Arm. By the North pole I do challenge thee.

Coff. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern Man;

I'll flash; I'll do't by the Sword: I pray you let me borrow my Arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cost. I'll do't in my Shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*.

Moth. Master, let me take you a Button-hole lower.

Do you not see *Pompey* is uncasing for the Combat: What mean you? You will lose your Reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and Soldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my Shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the Challenge.

Arm. Sweet Bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What Reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked Truth of it is, I have no Shirt, I go woolward for Penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in *Rome* for want of Linnen; since when, I'll be sworn he wore none, but a Dish-cloth of *Jacquenetta's*, and that he wears next his Heart for a Favour.

Enter Macard.

Mac. God save you, Madam.

Prim. Welcome *Macard*; but that thou interruptest our Merriment.

Mac. I am sorry Madam, for the News I bring Is heavy in my Tongue. The King your Father——

Prim. Dead, for my Life!

Mac. Even so: My Tale is told.

Biron. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free Breath; I have seen the Day of wrong through the little Hole of Discretion, and I will right my self like a Soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your Majesty?

Prim. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to Night.

King. Madam not so, I do beseech you stay.

Prim. Prepare I say. I thank you, gracious Lords, For all your fair Endeavours; and entreat, Out of a new sad Soul, that you vouchsafe, In your rich Wisdom, to excuse or hide, The liberal Opposition of our Spirits; If ever boldly we have born our selves,

In

In the Converse of Breath, your Gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewel, worthy Lord ;
An heavy heart bears not an humble Tongue :
Excuse me so, coming so short of Thanks,
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extream Parts of Time extreamly forms
All Causes to the purpose of his speed,
And often at his very loose decides
That which long process of time could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning Brow of Progeny
Forbid the smiling Courtesie of Love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince ;
Yet since Love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the Cloud of Sorrow juttle it
From what it purposed. Since to wail Friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at Friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the cares of grief ;
And by these badges understand the King.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul Play with our Oaths: Your beauty, Ladies,
Hath much deformed us, fashioning our Humours
Even to the oppos'd End of our intents ;
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,
As Love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a Child, skipping and vain,
Form'd by the Eye, and therefore like the Eye,
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in Subjects as the Eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his Glance ;
Which party-coated presence of loose Love
Put on by us, if in your heav'nly Eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities ;
Those heav'nly eyes that look into these Faults,
Suggested us to make : Therefore, Ladies,
Our Love being yours, the error that Love makes
Is likewise yours. We to our selves prove false,
By being once false, for ever to be true
To those that make us both, fair Ladies you ;
And even that falshood in it self a sin.
Thus purifies it self, and turns to grace.

Prin.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love,
Your favours, the embassadors of love:
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesie,
As bumbast, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than these are our respects.
Have we not been (and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion) like a merriment?

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than
jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Rosa. We did not coat them so.

King. Now at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time methinks too short,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness, and therefore this:
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this you shall do for me;
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this tryal, and last love;
Then at the expiration of the Year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts;
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart,

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest;

The

The sudden Hand of death close up mine Eye.

Hence ever then, my Heart is in thy Breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Reisa. You must be purged too, your sins are rank,
You are attaint with fault and perjury;
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife, a beard, fair health and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O shall I say, I thank you gentle Wife?

Kath. Not so; my lord; a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd woers say.
Come when the King doth to my lady come;
Then if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says *Maria*?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful Friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you, few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my Lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble suit attends thy Answer there,
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Reisa. Oft have I heard of you, my lord *Biron*,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a Man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your faithful Brain,
And therewithal to win me if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wide laughter in the throat of death?

It

It cannot be, it is impossible :

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Rosa. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear

Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it, then if sickly ears,

Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,

Will hear your idle scorns; continue then,

And I will have you, and that fault withal :

But, if they will not; throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,

Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well, befall what will befall.

I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord, and so I take my leave.

[To the King.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play ;

Jack hath not *kill*; these ladies courtesie

Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, Sir, it wants a twelve-month and a day,

And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet Majesty, vouchsafe me.

Prin. Was not that *Hector*?

Dum. That worthy Knight of *Troy*.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteem'd greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and cuckow? it should have follow'd in the end of our shew.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla, approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hyems*, winter.

This *Ver*, the spring: the one maintain'd by the owl,

The other by the cuckow,

Ver, begin.

The

LOVE's Labour's lost.

The SONG.

*When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.*

*Cuckow, cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!
When Shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rocks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.*

*Cuckow, cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

WINTER.

*When isicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit, to-who;*

*A merry note,
While greasie Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who;*

*A merry note,
While greasie Joan doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo;
You that way, we this way. [Exeunt omnes.]

F I N I S.

